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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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Why are 1923 cars worth so much less than 1924 cars?

THE market value of the average 1923 model is far below that of the 1924 model. Between the cars of those years there is a much greater difference in value than one year's difference in date of production usually means.

The answer, of course, is that 1924 saw the general adoption of four-wheel brakes and balloon tires, practically obsoleting models not so equipped. History is beginning to repeat itself between the cars of 1926 conventional chassis design and those of the years to come.

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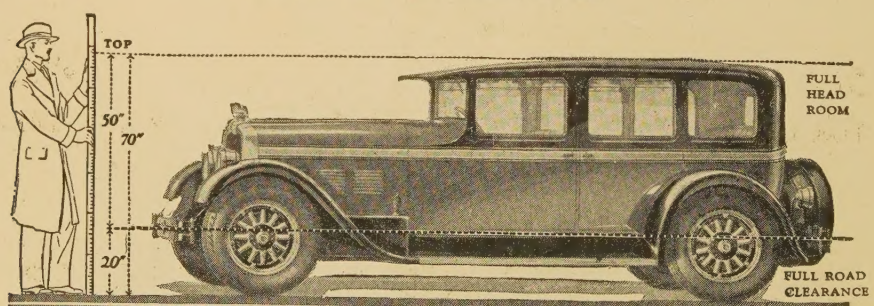

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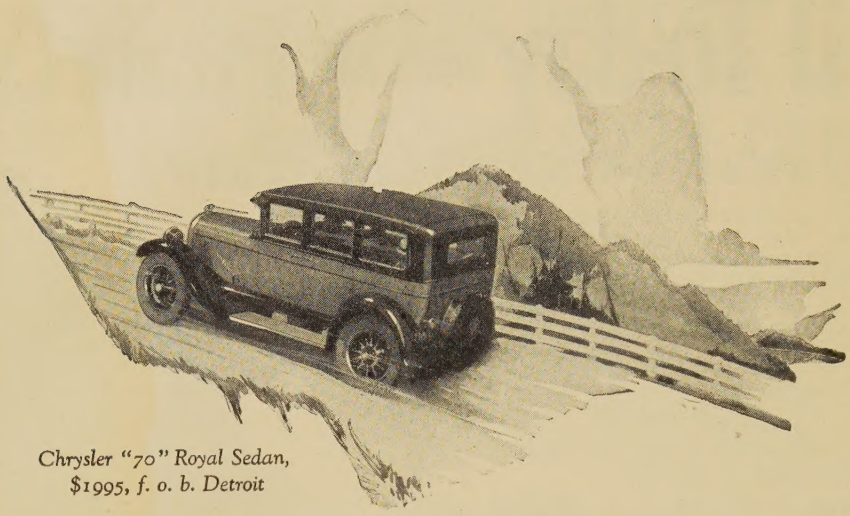

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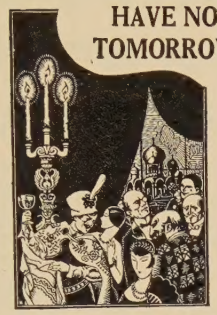

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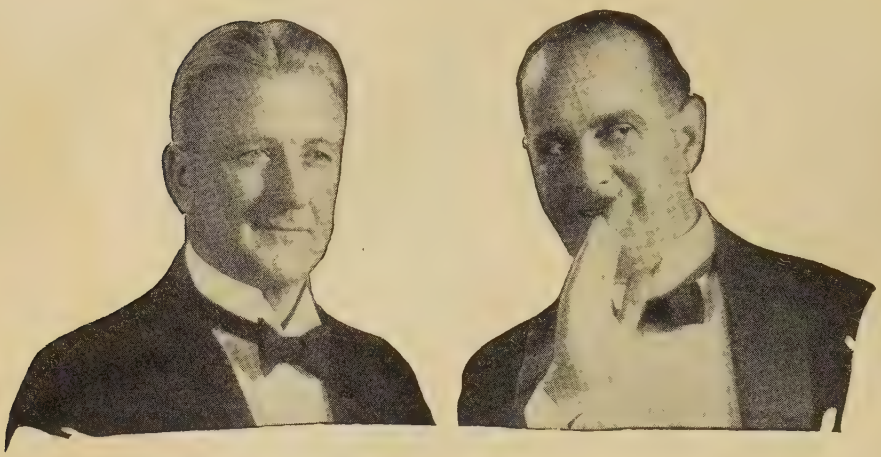

"That Man Corey is Certainly Interesting—"

They say that of him now wherever he goes—this Corey who never used to have a thing to say. Almost overnight he became one of the best-informed men of his group

"I NEVER knew that Corey was so well-educated."

"He isn't. He left school when he was a kid. Mighty interesting, though—isn't he?"

"Yes; he seems to know about everything. See how he's holding those people fascinated by what he's saying! He's quoting from Shelley, I believe."

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"I don't see how he can. He's very busy, and I'm sure he hasn't any more time to read than we have. But I wonder how he became so well-informed—almost overnight, it seems to me. It has certainly made an interesting man of him."

Later they had occasion to speak to Corey; and they asked him about it. They weren't prepared for what he told them.

"Read?" he said. "Why, I scarcely ever get time to read at all."

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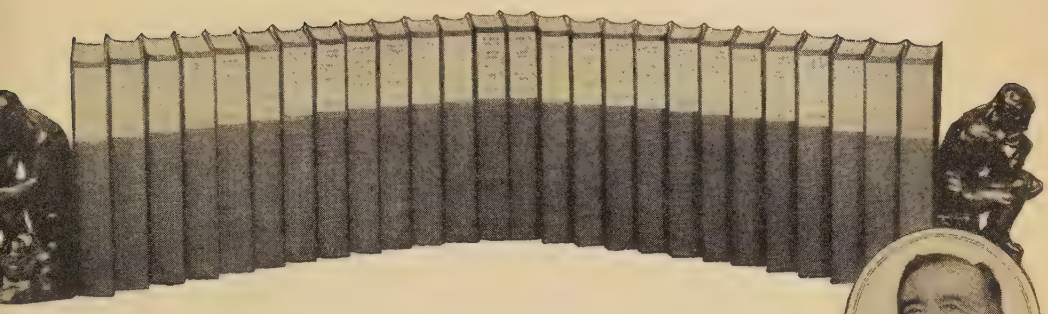

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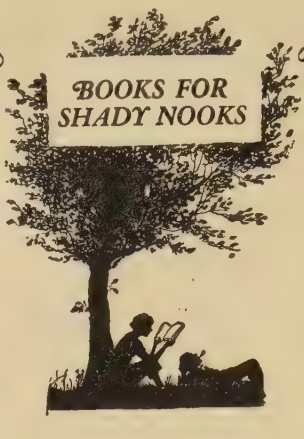

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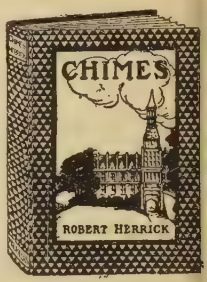

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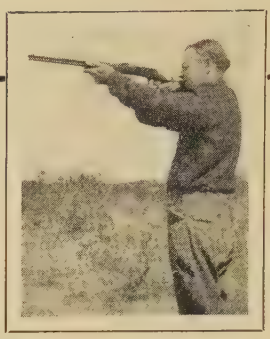

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THE EUGENICS CULT

BY CLARENCE DARROW

IN THE last ten years the reading public has been bombarded by books and articles on eugenics. In the main these rticles have set forth a single thesis: that oom hangs over the human race. Of ourse, we have all known for a long time hat each individual of the human race is oomed. Though we seldom speak of it nd try not to think about it, every man nevitably comes to the realization that in me his own life must pass. The eugenists' oncern, however, is not over the fact that ve die one by one. What alarms them is hat the race is apparently bent upon committing a wholesale biological *harikari*. o there has been much beating of drums, lowing of trumpets and hubbub on the treet-corners; there have been cries in the ight of "race suicide," "the rising tide of olor," "the race is dying out at the top," nd "torrents of degenerate and defective rotoplasm.". . . It is vain to ask the question, What of it? That does not stop the lamor. Neither will the remarks that I m about to make on the subject.

The evidence with which the eugenists upport their contentions is simple and verwhelming. Are not the weak and unfit reeding much faster than the strong and he fit? College professors, lawyers, doctors, and the like average not more than wo children to the family. On the other and, carpenters, bricklayers, bootblacks and the other unfit average at least twice as many. Everybody knows that dagos, hunkies, wops, bolsheviks and all the other undesirables are begetting children at an indecent rate. These children are surely bound to overrun the earth, along with the morons, the insane and the criminal. Inevitably the superior stocks will be submerged. The only wonder is that with the persistent and senseless breeding of the unfit this hasn't happened long ago. Right here in our own country, which was settled by the Nordics after the Indians were driven out, the superior race is fast going down before the misfits of inferior races. In the face of the promiscuous breeding of these latter such noble strains as the Edwardses and the Adamses will be swamped by mere force of numbers. The good old *Mayflower* stock is suffering the same unhappy fate as the good old pre-Prohibition liquor. It is being mixed with all sorts of alien and debilitating substances.

Semi-cultured citizens read the eugenist books, and, sitting on hard Chautauqua benches, listen to the speakers. Then they shudder with horror at the thought of the rising tide of undesirables. They believe it all, of course, for they assume that they themselves are the intelligent and the well-born. The professors, the preachers, the lawyers, the bankers, all the good

solid citizens, are worried. Something, obviously, must be done to save the world, and the eugenists are ready and even importunate with their remedy. *Organized society*, they say, *must in some way control mating and birth*. True, most of them seem to pause purposely just before they draw the logical conclusion that the state should interfere with the production of humans, as man already does with the production of hogs. When they come to this point they falter and quibble, raise doubts and get cold feet. They take refuge in vague generalizations and leave the intelligent reader and the more intelligent politician to do the rest. But that rest will evidently be a plenty.

However, some of the eugenists are not so shy. Mr. Albert Wiggam, for instance, speaking with his wonted clearness, force and sureness, tells us that society must take stern measures to prevent the unfit from producing their kind. He pleads with us to take heed of the laws of science. If we only knew it, says Mr. Wiggam, "we already have enough science at hand to bring the world into an earthly paradise! It remains only for all men to apply it." Again, there is Mr. Herbert W. Walter, who joins a Mr. Davenport in sounding a call for race improvement. In his book, "Genetics," he quite definitely sets forth the necessity for the control of the production of human beings by state agencies. "A negative way," writes Mr. Walter, "to bring out the better blood in the world is to follow the clarion call of Davenport and 'dry up the streams of defective and degenerate protoplasm.' This may be partially accomplished, at least in America, by employing the following agencies: control of immigration, more discriminating marriage laws, a quickened eugenic sentiment, sexual segregation of defectives, and, finally, drastic measures of sterilization when necessary."

Mr. Walter later informs us that already our face is turned toward the light. Eight States have sterilization laws, and if such laws could be enforced in the whole United States "less than four generations would eliminate nine-tenths of the crime, insanity, and sickness of the present generation in our land. Asylums, prisons, and hospitals would decrease and the problems of the unemployed, the indigent old, and the hopelessly degenerate would cease to trouble civilization." Mr. Wiggam is right: paradise is just around the corner. Amazingly simple, isn't it? Just a law providing for a "minor operation on the male which occupies but a few moments" and in the case of the female "the removal of a portion of each Fallopian tube" and presto! in four generations we are rid of nine-tenths of our criminals, paupers, insane, etc. No wonder the man in the street marvels at the wonders of science!

II

But except for his proposal of the sovereign remedy of sterilization, Mr. Walter lacks any very specific administrative programme for "drying up the streams of degenerate protoplasm." Luckily, however, we have with us Dr. William McDougall, who has evolved a plan for carrying out the ideals of the eugenists which has the virtue of being at once both definite and simple. It is so simple as to be almost fool-proof, even in a democracy. Dr. McDougall is certainly an eminent authority; he is the head of the psychology department of Harvard and was lured to this position from Oxford, the well-known headquarters of the Nordics. He has been recognized for these many years as one of the leading psychologists of the world and his writings are eagerly devoured by the classes who believe in the essential aristocracy of the Nordic germ-plasm.

Dr. McDougall, in his book, "Ethics and Some Modern World Problems," begins by saying that two classes of undesirables in the population can be immediately determined: the mentally deficient and the convicted criminals. The first class can be selected "through our highly organized medical science and institu-

tions," and our legal "institutions can select the latter." (This must mean doctors, lawyers and judges.) For Dr. McDougall it is a "simple and indisputable truth" that both of these classes should be disenfranchised. The third category, which we are informed can be just as easily recognized, is that of the illiterates. These, too, should be disenfranchised.

So far, so good. Now we come to the eugenic high-point in Dr. McDougall's plan. On the basis of literacy tests the population is to be divided into two classes, which we may call the A and C classes. *Intermarriage between these two classes is to be strictly prohibited.* Those who cannot read will not be allowed to marry those who can. In this manner, Dr. McDougall tells us, the A class will be constantly purified by shedding into the C class those who do not fit into the higher order. But there should be an opportunity for the best progeny of the C class to be elevated to the A class. This could be accomplished by creating another class with a probationary status, which we may designate the B class. Every candidate "for admission to the A class would have to spend at least twenty or twenty-five years of his life as a probationer in the B class." But children whose parents were both of the A class would have the status of the B class as their birthright, and these favored ones, upon attaining adult life, would be admitted to the A class if otherwise qualified, *i.e.*, if they had learned to read intelligently. On the other hand, children born of parents *either one of whom* was in the C class would have the status of that class, and when they had passed the qualifying education test they would enter the B class only as probationers. Only after twenty years there and the discharge of the recognized obligations would they go into the A class.

The state system of education, says Dr. McDougall, should be free to all, but compulsory to none. To pass from a lower status to a higher one, there should be, beside the time requirements, educational tests and examinations. It might be wise also, he tells us, to provide that any citizen of the A class who married a member of the C class should automatically lose his status and revert to the C class. "In this way the nation would achieve the benefits of a simple caste organization, namely: the preservation of the qualities of the superior strains." The scheme would likewise "avoid those features which condemn to stagnation every society founded upon a rigid caste system." In time, the three class system would bring three great advantages: first, political power would rest in the hands of a select body of citizens; second, the nation would be fortified against the fatal tendency of civilization to die away at the top; third, the class of full citizens would be protected against the lowering of its average by the inmixture of blood of inferior quality.

Here then, we have a "neat but not gaudy" little plan for saving civilization: a simple caste system in which the literate sheep are carefully separated from the illiterate goats. What may be called literary miscegenation by members of the A class is forbidden on pain of the offender being reduced automatically to the illiterate group from which neither he nor his descendants can escape, save by going through the purgatory of twenty years in the B class. The inference to be drawn from all this is as clear as it is inevitable. Dr. McDougall is of the opinion that there is a definite and direct correlation between the ability to "read intelligently" and desirable germ-plasm. All those whose parents are members of the A class are forthwith members of the A class (provided that they can pass the necessary examination); the presumption is that they have good germ-plasm. But those whose parents (or either of them) are members of the C class carry a bad germ-plasm, and it must be aged in the wood, as it were, for twenty years before it reaches the A class standard.

What could be simpler than all this? Nothing, perhaps, except Dr. McDougall's

biological innocence. On the basis of what biological principles, and by what psychological hocus-pocus he reaches the conclusion that the ability to read intelligently denotes a good germ-plasm and desirable citizens I cannot say. Here I merely rehearse his plan. I present it as Exhibit A of the scheme of the eugenists to save civilization.

III

Quotations from other eminent authorities might be multiplied to show just how far the biological uplifters are willing to go. Their romancing would not be worth discussing were it not for the fact that the public apparently takes it at its face value. "Aren't these eugenists scientists? And you can't get around scientific law, you know." The politicians stand ready with their usual willingness to deliver what the people want. So-called eugenic laws are already on the statute books of various States. When one stops to consider what a radical departure in the conduct of human beings in the most important concerns of life is called for by the movement, the measure of success that it has already obtained is enough to inspire the most substantial hopes or fears—depending upon one's point of view.

The question which naturally arises at this point is, What evidence do the eugenists have at hand to support their demand for the organized control of human breeding? Everyone who has any knowledge of the matter knows that the biologists have experimented for years in the production of sweet peas, pigeons, white rats, guinea pigs, fruit flies and domestic animals of various kinds. Such deductions as have been drawn from this controlled breeding of animals and plants are formulated in the so-called Mendelian laws, the theory of unit characters, and that of the continuity of the germ-plasm. But what has all this to do with the production of human beings? What, if anything, can be learned about the proper and desirable breeding of men from experiments with fruit flies? The biologists have discovered that by regulating the breeding of various species and taking notice of what are called unit characters (such as eye color, tallness and shortness, fatness and leanness, long hair, etc.) they can within certain limits produce strains that will breed true to almost any type desired. In this fashion, for example, we are able to get the draft horse, the race horse, the milch cow, different kinds of flowers, and fruit flies with various and sundry characteristics. How natural to suppose, then, that man, also an animal, must have his unit characters, which can be manipulated and bred, out or in, as desired!

The eugenist would have us believe that on the basis of these experiments on plants and the lower animals, together with some alleged observations on the so-called degenerate germ-plasms of human beings, plus certain reflections on the haphazard character of human mating, we are justified in the conclusion that all that is needed is to use the same skill and force with humans that has already been used with hogs, and the miracle will be wrought. A new humanity will arise full grown in place of the ignoramuses and misfits that now cumber the earth.

But can we actually draw any such conclusion? Let us turn for an answer to Dr. H. S. Jennings, an eminent biologist at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Jennings is an experimental biologist and not a eugenist. In his little book, "Prometheus," he warns us against this very fallacy of placing too great reliance on experiments with animals as a basis for the breeding of the human race. To those eager colleagues who are too ready to make assumptions about human heredity he says:

> When the biologist, from his knowledge of other organisms, is tempted to dogmatize concerning the possibilities of human development, let him first ask himself: How correctly could I predict the behavior and social organization of ants from a knowledge of the natural history of the oyster? Man differs from other organisms used in these experiments as much as the ant does from the

oyster; for these distinctive aspects of his biology, only the study of man himself is relevant.

And then, to the further edification of Messrs. McDougall, Wiggam, Walter *et al*, he tells us that so far as our present experimental knowledge goes we know little or nothing about unit characters in human heredity and that what we do know leads us to the general conclusion that the very nature of human bi-parental reproduction effectively prevents the continued reproduction of what the eugenists would regard as a desirable type. In this matter, Nature not only seems to have something to say, but is all powerful. Says Dr. Jennings:

> If an ingenious inventor were set to work to devise a system for the purpose of heading off completely anything of this sort (*i. e.*, the production of specified human types) he could hardly produce one so effective as the one found in Nature. This might rather seem devised to the end of giving the greatest possible variety; of yielding the extremes of diversity at any one time; of inducing most thorough-going and continuous changes as generations pass. Personified Nature might well be held to abhor uniformity and constancy for the higher organisms.

We have made no actual experiments in the breeding of human beings. It is obvious that the biologists have not and cannot experiment by mating men and women, as they mate guinea pigs and rabbits, and then studying the offspring. Even if our folkways and mores would permit such experiments, the generations of men are so long that no conclusive results, comparable to those in animal experimentation, could be obtained except over a period of several hundred years. Thus all observations on human heredity up to this time have involved starting with a specific individual and then seeking to trace his heredity backward as far as possible. But no authentic record of specific human beings goes back very far, and even if such records were available it would remain a fact that with each new mating the germ-plasm would be changed. In the course of a few generations many different lines are crossed. But the investigators start with a human organism which they consider either good or bad and then arbitrarily assume the direction of the "stream of the germ-plasm" at each cross-roads in order to confirm their preconceived theory. In this way they frequently find what they are looking for. In any possible number of ancestors, no matter what the line, you can go but a little way without finding both strength and weakness. So this method by, and large, has meant only seeking evidence for what someone wanted to prove.

IV

But let us assume that man can, by breeding, change the human race. Do we really know that we can make it what is called "better"? Do we even know what we mean by the word? The eugenist, who is always lamenting that man has taken no such pains in breeding humans as he has in producing desirable plants and animals, assumes, of course, that he has done a good job with plants and animals. By carefully mating fat hogs and discarding lean ones, he has produced the Berkshire from the razorback, and after persistent selection the Berkshire now breeds fairly true. But is the Berkshire a better hog than the razorback? For my part, I am convinced that it is nowhere near as good.

Of course, I am here considering the change from the standpoint of the hog. He has not been able to speak for himself, and men have not spoken for him. Turn the Berkshire and the razorback out to shift for themselves. Which would fare the better and live the longer? The Berkshire, in fact, would probably soon smother in its own fat. And even if it should survive to reproduce, the hog race would slowly return to the razorback type. Take another case: that of our thoroughbred cows. They must be carefully tended, fed and milked. They are not healthy animals. In fact, they are not cows at all; they are simply milk machines. Again, there is the thoroughbred running horse. It is valuable to man for betting purposes

—but the draft horse can pull loads. The race horse, if turned out without a blanket and left to get its own living, would probably die of pneumonia before it got very far from the paddock. And if it should survive turning out, then, in the course of time, its descendants would be like the scrub animals on the plains. I am inclined to think, indeed, that man never bred a plant or animal without weakening it or injuring it.

Thus it cannot be seriously argued that any "thoroughbred" animal or plant is better than one in a natural state. If so, better for what? Nature knows but one meaning of the word "better" and that is "fitted for survival." There is no evidence that even the "mind" of the thoroughbred hog or horse or cow is better than that of the scrub. The evidence seems to be the other way. When we speak of improving animals, we mean only that they have been improved for man's purposes, not for the purposes of living in competition with other organisms.

But to return to the point I have assumed for the sake of the argument: that man can be changed by controlled breeding: If we should eliminate the lean, and breed only the stout, we might get a race of mostly fat men. By eliminating the short and breeding only the tall, it is conceivable that the race would increase in stature. We might breed men who were lean or fat, or tall or short, but this could only be done within limits. Probably nature would rebel at any considerable variance from the present type. It has taken too long a time to produce the species in its present state to make possible a wide divergence of type.

But on what grounds would anyone be rash enough to want to change the physical type of man? Have we any assurance that a different type would be more desirable? If so, what kind of type? Furthermore, haven't the eugenists in their zeal for "bringing the world into an earthly paradise," forgotten that man, as he stands, is created in the image of God? Is it possible that they are also ambitious to meddle with the perfection of the very Cosmic Plan itself?

But perhaps they do not desire to breed a different physical being. Perhaps, with Dr. McDougall, they will say that their real aim is to breed for better intellects. The world, unfortunately, is largely ruled by phrases, and there a convenient and fetching slogan for those who think the race may be improved by breeding has been supplied. "A healthy mind in a healthy body" is the new slogan. But are good minds necessarily domiciled in healthy bodies? The history of the race does not prove it. There is something about a healthy body, apparently, that does not lure a good mind. It is probably too healthy. No; you cannot sort out intelligence by physical symmetry. The workings of heredity are obscure enough in the body; they are hopelessly indefinite in the mind. No eugenist knows anything about breeding for intellect. That the manifestations which we call mind are in some way a product of bodily functioning seems to be fairly well established. But what appears to be the healthiest and most symmetrical body may not produce the best mind. A slight and utterly obscure variance in some part of the structure may make a wide difference in mental strength. It is not unusual to find imbecility in the same family with first-rate intellects. To talk about breeding for intellect, in the present state of scientific knowledge and data, is nothing short of absurd. No scientist has ever pretended to advance any theories for breeding intellect; we do not know what intelligence is, much less how to breed it. Are we even convinced that better minds are desirable? The question of human welfare is not so much a question of more strength as of a better use of such strength as we have. About all that we can say about a good mind is that it adds to the effectiveness of the individual. What will be accomplished with the mind, good or bad, is not a matter of breeding; it is a matter of education.

V

It is, in fact, in no sense a foregone conclusion that the general welfare of man would be improved by increasing his intellect. It cannot be shown that the intelligent are happier than the ignorant; still less can it be shown that they contribute more to the happiness of their fellows. The great mass who are born and die are not "intellectual"; yet they survive and their tribe increases. Real intelligence is as rare, and perhaps as unnatural, as idiocy. One can imagine a human being so imaginative and sympathetic that he would pity the genius as much as the simple. No idiot knows that he is an idiot. As a rule, those of small intellectual equipment are so sure of themselves that they are eager to make the race over in their own image. This is a controlling reason why they should not be encouraged to exercise their power.

Is there any way to tell what class is the happiest? It cannot be shown that riches or learning or power or intellect have anything to do with happiness. Those who in a measure possess these gifts seem not to be sure of the happiness that they bring. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the cocksureness of ignorance, the lack of imagination that goes with conceit, and the crude hopes and dreams born of stupidity give more contentment and pleasure, and less pain, than the vision and imagination that are born of intelligence.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that science could furnish us with such exact data on the method of breeding as would permit the elimination of morons, idiots and imbeciles, and at the same time vastly increase the numbers of the intelligent, scholarly and well disposed, I repeat that it is not at all certain that it would be desirable to accomplish that result. The large mass of men and women, the world over, must do manual work, and one of the first indications of intelligence and training is that an individual separates himself from such work. What would happen to the operation of factories, railroads, buildings, and all the various activities of men if everyone became a genius or a scholar? Are not the morons, so-called, also important in the scheme? In the processes of living, are they not even more important than the geniuses? Would not a well-developed system of birth-control leave out the vast number of people who do the manual work of the world? And if so, what would become of the intellectuals who were compelled to take their places? All men must live in houses, wear clothes and consume food. No society would be possible that did not take into account the vast army who must supply these primitive wants, and be more or less directed by the intelligent who do not perform manual work. Where is the assurance that any organized society, such as the state, through the regulations of breeding could produce the proper proportion of laborers and *intelligentsia* to improve the general standard of comfort and welfare of the whole people?

Even if human breeding could be so controlled as to produce a race such as the eugenists desire, we might still lose much that is worth while. It is hardly possible to breed certain qualities in without breeding others out. I, for one, am alarmed at the conceit and sureness of the advocates of this new dream. I shudder at their ruthlessness in meddling with life. I resent their egoistic and stern righteousness. I shrink from their judgment of their fellows. Every one who passes judgment necessarily assumes that he is right. It seems to me that man can bring comfort and happiness out of life only by tolerance, kindness and sympathy, all of which seem to find no place in the eugenists' creed. The whole programme means the absolute violation of what men instinctively feel to be inherent rights. Organized society shall say who must and must not breed, and establish stern rules for picking out mates.

But of the various ways that the individual has found for attaining to pleas-

ure, one of the greatest is the business of selecting mates. A large and important part of life is made up of the gestures that precede and go with mating. Every Jack pursues his Jill, and every Jill lures her Jack. In this prime occupation of life they want to be free to do their own choosing. The boy and girl resent the proffered advice of even parents. It is safe to say that few fathers or mothers at fifty would approve of their own conquests in early life. It is still safer to say that in such a primitive affair as mating, the young would not give a fig for the opinions and wisdom of the old and seasoned. The youth does not even know why he is specially attracted to some special mate. The urge of life calls him, and he feels that he knows who he wants. No one can imagine a boy or girl going to a committee and asking its members to pick out a mate. Nature does not work that way, and it is not easy to understand how it ever could work that way.

The normal boy and girl, indeed, do not go a-wooing in order to find mates to improve the race. They are thinking of themselves and their happiness, which is far more vital to them, and probably to the race, than the character of the human beings who will inhabit the earth in the distant future. It is the immediate feeling that preserves life. True, much mating is improvident, and many unions do not bring the anticipated joys, but still their emotions and hopes perpetuate the species, and so the race survives. If the scheme of the eugenist could be carried out, it is easy to conceive of a thoroughly mechanical human being, preserved for a time by his disappearing emotions, but eventually going down to annihilation. Is there any certainty that the intellectual control of life would bring more pleasure and satisfaction and variety than the seeming haphazard and instinctive mating that has at least produced most of the zeal and interest of living?

The bigoted and the ignorant are very sure of themselves. No business seems to be too important or too personal for them to undertake. One of their chief pastimes is the regulation of other people. They are willing to do anything to others that to them seems important. To compel all others to adopt their own views and ways of living is their aim. In fact, one of their chief sources of comfort and pleasure is making others unhappy. How safe would it be for the human race and the comfort of the individual units if the production of human beings were left in their hands?

VI

It is well enough to rhapsodise over what should be done when there are no facts to sustain the theories. Mr. Wiggam may wax eloquent over the wonderful potentialities of man, to be realized by manipulating the germ-plasm. It is well enough to say that eugenics means that the enhancement of "man's inborn capacities for happiness, health, sanity and achievement shall become the one living purpose of the state" and that eugenics is "simply the projection of the Golden Rule down the stream of protoplasm" (whatever that might mean if it were translated into prose). To one who likes such things it sounds well to declare that "had Jesus been among us he would have been president of the first Eugenics Congress." (A great deal of time has been wasted in discussing what Jesus would have done and been had He lived to-day. Not long ago, a preacher declared that Jesus was the first great Rotarian and another enthusiast declared that He was the first great advertiser. And of course He is claimed both by the wets and the drys. Whether man was made in the image of God may still be a subject of debate, but there is no question that Jesus has been made over and over again in the image of every fanatic who has a crude and undigested idea about what should be done). It is well enough for Dr. McDougall to say that intelligent physicians operating through their societies could sort out the morons and the unfit, and that the courts could sort out

the convicted criminals, and that some other organization could sort out something else. But it requires unlimited faith, unbounded hope, and a complete absence of charity to believe that the human race, which has been slowly developing for half a million years, would actually profit by placing the control of breeding in the hands of the state. Even assuming that we know what kind of man we should breed, and how it could be accomplished, is there any reason to believe that it could be done through any existing agency?

If the state is to regulate the production of human beings, it is important to know what we mean by the word "state." It can mean nothing else save the individual members who make up the political unit. And in the last analysis, those who manage to get power are its real rulers. It is hardly necessary to ask: Are these men the scientists? Are they the idealists? Are they the tolerant, the humane, and the well-disposed? It is doubtful if anyone would even contend that they are. Of course, all the classes I have named, working in their own way, and quite independent of government, do have some influence upon the actions of men, but that influence has no direct relation to forcible control. Every informed man knows what the state is and who it is. Imagine cities like New York, Chicago or Boston picking out boards of control to organize, in the eloquent language of Mr. Wiggam, "a method ordained by God and seated in natural law for securing better parents for our children." It is not necessary to take New York, Chicago or Boston; every part of the country and every other country is controlled in the same way. Those in power would inevitably direct human breeding in their own interests. At the present time it would mean that big business would create a race in its own image. At any time it would mean with men, as it now does with animals, that breeding would be controlled for the use and purpose of the powerful and the unintelligent. Every social organization, every religious creed, every fad and fancy would set this power above every other function of the state. If any such scheme should be seriously considered, it would bring in an era of universal sexual bootlegging.

I am not a blind worshipper of Nature. I can not say whether she is good or bad. Man has no means of knowing. We can say only that, like all life, he is her product, that she is strong, if not invincible, and that she seems to delight in undoing the puny work of those who seek to meddle with her laws. I don't believe we could escape from her power, no matter what we sought to do. Neither do I believe that we could improve her job if we did escape. The history of the race shows endless examples of the pain and suffering that men have inflicted upon each other by their cocksureness and their meddling.

We know something about biology. We know a little about eugenics. We have no knowledge of what kind of man would be better than the one that Nature is evolving to fit into the environment which he cannot escape. We have neither facts nor theories to give us any evidence based on biology or any other branch of science as to how we could breed intelligence, happiness or anything else that would improve the race. We have no idea of the meaning of the word "improvement." We can imagine no human organization that we could trust with the job, even if eugenists knew what should be done, and the proper way to do it. Yet in the face of all this we have already started on the course, and the uplifters are urging us to go ahead, with no conception of where we are going, or what route we shall take!

In an age of meddling, presumption, and gross denial of all the individual feelings and emotions, the world is urged, not only to forcibly control all conduct, but to remake man himself! Amongst the schemes for remolding society this is the most senseless and impudent that has ever been put forward by irresponsible fanatics to plague a long-suffering race.

WARD McALLISTER

BY MORAN TUDURY

If he had been fortunate enough to be born fifty years earlier he might have been a quiet critic of Chippendale, with perhaps some additional knowledge of the drawing-room graces then considered lovely. Unluckily, he was to flourish in the General Grant era, when horsehair, strong Cuban waters and a general uneasiness of manner were the parlor embellishments. Like Tom Paine, Ward McAllister was delivered at the wrong time, and became, in consequence, notorious.

He had, it would seem, mannerisms. He was always drawling: "Don't you know?" and "I hope you catch the point." Worse, he added to the sins of his speech a Frenchman's imperial and an Englishman's morning manner. There were other blemishes in his character: he had never been president of even so much as a railroad spur. And that, in an age of metals, was melancholy indeed. He wouldn't, like Henry Adams, conform. He saw no reason why his small talk should be flavored by the Bowery when he had once dined off pheasants which, he had every reason to believe, had been shot by a Queen's husband. There was a hardness about his willowy attitude that amounted to an affront; and he was quite unafraid in his frank disapproval of Mr. Tweed.

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that he spread his prejudices and peculiarities over so small an area. One likes to think of what might have happened had he, by some proletarian error, found himself in politics. There is the suggestion of Daumier in a possible meeting between him and Mr. Cleveland, and it is certain that he would have been pointedly critical of Mr. Greeley. It may be—it might very well be—that in a Washington chiefly manipulated by a class removed but one from the drivers of public cabs his influence would have been beneficial. But it remains extremely doubtful.

He was, in fact, very cheerful about man's responsibilities, which must always remain a point in his favor. He seems never to have been annoyed with illusions about the need for the improvement of what is generally called "conditions." He had the good sense to realize his limitations, and he was captivated by the thought that General Scott, whom he met at West Point, disliked him. His talents, considered from a certain angle, were not only considerable but were actually, in some cases, unique; he gave picnics at a time when fresh air was considered dangerous, and he discovered that by placing illumination behind ice blocks in a dancing pavilion some very colorful effects might be obtained. And he seemed to have had Mr. Barnum's eye for a show. He had no leaning toward the hardier victuals, and he limited his own dinings to but eight covers.

For all these reasons, then, one views his passing with something of regret. There is an irony about the last scene which is inescapable. His creed—if he had one—must have been moderation, but the term could scarcely be applied to the funeral from Grace Church on that Winter morning in 1895, with curio-hunting ladies from Broadway besieging the coffin for flowers and the *gendarmerie* from the Mercer street station rushing to the rescue. There was an incidental solo sung manfully by Archie Fuller, the boy soprano, and there

followed a rendering of the Dead March from "Saul" by eight French horns, two tubas and eight trombones.

It was a final victory of Victorianism. Outside, atop glittering black carriages, chilled coachmen banged gloved hands together against the cold winds.

II

There seems always to have been a good deal of the *chef* about him. Among his earliest recollections were those of cool mornings in Savannah when he was permitted by his mother to do the family marketing. Even as a child he sought out the appetizing, swaggering handsomely through stalls hung with red slabs and baskets that shivered with fish while white-aproned men tested shrill blades against the tips of pudgy fingers. He was commencing an elegant habit which would, for fifty years, enshroud him in an atmosphere of piquant gravies and seasonings. One heard even then the approaching tumult of refined dinners, the bright staccato of flying corks; one sniffed the languorous bouquets of genteel wines.

He was to become almost professional in his talents. One sees him, through the mists of his triumphant middle years, a plump, adroit gentleman with one hand behind a somewhat negligent frock coat and the other extending forth spoons for tastings from a dish that was never done. There was something aloof in the gaiety of his pleasant blue eyes, something a little more than mere apishness in the imperial that he had borrowed from Eugénie's husband. He was a social Machiavelli in an age of Gargantuas, and the American scene seemed uneasily conscious of his cynical glances.

His Americanism would almost seem doubtful, but his father, in truth, was a Savannah lawyer who had inherited *his* father's social position and debts, and his mother traced her line back to Francis Marion, the Swamp Fox, and still farther, to the Huguenots who came to Goose Creek. Her son was to stand before a portrait of Charlotte Corday in his later years and remark a strange resemblance between M. Marat's chief critic and his own mother. One rejoices that, notwithstanding a family record which embraced a Chief Justice and a presiding officer of the Georgia Senate, he should have proved himself hopeless as a lawyer. In those first youthful days when he and a somewhat Micawberian parent journeyed to San Francisco—that period when they encountered the golden deluge of the early Western fifties—it is delightful to find little that was judicial in his activities. Regardless of what others might do, he simply must have his eggs for breakfast, even if they cost two dollars apiece, and he gave parties where sixteen-dollar turkeys were served lavishly. His breakfasts and dinners for one week cost him two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

It seems, moreover, fitting that he should have emerged first upon such an exotic stage; that he should have slept on a desk in his father's San Francisco law office, drinking English brown stout from his own barrel, which was kept in a corner. It all seems to fall harmoniously into the general jubilant eccentricity of the Gold Rush. He was, in his way, the lightest note in this gigantic comic opera, with its dread Vigilantes stalking ambiguously through the half light of red dawns, and its dead men piled swiftly to the ceilings. Here and there a blue rain fell over that long cavalcade of miners, shuffling unceasingly from the disgorging ships, but even the rain vanished when the brimming sun broke clear and baked the earth fast again, and wealth flowed freely once more down the Tuolumne and the Stanislaus.

Correctness was always his chief concern. From San Francisco he must return to New York to marry the moderate heiress of a father who held a steamboat grant from Robert Livingston himself, and then he must invade a Newport chiefly overrun by Southerners. But it was abroad that he began really to observe and enjoy

the world. In England he dined with the heavy-weight champion, who filled his unwilling ears with the story of an American boxer dying in his arms. At Windsor he was the guest of Victoria's *chef*, and was entertained with the sight of twenty roasts turning on a single royal spit. Later he was to behold the Queen's husband, his whiskers flapping in the wind, casually slaying pheasants with the most sporting of his sons. In Paris he found lodgings nine floors up and not too far from an aristocratic hotel where he might gaze out upon spires and hunched gargoyles and descend presently to witness the baptism of the Prince Imperial. His kindly bosom stirred warmly with visions of the Empress Eugénie and her extraordinary husband, and the imperial fireworks fête, splitting the sad Parisian heavens.. He was always cheerfully disposed to Frenchwomen, anyhow. At Florence he found a cook to whom he paid but two dollars and forty cents a day, for which he was supplied with splendid breakfasts from a murmurous charcoal fire. And he discovered that the Italian turkey had no equal in its American counterpart.

At the Pitti Palace the Grand Duke of Tuscany's balls were to establish in his mind a standard for all future balls, and he remarked that when the Archduke waltzed past you, you stopped. His partner, an American girl, could not resist the temptation to nudge the King of Bavaria in his ribs as he danced by, but McAllister was instantly crying: "Mille pardons!" and the royal indignation allowed itself to be appeased. But he would never attempt the young woman again. He was in Rome during Easter week, and beheld the Pope upon the balcony of St. Peter's. Thrilled, he watched as the fireworks illumined a darkly blue sky and soft voices broke into orderly, mellow applause. It was all so pleasing, so charming, so refined.

One wonders a little that he returned home at all—that he did not, like Henry James, find the Continental scene too fascinating to leave. But one glimpses him hastening back eager to inform his countrymen that Madeira was not a drink but an heirloom. He is observed at Newport, which was beginning to regard itself, for the first time, a little self-consciously; he is identified as an industrious organizer of picnics to which one came bearing bottles of Chambertin, cigars, patés and unbelievable salads. There was one terrible afternoon when the coachmen became intoxicated and dined devastatingly upon the prepared feast, but there were, also, other happier and more successful afternoons.

Eventually, it would seem, there was a war and, following in its wake, a general making of money in the West. The unfortunate thing was that the West, having made the money, wouldn't stay in the West. By the middle of the seventies the New York élite was rushed by an influx of wealthy undesirables. There was a languid panic in Manhattan, and so McAllister made his début as the Drawing-Room Autocrat, determined if need be to plunge his whole arm into the new Dutch dike, now so strenuously assailed. There was something medieval about the ease with which, for such a number of years, he held the vulgar at bay. He was making lists for Patriarch Balls at Delmonico's where you at least had to have a grandfather, and then he was gently herding the young into the safety of the Family Circle Dancing-Class.

While he scrutinized elegant menus, fearful that two white or brown sauces might somehow follow each other in succession, or perhaps truffles appear twice on the same table, and while he steadfastly reiterated his prayer for but one soup at a meal, there were also other, more flamboyant doings afoot. There was one dinner where a small stream flowed mildly down the table, with vivid fish swimming about in it, and another at which a tall cage, in the middle also, housed parrots of singular hues and utterances. Meanwhile, McAllister was urging that table decorations be limited to flowers of but one kind.

He became, then, a celebrity. He became

a celebrity side by side with a tall woman whose first name was Caroline and whose last stood for wealth. She was of Dutch ancestry and she carried with her an air of undoubted Dutch austerity. To her dying day she refused to be photographed, and but one painted portrait of her remains. She was always for the virtues. Drinking and smoking by women caused her unlimited annoyance. Her jewels were blinding and she was to make famous Parterre Box No. 7 at the Metropolitan. She was also to live a large number of orderly, disdainful years and ultimately succumb under certain hallucinations of the mind; but at this minute her fame was equal to McAllister's own, and perhaps even went a little beyond it.

There began between these two a strange, public partnership—a traffic in social positions, it might almost be called. A coolness here or a bit of warmth there was quite enough to establish or shatter a career, and invitation lists shuddered as those two pairs of critical eyes were laid upon them.

III

There must have been a great rigidity about his private life. He rose at eight, breakfasted vaguely, and for two business-like hours told anxious callers exactly how a Russian salad should be made, and at what point Johannisberger might be properly introduced. He was, in private, partial to sherry, and obstinate in his preference for Montilla, to be served from soup to dessert. Nor was he, when he came to the *pièce de resistance*, unappreciative of the Newport turkey, grasshopper fed. The world was filled with a number of pleasant things.

He had undeniable prejudices. A dinner without ladies was without appeal to him, and for that reason he seldom dined at the Union Club. Again, he thoroughly disapproved of the American manner of shaking hands. The loading of tables with bonbonnières to be taken away by the guests annoyed him beyond measure; especially after he was once compelled by a hostess to carry off in his pocket a hot-house peach which arrived home in a questionable condition. His ideas concerning personal appearance were interesting, if only because he was himself so little the fop. He said once: "I can tell a man from the provinces simply by his hat. If you are stout never wear a white waistcoat or a conspicuous watch-chain."

He found time to draw up a list of four hundred guests for one of Mrs. Astor's balls, and the newspapers, alive to the occasion, made him the country's first—and only—male dictator of fashionable life. So he became a notoriety, and as he walked the streets in his hardly smart attire—his frock coat sometimes actually in need of pressing—he was not displeased by the wondering, excited glances that swept his way. But it couldn't, of course, go on indefinitely. His was a gesture which belonged to the age of Mr. Brummel and the gentle Romantics, and now there was beginning in New York something more than Mrs. Wharton's Age of Innocence. Money was beginning to talk not only loudly but arrogantly, and the captains of industry saw no reason why a transplanted Georgian epicure should be allowed to rule the roost. When he wrote a book about society a lot of people became piqued. When he told intimate, interesting things to the newspapers the murmur began to assume major proportions. He wrote badly—he himself said that for his writing he claimed neither scholarship nor elegant diction—but he set down exactly what he saw. This was, as it has always been, a severe error.

There was, too, the matter of the Ceremonial Ball at the Washington Centennial in 1889, and here, at last, he was to come to grips with the villains in the piece. It was all to be very grand and staggering. McAllister, with his Patriarch Balls behind him and his tours of European courts, was undoubtedly the only man in the United States to manage it. He was, in fact, secretary of the entertainment com-

mittee, and so there could be no other conclusion but that this was to be *his* ball. It was to be his final masterpiece. "I have," he said, "seen this Centennial Ball in my mind, and pictured even its smallest particulars. I saw its surging masses, never quiet, for I meant to put champagne on one side and refreshments on the other to keep the kaleidoscope moving. I saw in my imagination the greatest ceremonial that the country has ever seen in the entrance of the President of the United States. I saw the opening quadrille in its every movement—a magnificent thing, as magnificent to the eye as to the fancy—and last of all the great cotillion."

There was probably much more that he saw. He saw himself, quite pardonably and certainly deservedly, surrounded by his aides—the latter composed of the highest political, social and financial forces in the nation. He saw a rare moment of late Victorian superelegance, when Wall Street was to waltz in genially with its ladies, when the sons and daughters of the Colonials were to come together in an immortal second of lofty beauty. He spent sleepless, pleasurable nights endeavoring to decide just how a hundred thousand dollars could best be spent; just which would be the most appropriate music, wines and decorations; just how the political and scientific giants should mingle with the blooded guests. Caterers were called into endless consultations. Finally, he handed to the reporters the list of the sixteen ladies whom he had personally selected to dance the *quadrille d'honneur*.

Alas, it was precisely then that the mutterings of thunder, which had been grumbling intermittently, resolved themselves into a terrible, overwhelming clap and the lightning began to flash. Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, twirling his ample mustaches, took the center of the overcrowded stage. Mr. Fish, it appeared, had his own ideas as to just which ladies should dance the *quadrille d'honneur*. It would seem, further, that in his heart there was other bitterness. Perhaps he disliked Southerners; it may be that as the chairman of the entertainment committee he resented the powers of the secretary. At all events, he became violently enraged when McAllister assured him that his, Fish's, list of ladies was out of the question, and after that he had his back up. For some reason Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry put his back up also.

There were others too: William Jay, W. W. Astor, William K. Vanderbilt and Robert Goelet. They were also on the entertainment committee, and they all supported Messrs. Fish and Gerry. They passed a resolution providing that McAllister might take steps to carry out the full programme of the ball only *after* the said programme had been decided upon and handed to him by the entertainment committee. So Mr. McAllister resigned. There followed an astonishing exchange of compliments between him and his enemies. It began with McAllister assuring the newspapers that "neither Fish nor Gerry has the slightest idea of how to get up a ball. It requires a special talent and much observation and study. Gerry says that it makes no difference if you have nothing better than pork and beans as long as you have a crowd. That's his idea of a great ceremonial ball!"

The public applauded McAllister's thrust and then gaped eagerly for Fish's retort. "The whole thing in a nutshell," said that great man, "is that McAllister is getting pretty well advanced in years and the committee is not one that can be bossed by any demagogue, big or little, young or old." At this McAllister became heated. Regarding "that man Fish" he observed passionately: "I do feel a little stronger on balls than a mere railroad president. All this, you know, is Fish's doings. Fish wanted to turn the whole thing into a Republican jubilee and have Gerry share honors with a Republican President. I put a spoke in his wheel and he got very angry. I insisted on having our Democratic mayor take the leading part." That last was a clever touch and Tammany and the city shook its head approvingly. But it be-

came outraged later when McAllister, goaded by his attackers, offered to make affidavit that "Mr. Gerry told me Mayor Grant was not qualified by intelligence to fill the position."

After that Mr. Gerry was coolly inquiring: "Who is Ward McAllister, anyway?" and Mr. Fish, beside himself, burst forth with: "McAllister does very well as a manager for a small ball like the Patriarchs, where all he has to do is to say to Delmonico: 'Give us red shades instead of pink this time, and say, let's have some different sorts of wine, don't you know?'" And then the mighty railroad president, his enthusiasm for detail increasing, announced grandly that Mr. McAllister's social pretensions were all fol de rol, and denounced him as only a little higher style of cook. "McAllister," he wound up, "was our *major domo*, our master of ceremonies, our caterer. As such he was not acceptable to us, and we told him his services were no longer required. McAllister is a discharged servant. That is all."

IV

So in the end McAllister found out that money, after all, is slightly more than everything. He retired for a few days to Washington, disdaining to attend the ball. And it was not wholly successful. The Legislature raided it and so did the aldermen and other vulgar city officials. The crowd became mixed: thieves got admission and proceeded to operate; the Tammany representatives were inebriated and caused very distressing disturbances.

It was saddening to everybody save McAllister. He returned to the city to tell the newspapers that "all of Washington is shaking with laughter at that man Fish's ball. Fish's *quadrille d'honneur* raised a howl of laughter. The idea of putting young men of twenty-five and thirty to dance with the greatest ladies of the land! A young lieutenant, mind you, dancing with Mrs. Astor! I don't wonder the country laughs! And young Harry Cannon, forsooth! And, mind you, young Creighton Webb! Why, as a dance of dignity the thing was a farce! I am glad that I had nothing to do with such a Fish-ball."

So the public which, up until that time had believed it a tremendous ball, began to laugh with him now, and the following Winter he gave a ball of his own and everything was, on the surface, tranquil again. But he had made enemies; there could be no doubt of it. And, in New York society one did not lightly make enemies of railroad presidents. McAllister persisted, too, in writing those revealing articles, and they helped matters not at all. There was a new, less courtly age at hand, and younger, more facile fingers were in experimentation. He was suddenly not a young or even a middle-aged man any more. His eyes were less bright than they used to be, and his step less quick. There seemed a final, trembling note hanging in the air; the great creaking clock was swinging into its last reverberating stroke. The people at the great Charity Ball, on that night in January, 1895, scarcely knew or, perhaps, in their robust youth, even cared whether he was there or not. He died as they danced.

THE PATHFINDERS

BY GEORGE STERLING

Who has heard an echo of clarions from lost frontiers?
Who has seen halberds and horsemen on the horizon of time?

From Nome to Ushuaia,
From Reykjavic to Auckland,
From Mindanao to Kerguelen,
The trails are blazed, the sea-roads are charted,
The tables of the Law are set up,
That feebler folk may follow,
Follow with the sound of gold in the counting-house.
With the voice of the preacher in the God-house,
The pathfinders have done their work,
They that saw strange eagles on strange skies,
They whose sunsets were on unfurrowed waters.

By the stars that led them—
Orion striding down the heavens at the ice-melting,
Arcturus low in the West at the first snow-fall—
By the light of those stars on sword or rifle,
And on wet oar and anchor,
By their light in the oceans they sought vainly
And in the hidden tears of failure,
The work is done: all the roads lie open
To the feet of the wise and feeble.

The pathfinders were foolhardy and strong;
None could stay them.
The tribes that went eastward from Asia,
Who set up their gods on Easter Island,
Who notched the cliffs of Arizona,
Who built the serpent-mound in Ohio,
Who made wampum on the dunes of Montauk—
All those had their labor in vain:
The tide out of the Northeast has gone over them;
The waves from Europe have trampled them under,
Being merciless to the tribe,
In mercy to the race.
Montezuma is dethroned
And the trail is made the highroad.
Manhattan thunders forever
Where the red deer leapt to the twang of the bow-string.

They were captains of the horizon
And pilots of unborn nations—
They whose birth-gifts were continents.
It was not for beauty that they went outward,
Heeding not the foam-altars of the moon-haunted West,
The silver vastitudes,
The unwandered sierras of cloudland,
The surf on far sands,
The afterglow on mountains where they were to die.
It was not for fame that they followed mysterious rivers,
And were thirsty in vulture-hung deserts,
And had respite from their weariness
At beautiful islands abandoned by Time:
Their gold was the gold of earth
And not the gold of their sunsets,
Nor knew they the end of their wayfaring.

The pathfinders have had their reward.
They that dreamed treasure and conquest
Have been paid in unimagined payment:
Even the gold of strange stars,
Even the foam of new oceans,
Even the snows of unknown mountains.
It was not conceived when the first prows of Sidon
Rose to the ground-swell of the Atlantic,
Nor when the vikings went south with the berg,
Nor when Vizcaino lifted the Point of Sea Wolves—
Shaggy with cypress.
It was not for such reward that they labored,—
That the sword made a place for the plow,
The plow for the till,
The till for the pulpit,
The pulpit for the test-tube:
The guerdon was greater than they knew
That sleep in the barrows of oblivion,
Distant from the stars of their childhood.

They have rest forever, the pathfinders—
They whose trails were the first furrows
And whose lives the first harvest.
The anchors are down in still waters,
And the sails furled in the harbors of Golconda.
The Seven Cities of Cibola have opened wide their gates,
Whose gold is the gold of eternity,
Cancelled not as in the fading of sunset
Nor in the farewell of the star of evening.
The pathfinders have peace forever,
Having found the ports of infinity.
Their bones rest in the dusk of cathedrals,
And are strewn in the villages of the prairie-dog.

The pine-needles of the sierra thatch their graves.
Hudson sleeps below the Northern lights
And Balboa near to the ocean he discovered.
Da Gama has weathered a stormier Cape
And Franklin won through to the Great Sea.
Frémont has gone from the Gabilan Hills
And Pizarro from the court of the Incas.
The footprints of Carson are vanished
No less than the smoke of De Soto's camp-fire
And the foam-wake of Magellan.
The halberds of Coronado are rusted,
And the shadow of Boone long gone from the war-trail of the Iroquois.
The cairns have crumbled;
The keels of Drake are sunken
And the five great emeralds of Cortez.

Peace to the dust of the conquerors,
Envoys to mystery
From Newfoundland to Singapore,
From the Peconics to Tasmania,
From the keys of Florida to the Alaskan tundras!
Peace to all who slept at the trail-ends,
From the blood of Marquette and Cartier
To the flown breath of Scott and Shackleton!
They that felt the arrows of obsidian
Have no more need of shield or helmet.
They that saw the smoke of strange altars on new heavens
Shall hear no more the conchs of the barbarian,
Nor the long trumpets of ivory,
Nor the throbbing of the war-drums.
Peace to all who lie famed or forgotten—
The last igloo built,
The last keel stranded.
Peace to the renowned few, to the innumerable unknown,
To the tomb of bronze and the grave in the desert!
They are hushed who dared Leviathan
And the dragons of Hesperia.
The frontiers of wonder are dissolved,
The purple kingdoms of the old mirage.
Leif Ericson sleeps, and the fire that was Columbus,
But Time has new Atlantics.
The stars that they followed still go over;
Their voices are on the wind from the Northeast,
And their flags in the sunset.

Unrest, unrest, to all of their lineage!
The roads of earth are traced on a map:
The gulf of the heavens is uncharted.
We gaze from the coasts of the world
Upon a sea that is shoreless.

The arc of ocean blends with the arc of sky
And man shapes for himself new keels,
Daring a sea without harbors,
Whose tides are the winds of the firmament,
Whose islands the peaks of Andes and Himalaya.
The same air that filled the sails of the Norse galleys
And lifted the dust of the ox-teams
Sings now in the struts of the æroplane.
The soul's eagle aches for the sky-dome:
Who will die that its trails be blazed,
Once and forever?
Who will go forth without weapons
And be lost in the regions of sunset?
The altars of azure demand a sacrifice.

Unrest, unrest, to all who come hereafter!
Unrest to the new pathfinders!
There is no anchorage in the atom
Nor sky-line to the universe.
They shall forecast the storms of the electrons
And the typhoons of the nebulae.
They shall hunger for strange countries
And make far roads;
They shall die in lone deserts
And sink in dark oceans—
Still hungry for the horizons of the mind,
For the West of the soul,
For the seas and lands that go on forever and ever.

A NOTE ON PRIESTCRAFT

BY HILTON GREGORY

THE chief boast of evangelical Protestantism, as voiced by its more boisterous advocates, is the wholly unpriestly character of its polity. The main effect of the Reformation, we are told, has been "to strip Christianity as bare as Islam of every vestige of ancient priestcraft" and "to do away with any need for a consecrated priesthood at all." The sole function of the evangelical pastor is that of a shepherd; his principal duty is to feed the lambs upon the pure Milk of the Word. Such a pastor is only a few paces removed from the general body of believers; he has no authority save that which may flow naturally out of his superior piety and greater familiarity with the sacred texts. Among the more extreme Baptists, Presbyterians and Campbellites, indeed, the argument runs that every man is a priest, with untrammeled access to the throne of God, and that the believer thus needs no agent to make his wants known. The clergy of these sects, in consequence, constitute the very reverse of a priestly order. They possess, officially, no occult powers. They are without any esoteric knowledge. They can do nothing—at least at the altar—that a layman cannot do.

Such is the theory. But what of the facts? I believe that, as is usual in human affairs, they collide with the theory very violently, and do it great damage. Let us examine the evangelical pastor's actual view of himself and his powers. Let us see how he actually conducts himself. There is light upon the matter in a fellow pastor's account of the late Dwight L. Moody, who was in more than one way an archetypal specimen of the order:

> He belonged to a communion which disavowed any form of liturgy, which paid little or no attention to any of the sacraments. The ministers of his Church were, by and large, simply ordained laymen. Most of Mr. Moody's meetings were held in undedicated houses. He seldom even so much as baptized anyone. Yet never did a High Church priest believe more profoundly that he had been given authority to promise the absolution and remission of sins than did Mr. Moody believe that he possessed such authority. Rarely, if ever, did a priest hear more vital confessions or pronounce forgiveness with greater assurance.

Certainly the theory begins to wabble here. The powers that Moody assumed actually went far beyond those of a priest; they were those of a pope. More, they went beyond the popes to the days of the Jewish high priests. The function of the early *Cohen* "was that of a mediator between God and man, (1) by ministering at the sanctuary, (2) by teaching the law of God, and (3) by inquiring for the people the divine will." All priesthoods, whether they be Catholic, Protestant, or pagan, rest at bottom upon precisely the same foundation. When the Moodian view of their office—or any as presumptuous and haughty—is held by any group of men, and is tolerated, condoned, and deferred to by the community, there is a priesthood in actual being, however eloquently the plain fact may be denied.

Everywhere among the evangelical sects that Moodian view prevails today. The belief that the chosen and ordained man stands in unique favor with God, his ear sensitive to the Omnipotent voice, his hand and heart performing the sacred mysteries—the belief that he possesses a peculiarly exact knowledge of God's decrees and wishes, and has therefore certain high authoritative privileges—such beliefs are

fastened unshakably upon the Protestant mind, and their influence is constantly underestimated by those who seek some understanding of the enormous effect of evangelical preaching upon the common people.

II

Consider, first, the virile customs built up around the neophyte's inception into holy orders. No man, it appears, dare enter the evangelical ministry without a previous transaction between himself and God, with God as the aggressor. He must be singled out by divine fiat for his work; as the phrase is, he must be *called*. That absolutely nothing can take the place of that call is agreed among all Protestants. Whether the candidate has ministerial qualifications or is palpably incompetent is a matter of relatively minor importance. If he is capable, it does not count against him except in the form of arousing jealousy. If he is without ability, the Lord can take care of that. The one central requisite is that there must have been a direct bargaining between the candidate and the Most High. "The Christian ministry," as one noted apologist has put it, "is an especially divine *gift*. 'No man taketh the honor unto himself,' as we learn in Hebrews v:4." The candidate for the cloth is required to have an experience comparable to Isaiah's:

> Before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee and ordained thee a prophet unto the nations. For thou shalt go to all that I send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee, saith the Lord. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I put my words in thy mouth.

There are, obviously, serious implications involved in this call. God, in making His selections, will brook no interference —not even from parents. "Did you ever stop to think that your battle is against God when you oppose your child's entrance into Christ's glorious ministry?" asks a noted evangelical theologian in a recent book on recruiting for the pulpit. "Get out of God's way with your child!" he urges. Nor must wives have any say, for he asks further: "Do you stand in your husband's way as God clearly leads? Can you face God at the Judgment with the awful charge of keeping your husband out of the ministry?"

"To say no to God imperils every joy of the future," declares another writer, and there are innumerable stories in pulpit currency to demonstrate the truth of his assertion. I remember the man my father used to tell about when I was a boy. This man had gone so far as to serve an apprenticeship in one of the lower priestly orders, but had somehow come to trifle with the divine plan. One day he deliberately doffed his vestments. Immediately repeated misfortunes began to overtake him. A pig-breeding venture failed. His wife ran off with a plumber. His daughter, hard upon this blow, married a Catholic. The poor man suffered ever new and worse financial reverses and his creditors were importunate and merciless. He was brought down finally by asthma and went South to find a congenial climate. Broken in health and tormented by his past, he did finally make a meagre success in oil, but he was never happy. I shall always have visions of God hounding him relentlessly throughout eternity. No man can escape when the hand of his Maker is laid upon him!

If the high puissance and authority of the evangelical pastor's position inheres in the manner of his selection, it is made plain to all men by the ordination ceremony. In most Protestant communions, the beauty of ritual is certainly lacking, but there is never lacking the solemn pomp that is essential to the perpetuation of the priestly concept. Dr. A. H. Baverstock, writing on the nature of the Catholic priesthood, says:

> Over and above the priesthood of each member of the Christian Church, there is a priesthood, properly so called, which is given to a special class, in its plenitude to bishops, and in a less degree to priests, and exclusively conferred upon these two orders alone. It involves a grant of illumination and divine power. It is a special gift of God, bestowed upon men called to this office and consecrated to it by a peculiar grace of the Holy Ghost.

The ideas enforced by the ordination of a Methodist elder do not differ from these in any detail. The exaltation of the priestly office in the eyes of the onlookers is admirably done. After the candidate has given final assurance of his call, he is required to kneel submissively before the altar in the presence of the praying congregation. The hands of the bishop and of the other attending functionaries are stacked high upon his head, while the bishop says:

> The Lord pour upon thee the Holy Ghost for the office and work of an elder in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. And be thou forever a faithful dispenser of the word of God and His Holy Sacraments.

Then the bishop hands him a Bible, saying:

> Take thou authority to preach the Word of God and to administer His sacraments in the congregation.

This prayer follows:

> Most just and merciful Father, we beseech Thee to send upon these Thy servants Thy heavenly blessing, that they may be clothed with righteousness and that Thy Word spoken in their mouths may have such success that it may never be spoken in vain. Grant also that they may have the grace to receive what Thou shalt deliver.

The intense reality of this ceremony to the officials and witnesses must not be underestimated. The suggestion that it is merely symbolic would be gravely resented by all of them. John Wesley, himself not a bishop, debated for years before he could gain the consent of his mind to ordain men for the administration of the sacraments in America. The whole procedure is in direct line with Apostolic precedent. God uses the hands of the bishops and the elders as direct transmitters of His power, for Paul wrote to Timothy: "Neglect not the gift which is in thee, which was give thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery." By this ceremony the pastor is duly authorized and empowered before the people to function as their representative before God. Henceforth he is to live before them in daily, hourly contact with the supernatural power which sanctifies all his energies.

III

The inescapable effect of this ponderous, mysterious process of calling and ordaining is to send into the rural pastorates men who are quite confident that they stand upon mountains in close proximity to God. They have been selected, not by the erring judgment of mortal clay, but by the direct choice and unction of Deity. In the imagery of the Presbyterians, they are the messengers of God and the angels of the Church. They become, in the happy phrase of Paul, "ambassadors of God." "And the soul of the ambassadorial office," Dr. Spurgeon used to remind his young ministerial students, " lies in the appointment of the ambassador. An ambassador unsent would be the laughing stock of a country. There must be authority before men can become preachers. Your ministry is not of man, neither by man, but you have received it of the Lord."

Is there any wonder, then, that there develops in the minds of the shepherd and his flock an hypertrophic belief in the value and importance of the priestly office? The new pastor's first curacy, almost without fail, lies in some smaller town or village, and there the general belief in his divine powers is most general and most dazzling. He is accorded a deference enjoyed by no one else save the county superintendent of schools and the occasional lyceum lecturer. Behind the veil of the temple his vagaries take on the form of profundities surcharged with the Holy Ghost. From the back country the peasants flock to hear his inspired messages. The clang of his revivals sounds throughout the land, and sinners long irredeemed are reached by the magic of his word. The drug-stores and all commercial houses, save the blind pigs, close in observance of his day. He finds himself in a pond where his croaking is beyond doubt the dominant melody. So he begins to see his office and its appurtenances as things the world cannot afford to be without.

To these remote places filter incessant

eulogies of his precepts and practises from great divines and other magnificoes in the outside world. Over the radio on Sunday afternoon his parishioners hear the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman say that the greatest single event in the history of the world was the birth of Christianity. His followers view him with new respect when a Woodrow Wilson declares that the world cannot be saved unless it is redeemed spiritually; when Judge Elbert H. Gary recalls his disciplinary childhood in Sunday-school and pleads for an humble return to the old Book and the simple faith; when Police Commissioner Richard Enright, of New York, shouts, "Back to God!" and warns men and women that the family altar alone can save society; when James Buchanan Duke makes a fabulous bequest to education and accompanies it with the assertion that preachers are the kind of leaders that civilization must have; when Calvin Coolidge says: "In our country the righteous authority of the law depends for its sanction upon its harmony with the righteous authority of the Almighty . . . I can conceive of no adequate remedy for the ills which beset society except through the influence of religion." The pastor and his friends, beset by such doctrines, come rapidly and naturally to believe, as a Southwestern theological professor has put it, that "the preacher is God's biggest man in God's biggest task."

There soon attaches to his pulpit utterances, therefore, a hallowed, unearthly meaningfulness. He aspires to speak, "not with the enticing words of men's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." He strives to assume, in his highest reaches, the form of a veritable prophet. His lightest sentence is spoken *ex cathedra*. His inner sentiments are clearly expressed by a book by one Dr. Bounds, who has a devoted following among the pastors:

> Preaching is heaven's distillation in answer to prayer. It impregnates, suffuses, softens, soothes, percolates, and cuts. It carries the Word like dynamite, like sugar, like salt; makes the Word a soother, an arraigner, a revealer, a searcher; makes the hearer weep like a child and live like a giant, opens his heart and his purse as gently, yet as irresistably, as the Spring opens the leaves.

For those who may think that all these achievements of preaching may be, after all, merely human, the Doctor hastens to add:

> This unction is not the gift of genius. No eloquence can woo it. No industry can win it. It is the gift of God—the signet sent to his messenger. It is heaven's knighthood given to the chosen.

The pastor wreaks even more mightily in the administration of the sacraments. The Lord's Supper, as consumed by the general run of evangelical congregations, is removed from the realm of ordinary human phenomenon, where it would appear ludicrous, and comes to possess cosmic implications. The Methodist pastor, for instance, kneels reverently near the shrouded table whereupon the Host reposes, and lifts his voice to heaven in these words:

> Grant us, Gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of Thy Son Jesus Christ and to drink His precious blood that our sinful souls and bodies may be made clean by His death.

The efficacy of this and all other such sacred ceremonies lies mainly, if not wholly in the favored relationship which is believed to obtain between the chief functionary and God. It is the belief in this relationship which gives prestige to the rite. Third-rate grocery store crackers bought at a discount for churchly use and a very inferior grade of the national drink immortalized by Bryan—these elements become transformed by the pastor's alchemy into the delectable and potent flesh and blood of the Most High. Obviously, only a very holy and thoroughly ordained man can perform such sorceries. The pastor, whatever the doctrinal theory, is actually a magician—and as far removed from the layman as the layman is from a tadpole.

However cogently it may be argued that these ceremonies are merely symbolic, the plain fact remains that their practise tends to enhance the dignity of the priest tremendously. To the people, transactions of a high and appalling mysteriousness are

carried on by the man in the pulpit. The baptism of an ex-pugilist, for example, is believed not only to furnish absolution for his own sins, but also to irk the devil and cause incalculable delight to the heavenly statisticians. Whatever evangelical Protestants may think, officially, of purgatory and extreme unction, when some rounder of the village dies from drinking wood alcohol, they do not send for the mayor to visit him in his last hours; they send invariably for the village pastor, for he is a duly constituted intermediary between heaven and earth—he alone can save the damned. There is thus always a sense of the imponderable, of the remote and supernatural, in the acts of religious ceremony. The faithful leave the sanctuary feeling that the mysteries and purposes of their religion have been made dearer and stronger by the acts of the local shrine-keeper. He becomes the indispensable agent of their spiritual life.

IV

As an inevitable result, authority attaches to his office. This authority, by reason of its sacred quality, is permitted to extend over matters which, skeptically viewed, are quite extraneous to the pastor's business, but which are nevertheless brought resolutely into his province. The standards of judgment which he erects for his followers become criteria by which all things must be evalued. As the custodian of sacred etiquette, he is consulted tacitly or actually upon the propriety of practically all conduct.

This domination of the community's thinking is by no means limited to the hamlets. It simply originates and gets its schooling there. It is, of course, officially disavowed by the exponents of the evangelical faith, who accuse the Catholics of inclining to it. The Rev. Dr. J. Frank Norris of Fort Worth, Texas, tells this one, which was told him "by a woman in New York:" The daughter of this woman "gave her butcher a Bible. He was a Catholic. The next day the neighbourhood priest called round and gave the girl to understand that he ran that neighbourhood. He told her not to give out any more Bibles in that community. He let her know that he ran that neighbourhood and he would see to it what the people read." Dr. Norris cites this as an instance of the horrors of Catholic control. Yet it was this same Norris who, in his passion for freedom of speech, instigated the onslaught which led to the retirement of Dr. John A. Rice from Southern Methodist University because of a book which brought to the South the more rudimentary facts of Biblical criticism; who worked assiduously to rid Baylor University of Dr. Henry Dow because his book on sociology mentioned evolution as a theory some people held; who secured the dismissal of Instructor Fothergill from the same institution because an affidavit had been sworn to the effect that this instructor had been heard to teach evolution; and who earlier brought about the retirement of another professor from William Jewell College and the Baptist Church because he taught certain philosophies not favorable to the production of acceptable evangelical graduates.

Here is the true evangelical priest in action. And Norris is surely not alone. His imitators are abroad in the land, seeking whom they may devour. If they had their way every book suggesting the theory of evolution as an hypothesis would be burned in the streets. If they could achieve the control they seek, every scientific inquiry, every bit of experimentation, every venture into the unknown, every promulgation of ideas impalatable to them would be halted, and the energy of the race directed solely toward evangelical theology. The whole latter-day campaign against ideas is, at bottom, a product of their incitement.

What moves these priests of Protestantism is simply a dread of losing their present high dignity and authority. Their belligerent defense of Fundamentalism springs from the urgent necessity of guarding their oracles. Their bread depends upon persuad-

ng the populace that their activities are ropitious—that is, upon maintaining a lib acceptance of the superstitions which ave traditionally bolstered up their caste. hey have always held themselves to be he initiated, the possessors of the Truth. oday the reputability of their office is ound up with a continued dictatorialness, nd the tendencies which would erect ntelligence as a universal criterion they ecognize as fatal to their pretension. hroughout America the avowed purpose f evangelical Protestant education is the nculcation of traditional learning in such a way that it will either produce priests or lse produce men and women who will be olerant of priests.

The whole current conflict in the Bible Belt is thus grounded upon a defense of he ancient priestly concept. The struggle xercising evangelical Protestantism every-where comes from the reassertion of the riests that they have the Only Knowl-dge. They make their fight in two ways: y attacking the sort of knowledge that is eyond their grasp or hostile to their ocus-pocus, and by back-slapping the deas of the common man. The evangelical riesthood keeps its dupes in ignorance by dopting, incarnating, and championing hat ignorance. The bugaboos of the times are flaunted in the face of the common man and he is roused by his priests to action against the common enemy. A case in point is the declaration of a Southern college president—a pastor, of course—that the most ignorant Negro ditch digger or the suckling babe at its mother's breast knows as much about the creation of the world as the most erudite anthropologist or geologist. In the same way, in the South, the passionate belief in white supremacy is taken from the poor white, pasted upon the forehead of the priest, and together priest and layman go out to battle.

If the evangelical priest is thus active in the field of intellectual authority, he stalks with regal tread in the realm of moral dictatorship. It must be kept in mind that he is, in the eyes of his people, a man who is carrying out a sacred compact with God, and his views and devices are therefore attributed to God. It is upon this basis, and this alone, that the moral authority of the rural pastor is to be explained. His views on ethical questions are vested with a high and singular prestige—not by the fact of his studious preparation for authority, but by reason of his peculiar and magical understanding of the intents and purposes of the Governor of the Universe.

He begins his career, as I have said, in the back places where gullibility is rampant, and he carries his attitudes acquired there to the more advanced strongholds of the church. He becomes an authority on the causes and cure of fallen women, the moral significance of the dance, the secret of happiness for wives, the wisdom of all forms of legislation, and the best methods of city planning and civic advancement. He never loses sight of the Source of his authority. His verdicts and commands are those of God. Thus, what he teaches and executes becomes, in popular belief, the Law of God. That belief he fastens in the minds of the easily influenced, which group constitutes the majority of the population. The distasteful evils of other people become, to it, dragons which he alone can exorcise. Movements for the uplift which he inaugurates are raised far above the plane of intelligent social action for more rational living; they take on the form of unconquerable crusades in which the Lord leads against the Archfiend.

It is a matter of public record that as long as the circuit-riders carried their jugs over the horns of their saddles and John Wesley advised his clergymen only not to drink to excess, the movement for Prohibition made scant progress. It was not until the messengers of God girded the pallium of sanctimony about their loins and proclaimed the divine desire for coerced abstinence that the land was stampeded to righteousness and the Eighteenth Amendment. It was only as the ambassadors of Christ in the outer hamlets began

to flay the evils of the cities, and the city divines, themselves advanced from lesser places, began to shout the same gospel to save their faces—it was only then that the moral consciousness of the nation was roused to action. When the pastors entered the lists, all progress toward moderation and temperance was transformed into the sweaty guerilla warfare of Prohibition.

Probably it will not be long before we enjoy a "clean" stage for the same reason that we now enjoy the boons of Prohibition. The evangelical priest is incapable of imagining anything outside of Biblical literature and Biblical pictures. He views all the arts through the binoculars of his own jealous and bombastic caste. And he enjoys, off the main highways, a public influence comparable only to that of Melchizedek. He is the true father of his people. Parish ladies bothered by marital infelicity seek counsel in the quiet recesses of his study. Men who know the luring by-ways of the town's darkness enter his confessional and reveal their shame in detail. Now and then a timid Magdalene finds her way to him and tells him her thrilling all. To everyone he shows an understanding face. For all he intercedes at the Throne of Grace. To all he imparts the amulets of his holy religion. He is a universal advisor to man because he is, convincingly, an intimate friend and confidant of God.

He is accorded a distinct costume and demeanor to enhance the uniqueness of his position. He denies himself the pleasures of the flesh and the license of promiscuity, but he becomes the only male member of the Browning Club. He can draw no penance fee from the errant traction company official, but he can strangely increase that fellow's desire to pay into the coffers of the church. His salary, despite his protests, is measurably better than he could earn in any other profession, save, perhaps, pedagogy. He receives passes to the games of the local nine and to the season's lyceum. He purchases his commodities at a 10% discount and he occasionally finds merchants who refuse to charge him for his cigars; now and then admiring parishioners present him with suits of clothes. His progeny are exempt from tuition charges in the schools of his communion. A splendid temple, with tools for his machinations, is supplied as a matter of course. Or if the temple is not splendid it is at least noticeably more ornate than the dwellings of the parish. And his other perquisites are not to be overlooked.

So the evangelical pastor meets still another requisite of the priest: in the judgment of his people, he merits economic support and special economic concessions. These privileges serve as indications of the high esteem in which his work and person are held. Is there any wonder that he shows anxiety when the security of his position is threatened? He has pushed himself up to a high peak of authoritative eminence and it behooves him to cling to that peak.

I am aware, of course, that there are some very noble and intelligent men in the ministry. But I am inclined to think that their number is greatly exaggerated. The average evangelical priest is neither noble nor intelligent. He is a man of consummate ordinariness, transfigured by the superstitions of the populace, and endeavoring sedulously to perpetuate those superstitions. He is peculiarly conscious and vociferous about his divine commission and the uniqueness of his relations with the Almighty. He is the keeper of the sacred oracles, and his position, his prestige, his free passes, his pounding parties, his pastorium, his authority, his 10% discount, his boundless self-esteem—all depend upon keeping those oracles intact. Thus he is incurably antagonistic to all the ideas and forces which would subvert his holy office, expose his magic, and leave him shivering before a wicked world.

EDITORIAL

THAT sweet accord between the United States and England of which so much is made when ambassadors quaff the grape has been shattered of late by certain plain speaking, and the worst of it has come from the English side. So biliously, indeed, do the fevered Sassenachs have at us that even so amiably colonial a journal as the New York *Herald-Tribune* has taken notice of the matter. No one familiar with the English press, and especially that part of it which addresses the rabble, need be told that its abuse of the accursed Yankee has gone to great lengths. It becomes a sort of treason in England to buy Yankee goods, and a crime scarcely less to praise (or even read) a Yankee book. The reception that greeted the late Miss Amy Lowell's life of Keats has become almost historic: the reviews, assembled, would make a capital *Schimpflexikon*. One gathers the notion, reading the London critics, that Dreiser is only a third-rate W. B. Maxwell, and that Cabell is praised enough when he is called a somewhat clumsy imitator of Maurice Hewlett. Of the great majority of American writers of sober consequence the English remain loftily ignorant, despite the laborious efforts of such explorers as Hugh Walpole to enlighten them. Thus, when Lytton Strachey published his "Queen Victoria" they hailed it as a new invention in biography, for they had apparently never heard of Gamaliel Bradford. They muffed "Main Street," and discovered Sinclair Lewis only with "Babbitt"—and even then it was not the sound novel that interested them, but the devastating portrait of a Yankee bounder. That bounder marches through their nightly dreams, rattling money, talking through his nose, and spitting all over the place. He becomes a symbol for usury in all its revolting branches. For three long years, while the Motherland struggled against hell's brigades, he sat on the side-lines, working his abominable cash-register. Then, coming in at last, he brought that cash-register with him, feeding it with dollars coined of English blood. And now, the war over and liberty restored everywhere on earth, he operates it by steam.

It would be idle to argue that this indictment is without merit. There is in it, in fact, a disconcerting but inescapable plausibility. If the conduct of the United States in the war to end war was altruistic and honorable, then the conduct of a blackmailing Prohibition agent is also altruistic and honorable. But what riles the English is not the fact that their late ally fell short of the highest chivalry, for they are used to allies without chivalry, and even prefer them, as easier to buy. Nor is it the fact that they had to pay a round price for the help they so sorely needed, for they are a naturally commercial people, and expect to pay for whatever they get. What makes them indignant is simply the fact that, in the last analysis, they haven't got what they have paid for and are still paying for. The commodity they bought, under the name of universal liberty, was security for the British *Raj*. Its attainment, as everyone now knows, was the sole motive behind English participation in the war. Had it not been menaced by German ambitions, Belgium might have bawled for help until the cows came home, as Armenia had been bawling for years. But has it been attained? It has not. The English, rid temporarily of the German menace and the Russian menace, now face a French menace that is ten times worse. And the ally upon which they depended for aid in putting it down refuses to give them aid. Instead, that ally

gyrates obscenely before their poverty in its robes of spun gold, pausing anon only to bellow for more mazuma. No wonder they sweat!

So sweating, their refuge, as history teaches, is always in moral indignation. They are specialists in that science. Let any man or nation forget for an instant the high destiny and prerogatives of the Empire, and at once, it appears, the very archangels in heaven blanche and tremble with grievance. The sin of sins is to be deaf to its call. Well, the United States, of late, has sinned that sin in a flagrant and unforgivable manner. Resisting almost contemptuously the summons to the League of Nations, there to stand with Christian enlightenment against the atrocious Frog, it has even gone to the length of resisting the World Court, in fact if not in gesture. So the Empire remains exposed to the blast, its shirt-tail flapping and its hair on end. The Frog is contumacious, and, without help, cannot be scotched. There follows the discovery that the Yankee has adenoids, that Miss Lowell libelled Keats, and that Cabell cannot write.

II

Under it all, of course, there is something deeper even than indignation, and that is the dawning realization that the Empire is no longer a wholly autonomous concern —that it cannot long survive without outside support—that its lordly days as *Canthon lævis*, rolling the earth as its private ball, are no more. The lessons of 1914–1917 have gone home. For the first time in a thousand years a foe threatened to storm the gate—and the prospect was surely not agreeable, especially on Zeppelin nights. Now comes another with threats even more disquieting—and they must be faced, alas, alone. So the failure to drag Germany into the League becomes a calamity of the first magnitude, and the refusal of the United States to be dragged in takes on the heroic proportions of a felony against the Holy Ghost.

Meanwhile, business is bad, there is a want of leaders, and unrest pervades the land. It is the second of these misfortunes, perhaps, that lies under all the others. More than any other race, the English was once fecund of salient and resourceful men, born for leadership and with a taste for it. No other country of modern times has produced a longer line of competent statesmen: the rise of the Empire itself was due to that fact, and to no other. The average Englishman is a dull fellow and seldom shows any enterprise, but he knows how to follow leaders who have what he lacks, and he did it to immense effect for many centuries. But today, it must be obvious, there are few leaders for him to follow, and most of the few are pathetically fourth-rate. It would be a sheer impossibility to imagine Palmerston or Disraeli swindled and made a spectacle of as Austen Chamberlain was at Geneva. It would be equally impossible to imagine the England of the great days following such dubs as Baldwin, Asquith and Winston Churchill—half of them fanatics and the other half rogues. The one English statesman who has shown any genuine skill at his trade for a generation past is Lloyd-George, a petty attorney from a Welsh country town —the sort of fellow who, a century ago, would have served his country by sitting to Dickens or Thackeray, not by bossing the state. Nor has luck run with the Motherland on the next higher level. The amiable George V is so plainly a blob that alluding to the fact becomes a sort of cruelty, and his heir, searching the Empire for a horse that won't throw him, becomes simply a comic character, even to the English. More and more they miss the waspish but hard-headed Victoria. And on blue days they miss dear Albert too.

So in all other fields of national striving. English science, since the death of Huxley, has seen a steady decline. There has been good work in the English specialty of physics, but even in physics there are phenomena that cause every German, French and American scientist to snicker behind

his hand. The pursuit of the atom is embellished and made ridiculous by a parallel pursuit of the ectoplasm: when one hears of an English physicist one expects to hear, almost as a matter of course, that he has just established communication with the ghost of Gladstone or Oom Paul Kruger, and is writing a book describing the sexual life of the cherubim. In the other sciences the gleanings are even more meagre and dubious. The English pathologists apparently run to cancer-cures, as the English anthropologists run to theories out of Mother Goose. The public position of the sciences is very unhappy, and politics counts for much more than professional standing and dignity in the distribution of posts and honors. The English medical man bearing the gaudiest title, and hence the one who, by English standards, outranks all his colleagues, is simply a fashionable doctor—a man whose contributions to the science he adorns could be described at length on a single sheet of note-paper. Not long ago what Americans would call a chiropractor was given the dignity of knighthood, and so lifted to parity with Sir Harry Lauder, and the editors of the Fleet street yellow journals.

Nothing, indeed, shows the spiritual disintegration of England more brilliantly than this preposterous cheapening of honors. When I speak of cheapness, of course, I do not allude to money: the cost to the beneficiaries is considerable, as the annual scandal shows. What of the effect on the people? They see the immemorial dignities of the land going to all sorts of dreadful bounders, and, in more than one case, to downright scoundrels. The lord they are asked to adore may be, to their certain knowledge, indistinguishable from a common thief. A platoon of English knights would empty a hall of American Elks. No wonder the vulgar of the land prefer Lloyd-George, who, if a cad too, is at least not disguised as a gentleman. And no wonder they incline more and more to listen to the highfalutin balderdash of the John Baptists of Labor.

III

I refrain from adverting at length to the state of the fine arts in England, for I have discoursed upon the subject in the past; moreover, the facts are so painful that I dislike to exhibit them any more than is necessary. English music, having leaped up gallantly to upset the monopolistic Hun, now retires to Little Bethel, whence it came. English painting remains, as always, a gentlemanly accomplishment, though eschewed by actual gentlemen. English sculpture, when it is heard of at all, turns out to be the work of men who, if they lived in New York, would be strict but recent Episcopalians. English poetry, having got over the fantods of yesterday, marks time again. The English novel, having departed from human life, becomes an arena of so-called ideas, many of them mystical and all of them puerile. The English drama is carried on by one Englishman and half a dozen Irishmen.

Where is the old vigor? Where is the old sturdy English tone? It seems to me that these things are gone, and I begin to suspect that they are gone forever. Save only the United States, England suffered less in the late war than any other country engaged. Its losses in men, once the Irish, the Scotch and the colonials are counted out, were very small, and its losses in money were well within its means. Yet it shows a paralysis today that goes beyond that of any of its allies, and even beyond that of its enemies. The intellectual life of Germany since the war has shown immense enterprise and daring; even in politics there is a new robustness, as the transactions at Geneva exhibited. But in England there seems to be only a sort of fretful incompetence, a fever of querulous protesting, a disinclination to grapple with the new realities in a forthright and energetic manner. One hears from Englishmen that the world has gone to the dogs. I presume to doubt it. But I am by no means sure about England.

H. L. M.

JOHANN MOST

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

The name of Johann Most was for many years known throughout the United States. Thanks to the press, it was a name to strike terror into the heart of the ordinary reader. In endless columns the newspapers portrayed the man as the incarnation of Satan, a wild beast run amuck, leaving chaos and destruction behind him. To the American philistine of the time he was the synonym of dynamite and nitroglycerin, and of everything else that is dangerous, evil and vicious.

He thus became the target of every police department of the land: they pulled him off platforms, drove him handcuffed to stations, tried him on trumped up charges, locked him up, and subjected him to a process of persistent persecution and humiliation. And while the man was gagged and fettered in the penitentiary, brainless reporters and unscrupulous newspapers dragged his ideas through the mire, misrepresented his aims, and wrote blood-curdling stories about his alleged life and practices. The good American citizen shivered in fear and prayed to his Maker that this terrible Johann Most be wiped off the fair American land, hanged, electrocuted, or, still better, lynched. But Most refused to be wiped off. Stormy petrel that he was, every new imprisonment served only to send him back among his fellows more determined than ever to proclaim what he regarded as the truth and to devote himself with new energy to his work. It was this truly extraordinary tenacity, inherent in the man's character, that the defenders of the old order could not forgive. The man-hunt continued for a period of forty-six years, and in every country where Most lived and worked.

Like many other immigrants of forty years ago, I came to the United States with an exalted idea of American liberties, and with sincere belief in this country as a haven for the oppressed, with her wonderful equality of opportunity. That was in 1886. Then came my own first experience with the crushing industrial machine. I worked ten hours a day in a factory, in Rochester, N. Y., making ulsters for the munificent sum of two dollars and fifty cents a week, and there I gradually learned to see things in a different light. The great strikes in Illinois which led up to the Haymarket riots, the bomb explosion, the arrest of the Chicago anarchists, their farcical trial and terrible end—these were my early lessons in American liberty. I was perfectly innocent of social ideals at the time, but my native rebelliousness against injustice and wrong, and my innate consciousness of what was real and false in the press of the country, gave me the first impulse towards the vision for which the Chicago men had been done to death by the blind furies of wealth and power.

During this entire time the newspapers of Rochester were filled with hair-raising stories about Johann Most and his evil deeds. They aroused my interest, but in quite a different way from that intended. I determined some day to know the man. So in 1889, after two years close reading of anarchist literature, I went to New York. I knew no one there; I knew only the name of Most and that of a young Russian student. After hours of search on the East Side I finally found the Russian, and he

took me to a café frequented by radicals. There I met several persons with whom my life has remained linked until this day —foremost among them, Alexander Berkman. The same day, Berkman invited me to hear Johann Most.

The meeting-place was in a small hall back of a saloon, through which one had to pass. It was filled with stalwart Germans, drinking, smoking and talking. It was there that I first met Most. My first impression of him was surely not prepossessing. He was slightly above medium height, with a large head crowned with bushy greyish hair. But his face almost shocked me: it looked twisted out of all form by a prominent swelling of the left side. Only his eyes soothed me. They were blue and kindly and sympathetic. Then he ascended the platform and began to speak. Suddenly, as if by magic, his disfigurement vanished, and his lack of physical distinction was forgotten. He was transformed into some primitive power, radiating life and strength. The rapid current of his speech, the music of his voice, and his sparkling wit and biting sarcasm combined into something elemental that swept me along and stirred me to the depths. Never before nor in all the years since I first heard him on that hot August evening have I met another such master of the spoken word. It was overwhelming. After the lecture, shaken to my very roots, I was introduced to him. The next day I visited the office of the *Freiheit*, the paper edited by him, and from that day began my initiation in the radical movement.

II

I realized at an early stage in my association with the man how cruelly false was the picture of him painted by the American press. I found this "criminal bent on wholesale slaughter and destruction" very human, sometimes, indeed, all too human. He was aflame alike with hatred of the institutions that condemned the masses to poverty and ignorance, and passionate devotion to the people out of whose midst he had come and whose misery he knew from early childhood. But his hatred of social wrongs, of ugliness and meanness was the natural offspring of his love of beauty, of color, of all the vital things.

It is impossible to form even an approximately adequate idea of his true personality without some knowledge of his ghastly childhood and adolescence. And it is particularly necessary to understand the effect of the calamity that befell him at a very early age, and which not only profoundly influenced his character but most probably changed the whole course of his life. I first learned of this tragic event at a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" given by Possart, the famous German actor of the period, then visiting New York. Attending the performance with Most, I noticed the unusual effect of Possart's great art upon him. I knew that my companion was passionately fond of the theatre and that he would often deprive himself of necessities in order to indulge his love of a great performance. Still the nervous tension with which he hung on every word and gesture of Possart struck me as very peculiar. After the play, on reaching the street, Most gripped my arm until it hurt and cried: "The cruelty of it, the bitter cruelty! To think that I could have been in Possart's place, perhaps even greater than he, but for my dreadful face. The blind cruelty of it!"

Later, when he regained possession of himself, he related to me what he considered the deepest tragedy of his life. At the age of seven he had caught a bad cold which settled in his face. There was no competent physician in his native town, and his people were too poor to afford him proper treatment elsewhere. During five years little Johann was experimented upon by physicians who had better been blacksmiths. They finally succeeded in driving the evil into the patient's jaw, whereupon gangrene set in, which would have killed the lad had not a leading surgeon accidentally got hold of the case at the last

moment. He performed a difficult operation, as a result of which the boy's life was saved. But his face was entirely disfigured. He became the target of derision and ridicule, exposed to insults and indignities at home, at school and factory, his whole life one long martyrdom of humiliation.

Apparently little things often have the most significant results. Who knows what Most's career would have been but for the neglect and stupidity of the provincial German doctors? Of his great histrionic gifts there can be no doubt. One must have heard him on the platform, or seen his interpretation of old Baumert in Gerhart Hauptmann's "The Weavers," at an amateur performance in New York, to realize what an unusual actor was lost in him through his deplorable facial defect. Worse yet, it poisoned the very soul of the youth, producing what would now be called an inferiority complex. This remained with Most all through his life.

III

He was born on February 5, 1846, at Augsburg in Germany. His father, after an adventurous life, was compelled to make a miserable livelihood as copyist in the office of a lawyer. His mother, formerly a governess, was an educated and refined woman of liberal ideas. Little Hannes was a love child, "conceived between the door and the sill," as he used to remark jocosely. The fact was that his father, too poor to support a family, could get no licence to marry. The future anarchist and hater of all governments was therefore born contrary to police regulations. Two years later his parents succeeded in making their union respectable. They never dreamed of the rebellious nature that slumbered in their offspring and that would one day mature to a life-long struggle with all respectability.

The father's earnings were never enough to keep the family from want, but as long as the mother lived she gave everything to the boy, whom she loved passionately. It was also from her that young Most received his first lessons in reading, writing and arithmetic. But particularly important was her influence because of her liberal and free-thought ideas, which fixed the atmosphere of the home and laid the cornerstone of Most's love of freedom. It was quite different in the schools of his childhood. There, religion and other subjects were inculcated into the pupils by means of the old-fashioned rod. One teacher, especially, remained indelibly in Most's mind. He had a perfect arsenal of implements of torture. Every time this man would get ready to punish a child, he would stand before his "treasures" lost in contemplation as to what instrument would best fit the particular "crime." The selection made, the flogging would begin, apparently causing the teacher a sadistic delight as great as the agony of the victim. During this process the man would deliver himself of the following speech: "'Viciousness is deeply rooted in the heart of the child, but the rod will drive it out,' said Solomon the Wise."

As I have said, the first great tragedy in the life of young Most came at the age of seven. The second catastrophe was the loss of his mother, who died suddenly during a cholera epidemic. The father soon married again, and then began a new martyrdom for the boy. His step-mother hated him with a deadly hatred, and slaved, starved and beat him until in agony of body and spirit he would run away from home, beg or steal food, sleep in parks and hallways, do anything to escape her fury.

Most *père* often intervened, trying his best to protect the boy and the little sister who had been born several years before their mother's death. But the father being absent most of the day, copying briefs, the step-mother had the field to herself. She must have ploughed it thoroughly, for Most could never speak about that period of his life without horror and indignation. "My whole childhood was a nightmare," he often told me. "My soul was starved

for affection and my whole being was filled with hatred of the woman who had taken the place of my gentle, refined mother." No doubt to this step-mother was due much of the boy's subsequent attitude to tyranny in every form.

Of Most it may be truly said that the tendencies, inclinations and strivings expressed by the man were not the result of theories. They were inherent in the child and were helped to birth by life itself, the hard and bitter school of life that was his. He was a born leader of men. Already at the age of twelve this trait became manifest: he organized a strike in the trade school he had entered after he passed the public school with honors. The strike was against the teacher of French, a despotic man, cordially disliked by all his pupils. As the ringleader, Most was expelled of course. Thereupon his father decided that it would be best for Hannes to learn a trade. The lad welcomed this as an escape from the purgatory at home. He chose the honorable profession of book-binding, impelled toward it by his love for books and the hope of finding much opportunity to read. He did not know then that his apprenticeship was to be a continuation of his miserable home life. He was sweated from dawn to night, half starved and continually ill-treated. It was at this period that he got his first taste of prison.

In those days the confessional was obligatory in the Catholic parts of Germany. But Most's early childhood was spent in a secular atmosphere, and he paid no attention to the confessional. On one occasion this resulted in a violent encounter with the town priest. The boy was pulled out into the street by his ears and forced to kneel on the sidewalk. This served only to increase his antagonism to the Church, and he stopped attending altogether. Thereupon he was brought before the police and given twenty-four hours' arrest.

But at last the torment of his apprenticeship came to an end, and in 1863 he followed the old usage in vogue in Germany. He took to the road. Equipped with fifteen gulden, a great longing for travel in strange lands, and considerable youthful arrogance, he became a *Wanderbursch*, tramping all through Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Hungary, and earning his living the best he could, mostly very badly. His disfigured face and his delicate physique were against him, often making it impossible for him to get work or to hold a job, much less to make friends. His poverty and bitterness grew and would have thrust him into the abyss, had he not fortunately been drawn at this time into the rising tide of the labor movement, to become immediately intensely and actively interested in it.

IV

After the reaction which followed the revolutionary wave of 1848 new forces began to assert themselves throughout Europe. In England the trades unions were waging a heroic battle for recognition. In France the labor movement was making itself felt. In Germany Ferdinand Lassalle was leading the workers toward new social ideals. Even in Russia there was a spiritual awakening, which found expression through Tchernishevsky and the *Kolokol*, Alexander Herzen's brilliant publication. It was at that vital period that the First International was born.

To the starved spirit of the young *Wanderbursch* the new Socialist ideas were like manna. "I was caught up by the stream," Most told me, "and carried away out of myself. My own tragedy, my own hard fight for existence, seemed insignificant in the light of the great human struggle. From that moment humanity became my goal, progress my aim, and those who barred the way my enemies."

Most threw himself into the movement with all the intensity of his being. He applied himself to the study of the writings of Lassalle and other Socialist authors, attended labor meetings and participated in discussions. Very soon he became a member of the Zurich Section of the First International. The dominant leader of that

group at the time was a man by the name of Hermann Greulich. Most became his ardent pupil and devoted friend. But in later years, when Most outgrew the Marxian State idea, it was Greulich who became his worst enemy and who shrank from no method of attacking him.

Most's first appearance in Zurich labor ranks has been described by Greulich as follows: "a shy, slender youth, with a crooked face, who introduced himself as Johannes Most, bookbinder, and asked permission to recite something." Two years later, this shy youth stood before an Austrian court charged with high treason. His offence consisted in a fiery speech against the Liberal ministry which in its attitude towards the labor movement was anything but liberal. The next day the papers began their campaign of calumny of the bold young agitator. That helped Most to a month's imprisonment.

Shortly after that the Liberal ministry showed its real colors. All labor meetings were suppressed, all political liberties curtailed. The workers replied with an intensive campaign against the growing reaction. Most and others were promptly arrested. In spite of his brilliant defence, he and his comrades were convicted of high treason and sentenced to five years. It was at this time that he composed his first stirring labor song, which was smuggled out of prison and quickly became popular among the workers. To this day it is to be heard at the gatherings of toilers in Germany:

> Wer schafft das Gold zu Tage?
> Wer hämmert Erz und Stein?
> Wer webet Tuch und Seide?
> Wer bauet Korn und Wein?
> Wer gibt den Reichen all' ihr Brot—
> Und lebt dabei in bitt'rer Not?
> Das sind die Arbeitsmänner, das Proletariat.

Most's father tried his utmost to get him released. He even succeeded in reaching the brother of the Austrian Empress, who promised to intervene if the young rebel would sign the appeal for clemency. But Johann would have none of it. However, he regained his liberty much sooner than he had anticipated. The old ministry was overthrown and the new one began its reign with a general amnesty. The main effect of his two years' imprisonment was to make Most famous all through Austria. His lecture tours became veritable triumphs, attended by great numbers of workers. At last, unable to silence him, the Austrian government decided to expel him. "Forever," read the sentence. "Forever is a long time," Most remarked sarcastically. "Who knows whether Austria will live that long?"

On his return to Germany, he first went to Bavaria, where he found very little left of the Socialist organizations. Everything had been crushed by the Franco-Prussian War. But the young agitator was undismayed. With tremendous energy he set to work infusing new life into the scattered forces, organizing and stabilizing. His success was presently apparent in increased persecutions by the authorities. His activities as propagandist and editor of a labor paper resulted within one year—1872—in no less than forty-three court summonses. These experiences served to develop his extraordinary native talents. His wit and sarcasm, his language, robust and original, lashed the enemy with merciless whip and inspired his followers with great enthusiasm. But Most was never allowed to continue his work undisturbed for any length of time. The Winter of the same year found him again in prison, this time under charges of *lèse majesté* and insult to the Army. But prisons were to Most institutions of learning, of study. He employed his time in writing a popular version of Marx's "Capital" and numerous pamphlets. On his release, he was offered the editorship of the *Süddeutsche Volkszeitung*, an important Socialist publication. This post he held until 1874, when he was elected to the Reichstag.

Unlike most of his political colleagues, the young parliamentarian quickly discovered the hollowness of that Holy of Holies. "The theatre of marionettes," Most called the Reichstag. The only ser-

vice he could render in that institution, he said, was to gather material for his pen pictures of the political sycophants prominent at the time. These proved masterpieces of penetration and humor. His word caricatures of Treitschke, who was deaf, of Bismarck, who could not string two sentences together without huge gulps of brandy, and of many other pompous individuals met with great success and roused the delight of the workers.

Members of the Reichstag are supposed to be secure from political prosecution. Not so the irrepressible Wild Man, as the bourgeois press called Most. For a speech in Berlin he was arrested and sentenced to the Bastille am Platzensee. Here, for the first time, an attempt was made to treat him as a common prisoner. But the administration reckoned without their guest. Most effectively roused the whole of radical Berlin to establish a political status in that prison. In consequence, he was able to do considerable literary work while incarcerated, among his writings being an account of his experiences in prison, which was smuggled out and appeared under the title of "The Bastille am Platzensee." Most emerged from this incarceration after thirty-six months, as strong and unscathed in spirit as heretofore. The Berlin workers gave him an enthusiastic reception and offered him the editorship of the *Freie Presse*, which under his influence became the most powerful of the Social Democratic papers. Beside his work as editor, he wrote extensively for other publications and lectured throughout Germany and Switzerland. His great series on "The Social Revolution and Caesarism in Old Rome" aroused attention even in intellectual circles. His bold criticism of Mommsen, the celebrated historian, brought upon him the anathema of philistine Germany, which could not forgive a mere bookbinder for daring to question the accepted authority of the great man.

The growing political reaction in Germany presently produced acts of revolutionary violence which in return led to the *Ausnahmegesetze*, or Exceptional Laws, of Bismarck, involving the complete suppression of all political liberties and the expulsion of prominent Socialists. Though Most was in prison at the time, the order reached him as well as those at liberty. After his release in 1878 he was forced to leave Berlin within twenty-four hours. He went to London, and the first period in his public career was thus closed.

V

Here a new phase begins, no less intense and even of greater importance, in the process of Most's development, than what had gone before. For it was in England that he eventually broke away completely from the Marxian State idea and from his former political activities. The leading lights in the Social-Democratic ranks never looked very favourably upon Most. He was too independent, too impatient of discipline, too forceful and biting. He could not make peace with shams and compromises. He spared no one in whom he detected either. Therefore, he was never *persona grata* with the Socialist leaders of Germany.

When he came to London and started the publication, *Die Freiheit*, wherein he could give full expression to his ideas, his erstwhile comrades, permitted to remain in Germany on promise of good behavior, sensed danger. He was beginning to unfurl new sails; more and more he was leaning towards anarchism. This situation could not be tolerated. So the old methods employed by Marx and Engels against Bakunin were set to work against him. Scurrilous stories were circulated, the man and his character were attacked, and everything was done to discredit him with the workers in Germany and the refugees in England. Most went his way, did his work and turned the *Freiheit* into a fighting revolutionary organ. It was original in method as well as in language; for pungency and imagery, for force and humor it had no rival. His enemies hated him for

his piercing wit, but they read the *Freiheit*.

In 1881 the Czar Alexander II fell by the hand of Russian revolutionaries. The *Freiheit* appeared with a red border and Most wrote: "Hail to the slayers of the tyrant!" The British Home Office hastened to the support of the Romanoffs. Most was arrested, and tried and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in the House of Correction at Clerkenwell. Subsequently the *Freiheit* was suppressed. The time spent in Queen Victoria's prison was put by Most among his blackest days. Little he foresaw that he was to go through a worse hell in democratic America. In December, 1882, he embarked on the steamer *Wisconsin* for the Land of Promise, where he was to drink the bitter cup of persecution to the last dregs.

America was then still the haven of political refugees. German '48-'ers, victims of the Bismarckian Exceptional Laws, French Communards who had escaped the butchery of Thiers and Gallifet, Italian and Spanish exiles, Hungarian rebels—all sought her protective shores. Every European land contributed the flower of her rebellious young manhood to the galaxy that turned to the United States as the land of liberty. Yet Most was not altogether unaware of the changing situation in America, manifested in the big strikes in the latter part of the seventies, the struggle of the Molly Maguires, and the police brutality against them. Still he arrived believing that the New World, which kept open doors for so many revolutionists, would also give him a kindly welcome. It did. At least the foreign elements did, for by them he was royally received. He speedily became the most powerful factor in the revolutionary movement in America.

In 1883 the First International Conference was held in Pittsburgh. It was Johann Most who drew up the Magna Charta unanimously accepted by the delegates. This document played an important part in the early stages of the radical movement in the United States. A certain clause in the declaration voiced the right of the workers to arm themselves, a right guaranteed by the Constitution when that scrap of paper still had meaning. The framers of the demand therefore considered themselves within their legal rights in discussing the subject publicly. With that in view a mass-meeting was arranged for April 25, 1886, at Germania Hall in New York City. Most and other orators elaborated upon the subject at issue. But several days later, the grand jury, after a short deliberation of a garbled report of the speeches, rendered an indictment. On May 1 detectives broke into Most's quarters and put him under arrest. The following day large newspaper headlines proclaimed that he had been "captured in a house of prostitution" and that he "had taken refuge under a bed to escape arrest." He was sent to Blackwell's Island for a year.

He often asserted that nothing that he had endured during his former incarcerations on the Continent, or even in England, could compare with the humiliation, petty cruelty and inhumanity he was subjected to in that prison. Even his most vulnerable feeling was not spared: his beard was shaved, exposing his unfortunate disfigurement which—as in his childhood—made him the butt of cruel jokes and insults by guards and fellow prisoners, and a "show object" to idle curiosity-seekers, to whom the administration pointed the anarchist prisoner out as some wild freak.

While he was in the penitentiary the reactionary forces in Chicago, aided by the entire press of the country, were preparing the black deed of November 11, 1887—the judicial murder of the five Chicago anarchists. The historic Haymarket riots, it is now proved, were staged by the Chicago police and not by the workers who were striking for the eight-hour day. The plutocratic conspiracy against Chicago's leading labor men, the farcical trial, the execution of the innocent victims—all of these things marked the beginning of the present widespread reaction in the United States.

VI

During the trial at Chicago and the anxious time between the conviction and execution of Parsons, Spies, Fisher, Engel and Lingg, Most was still in prison. Perhaps it was his good fortune that he was not at large, otherwise he too would have undoubtedly fallen a prey to the bloodthirst that gripped the country. Later on, upon his r lease, he addressed the weekly gathering of the International Workers' Association, dealing with the Chicago tragedy and the heroic last moments of his martyred comrades. He laid the guilt not only at the door of the enemies of labor but to the workers themselves, the great majority of whom had remained so cowardly inert in the face of the calamity. The next day the New York *World* contained a grotesquely garbled account of Most's talk. He immediately wrote to the paper, calling attention to the misrepresentation. But the report had already been copied by other publications, producing the intended effect. Most was arrested. The testimony of the State witnesses at his trial was so obviously false that the case was on the point of breaking down. At that juncture the prosecuting attorney produced a pamphlet, "The Science of Warfare," written by Most some time prior to the Chicago events. On that alleged evidence he was found guilty. Though the case was appealed, the Supreme Court sustained the conviction, and he was again sent to Blackwell's Island.

His tremendous power of endurance enabled Most to emerge from this experience still strong in body; but he was no longer so buoyant in spirit. His faith in the emancipatory possibilities of American labor had become weakened. He began to doubt the efficacy of direct individual revolutionary action. It was partly this, as well as the revolutionary weariness of a man who had been hounded for twenty-five years, that colored his view of the significance of Alexander Berkman's act of July, 1892, when the latter attempted the life of Henry C. Frick, the man responsible for the slaughter of the Homestead steel strikers by Pinkertons. Most repudiated the act.

There had been, even before this, an estrangement between the group of young people to which Berkman and myself belonged and Most—an estrangement owing to differences of conception, experience and temperament. We were at the height of enthusiasm, of religious zeal, of passionate faith. We had not yet been tried in the crucible and did not know agony of spirit. Most, though still deeply devoted to the cause of humanity, had gone through fierce conflicts. Between us there was thus the abyss which separates youth and latter middle age. We owed much to Most, I more than the others. It was he who had been my teacher, my guide into a new world of social ideas, to new beauty in art and music. Most loved both intensely and helped me to learn to love them. We had been friends for two years and we spent much time together, during which I learned to know the lights as well as the shadows in his character, his childlike faith in people who were kind to him, his susceptibility to subtle flattery, his quick impatience with opposition. "Who is not with me is against me," he would frequently say—and that was the key to his attitude. Most was intense and extreme in his loves as well as in his hates. He gave freely and demanded much in return. Life had struck him many blows, but it had also let him drink deeply from the well of glory, homage and intellectual adulation. He could not content himself with less. And we were young and impatient. Youth is cruelly impatient and critical. Therefore the gradual estrangement. Still Johann Most continued to stand high in our esteem and affection.

But when he turned his back on the act of Alexander Berkman, an act of the "propaganda by deed" that he himself had so often and enthusiastically glorified in others, the blow was staggering to us. I could then neither understand nor forgive

what seemed to me a betrayal of all that the man had so eloquently and passionately advocated for years. I became embittered against my former teacher, and I added my stone to the many that were hurled at him. One's own spiritual Calvary makes one understand things, and the complexity of human nature becomes much clearer with the accumulating years.

In 1901, when Leon Czolgosz killed President McKinley, Most again became the target of police persecution. The issue of the *Freiheit*, which appeared on the day of the act, contained an article on the general question of tyrannicide by the old revolutionist, Carl Heinzen, then dead for a number of years. It had no bearing whatever on the particular act of Czolgosz. Had Most not omitted the signature of the author and the date when the article was originally written, the attempt to send him to prison again could not have been based on that issue of his publication. As it was, he was condemned to Blackwell's Island for the third time. Thus for thirty successive years he was hounded.

VII

Johann Most was essentially a leader of masses. He had hardly any personal life; his whole being was consumed by his work for humanity. Naturally, there were women in his life. He was married in Germany when quite young and later on there were other emotional experiences. He had much attraction for women and they for him. But his real mistress was his work, and that led him through thorny paths, and over heights and depths which excluded domestic peace or bliss. In his later years, after the tide of his followers receded, the woman who bore him two sons may have been a soothing factor in his life, though even that is doubtful in the case of such a restless, roaming spirit. In the early part of 1906, in poor physical condition as a result of his numerous imprisonments, he saw himself compelled to undertake a lecture tour to maintain his paper. But he did not get very far. In Cincinnati he fell seriously ill, dying on March 17. With him went one of the most picturesque and unique characters of our time.

The pathos of Most's last years is the tragedy of all leaders who are carried away by numbers and intoxicated by applause. He joined the labor movement at the period of its idealistic beginning. Owing to his extraordinary oratorical gifts, his powerful and unique pen, his passionate faith and personal magnetism, he was able to rouse the masses as few before him, but in his onrush toward the heights he took no time to look behind him, to see whether the masses could or would keep pace with him.

Until America became sealed to political refugees, the radical elements forced to flight by the tyranny of their own lands continued to seek asylum in the United States. They furnished fertile soil for what Most so brilliantly brought to them. But the time came when the quality of immigration changed. The revolutionary refugees of Germany, after the abrogation of the Exceptional Laws, were replaced by green-grocers and butchers, who flocked to America for her gold and not in search of her imaginary freedom. On the other hand, the earlier German immigrants became weary of the struggle, and their children were Americanized. They had nothing of the independent quality of their parents and were quickly absorbed by what is coarse and common in the new land. Gradually Most found himself a general without an army, a prophet without disciples, an alien in his environment. Yet the man's spirit could not be broken. He died a fighter to the end.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

Politico-medical notice in the Choctaw *Advocate:*

I wish to call your attention to the registration notice that is now being printed weekly in the *Advocate* for your benefit. Notices have also been mailed to, and posted in, each voting precinct in the county in order that you shall know the dates on which the Board of Registrars will sit at each voting place. You should cut this registration notice from your paper and paste it on your door, lest you forget.

There are three important reasons why you should not fail to remember the dates. First, there are some important elections to be held this year, and all those who have not registered should do so and be qualified to vote. Second, I am a member of this board and will be at the various places on the given dates, prepared to fit any one with a pair of the best glasses on earth. Third, in the beginning of time when God created all things—"Earth and Man,"—He equipped man's body with a wonderful piece of machinery. Man has taken undue advantage of his rights and privileges. He has abused and so greatly impaired this machinery that it has become necessary for humanity to resort to a restorative, a regenerative in order that the average life of mankind shall not continue to be lowered.

Down in South Choctaw, at Cullomburg, Ala., near the famous old Bladon Springs, we are using some of the earth that God created for the benefit of man, extracting from it a natural mineral product that has proven, without the shadow of a doubt, to be the best natural restorative that can be used for the human system. Therefore I shall be pleased, on the given dates for registration, to demonstrate and assist you in taking advantage of your opportunity to learn and know the merits of this wonderful product (Rogers Mineral Extract), which is absolutely guaranteed for the relief of suffering humanity.

Dr. L. F. Rogers,
Optometrist

Adv.

ARKANSAS

Aesthetic note from the State university:

Paul Whiteman was first and Beethoven second in a plebiscite recently taken of the student body of the University of Arkansas to determine the identity of "the world's greatest musician." For third place, there was a tie between Paderewski and Henry D. Tovey, director of the musical department of the university.

CALIFORNIA

Advertisement in the San Diego *Union:*

JESUS CHRIST
was crucified

Some say He was God's *supreme gift. Gifts* that *satisfy* at *American Furniture Co.*, 6th and F.
"The Busy Corner"
Easy Terms See Us Sure

Glad news from the great town of Pasadena:

Three hundred and fifty gallons of water from the River Jordan in Palestine have arrived in Pasadena, consigned to the Crown Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, to be used by them in their ceremonies. It has taken more than two years to obtain this water, and it arrived in three iron drums with consular seals intact. Franklin B. Cole, chairman of the Pasadena Board of City Directors and past high priest of Crown Chapter, R. A. M., undertook during his term of office in 1923 to secure the water for use in the work of the lodge.

Los Angeles the magnificent holds her ground:

Memorial services were held here at the exclusive Breakfast Club for Elizabeth Greis, famous eight-year-old mare owned by W. W. Mines, prominent real estate dealer and horse-breeder, which died of pneumonia several days ago. One hundred and fifty members of the club, including outstanding persons in the business and social life of Los Angeles, stood with bowed heads while the club's president offered prayer for the departed animal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Contribution to the American language by the Hon. John C. Schafer, representative in Congress from the great State of Wisconsin (*Congressional Record*, Vol. 67, No. 49, p. 3528, col. 2):

Mr. Chairman, I will only take but a few moments of the committee's time.

Cultural item from the proceedings of the House:

Mr. Wingo, *of Arkansas.* Does the gentleman from New York know what a façade is?

Mr. LaGuardia, *of New York*. Of course he does. Does the gentleman from Arkansas?

Mr. Wingo. Yes; it is the same thing to a building that a snout is to a hog.

Ecclesiastical notice in the Washington *Star:*

SYNAGOG

Sixth Street 8 P. M.

Lecture Subject: 6% Interest

The Ethics of a Business Man

Another:

E. HEZ SWEM, pastor. "Winter Story XI: She got her eye on him and said—!" 8 p. m., two men will be baptized in the beautiful baptistry having French plate glass on three sides, enabling all to see the river water burial and resurrection. Free easy chairs (men like them); fine organ. 11 a. m., "Church Detectives." Centennial Bapt. Ch. (*debtless*), 7th and Eye n.e.

FLORIDA

Sign printed in big letters and conspicuously displayed in one of the movie houses of Key West:

BE CAREFUL WHERE YOUR HANDS ARE IN CASE THE LIGHTS SHOULD GO ON

GEORGIA

Terrific blast at the materialistic conception of life from Atlanta, capital of the Invisible Empire:

Playing a phonograph one hour a day in his cow barn increased the milk supply one quart a day for each cow, according to J. G. Sterchi. He has announced plans to instal a pool and equip it with gold fish as a further measure to assure contented cows.

The Rev. Dr. William Russell Owen, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Macon, as reported by the *Daily Telegraph* of that lovely town:

The dance is a smooth contrivance by which any husband or any wife so inclined may cover up any sex license they desire to indulge in with any other man or woman, without the slightest fear that even their own mates will suspect the sly indulgence to be anything else than the rhythmic art of æsthetic motion; and the greatest joke I know today is that hundreds of couples are getting away with this very thing night after night in Macon and the clever innocents really believe that nobody sees the joke.

ILLINOIS

The rewards of a faithful Baptist shepherd, as reported by the Chicago *Tribune:*

The Rev. Carl D. Case, who resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Oak Park several months ago, is secretary and director of a Florida real estate firm, with headquarters at Jacksonville.

Excerpts from a manifesto of the National College of Chirotonsors, as reported by the *Master Barber*, published at Chicago:

To practise Chirotherapy, *i. e.*, by the application and manipulation of the hand to conserve and rebuild human energy, and to harmonize the rhythmic flow of life's vibrations in the nerves, the brain, and the facial organs of expression.

To invigorate and mobilize the muscles, glands and nerves of the neck, head and face.

To put the individual in tune with the infinite and lead him as far as material service can go toward the threshold of the highest levels of existence.

The entire aim, end and purpose of this College and its Course of Study is to cover the field of scientific attainment in behalf of the Tonsorial Craft, and to mark out the limits of the field of scientific attainment in behalf of the field of human service possible to the modern tonsorialist.

INDIANA

The luxurious finish of a Terre Haute Ptolemy:

A telephone and electric lights have been stored in the mausoleum in which the body of Martin A. Sheets, stock broker, was entombed here. Sheets asked before his death that his tomb be so equipped that he might have opportunity to talk with the outside world if he should awaken in it.

Christian progress in the rising town of Palmyra, as reported by a press dispatch:

W. Clyde Martin, former athlete and former principal of the high-school here, will go to trial tomorrow before the Church of Christ on charges of heresy growing out of his introduction of athletics into the school and the building at his own expense of a community house where he permitted dramatics and checker playing.

IOWA

The New Jurisprudence in the cow country, as reported by the eminent Des Moines *Tribune-News:*

Denial of legal defense to persons accused of violating liquor laws was urged by the Iowa Anti-Saloon League at its officials' conference yesterday. The League contemplates appealing to lawyers to refuse to defend alleged violators after they are arrested.

Raising the level of life in Des Moines:

The champion long range gum spitter of Des Moines will be crowned here. The Junior Chamber of Commerce will have its annual smoker, and the gum spitting contest will be one of the principal events. Each contestant will be given a nickel's worth of gum, and the one able to shoot the wad the farthest will be crowned champion.

Music criticism in the Washington *Evening Journal:*

We like to hear the pipe organ, but every one we hear plays with the trimble stop out over the radio, and it gets our goat. A good artist won't play that way. There is only a very few pieces written for the trimble stuff.

Strange biological phenomenon in Sac City, brought to light by the *Sun* of that town:

Lottie P. Kruse asks for divorce from Frank A. Kruse on the ground of desertion. The couple were wedded at Boone, Iowa, December 8, 1923, and never lived together as husband and wife. The plaintiff asks also the custody of their child, Junior Francis Kruse, and alimony of $50 a month.

How the spirit of Service is making itself felt in the banking business in Burlington, as revealed by an advertisement in the *Hawk-Eye:*

If we must drop activities; which will go first? Often we drop church-going because no one is applying pressure that we continue it. Habits of church attendance must be determined by the individual. But if the question arises whether one shall pick up a golf club or a Bible on Sunday morning, remember that the things which are not visible are the eternal things of life.

Any questions on morals or conduct? Answers by mail by a clergyman. Send self-addressed stamped envelope.

Merchants National Bank
burlington, iowa

Patriotic outburst of the Hon. O. S. Bailey, editor of the Waukon *Republican and Standard:*

One good Allamakee county farm girl who feeds the calves on her fingers every morning, slops the hogs, and cares for the chickens, then perhaps walks a mile or two and teaches county school all day until time to repeat the farm chores in the evening, has more purity of heart, loveliness of character and real honest-to-goodness Godliness and womanliness in her make-up than the whole "royal" caboodle of Europe.

KANSAS

Gala event among the solid citizens of Pleasanton:

At the noon-day luncheon of the Pleasanton Chamber of Commerce R. S. Leavitt, who had just returned from Washington, made a report of his trip and the interesting features, among which was a visit to the White House, where he shook hands with the President. A motion was made and duly seconded that Mr. Leavitt stand at the door of the banquet room as the diners filed out and allow each to shake the hand that had grasped the hand of the President of the United States.

KENTUCKY

The cultured life in Central City:

One of the most cultural programmes ever given by the Woman's Club was enjoyed by its members at the home of Mrs. Clarence Martin, on Main street. Mrs. Eaves gave, in her own fluent way, a very instructive talk on "How to use the Victrola."

Boy Scout activities in the Blue Grass, as described in a dispatch from Lexington:

Sheriff Fuller announced today that arrangements had been completed for the hanging of Ed Harris, a Negro, next Friday morning in the county jail-yard. The noose has been tied by T. C. Fuller, the sheriff's fourteen-year-old son, who learned knot and noose tying as a Boy Scout.

MASSACHUSETTS

Two public notices in the Haverhill *Gazette:*

My wife, Madeline G. Leach, having left my bed and board without just cause, I hereby warn all persons against harboring or trusting her on my account as I shall not be responsible for any bills contracted by her on and after this date.

(*Signed*) Elmer R. Leach
Haverhill, Mass. 12

This notice is to correct the statements made by my husband, Elmer R. Leach. I have not left his bed and board, but am still living with him, and shall continue to do so unless his conduct becomes more unbearable.

Madeline G. Leach
rep-12

MICHIGAN

The progress of the Higher Learning in the Flivver Belt, as revealed by an official pronunciamento of Michigan State College:

A. C. Burnham, Professor of Life Planning

MINNESOTA

Proud boast of the Rev. Dr. William B. Riley, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis:

The Fundamentalists make up nine-tenths of the population of this State.

DITHYRAMBS by the leading lady Christian poet of Southern Minnesota, distributed by the Olmstead County W. C. T. U.:

To you, Mr. Bootlegger, now I will write,
How I wish that instead of being black, you were white.
You who were made in the image of God.
Were never meant to grovel and creep like a worm in the sod.

If you do not stop, if you don't repent,
Up to the City Jail you'll surely be sent.
No longer you can buy judge and jury with money.
Or with flattering words, meant to be sweet as honey.

Have you no regard for your fellowman?
Why don't you burn up your vile mash, still and pan?
If you still keep on to fill your greedy big maw,
You must surely feel the strong arm of the law.

The stuff that you make is full of poison and flies,
Also contains some rats, bats and some mice
Perhaps for good flavor, some bugs in disguise
Beware folks, before using it, don't think once, but twice.

The vile concoctions that now you do sell,
Are not even fit to put out the fires of hell
Instead of putting them out, you start them, you do,
What can ever be done with a rascal like you?

We don't want to see you behind prison bars,
Repent and be decent, we'd sooner see that by far,
But if you will not do it, if you won't repent,
Behind prison bars, you'll surely be sent.

Sheriff Hauck is a man we one and all trust,
He gets there so fast, you can't see him for dust.
No matter how hard you beg and you whine
You can't get away by just paying a fine.

Then there's our chief of police, Mr. Newsome,
The way he's after you is good, but most gruesome.
No matter how hard from him you try to hide,
Hard work you'll have, out of his big hand to slide.

Our motorcycle policeman, whose name's Mr. Claude,
Quick as lightning he flies over the sod,
You break the law once, you break the law twice,
By the scurf of the neck he'll have you in a trice.

If you don't repent, and you should die,
Not a single decent person for you would cry,
Brace up, be a man, your heart do not harden
For God and your fellowmen are ready to pardon.

MISSISSIPPI

EXTRACTS from a letter from the Hon. Alfred Hume, B.E., C.E., D.Sc., fellow A. A. A. S., chancellor of the University of Mississippi, to the Hon. Henry Lewis Whitfield, B.A., Kappa Alpha, Governor of that proud and imperial State:

A university is very different from a high-school. . . . If manned by men who are not intellectually free, I, for one, would prefer that a child of mine should never enter its doors. It would be a curse rather than a blessing. Where men are not free to think and to learn there is stagnation and death. . . .

Fundamentally and historically, the University of Mississippi is essentially a Christian institution, shot through and through with the spirit and teachings of our Lord. The deepest conviction of my own soul is that nothing save that which is Christian is permanently enduring and worthwhile. It goes without saying that anything tending toward atheistic teaching will never be tolerated by me for I believe that the Bible is fundamental in our civilization and that Christian principles furnish the only ultimate solution of the world's problems.

MONTANA

EFFECTS of Prohibition in Billings:

When the Billings municipal band started its weekly practice on the top floor of the city hall a prisoner in the cell house in the basement became violently insane and had to be placed in a padded cell. The man, who was arrested for vagrancy, apparently was normal, the jailer said, until the music began to float down into the jail. He then began to jump up and down and yell at the top of his voice. Later he began to sing and pray. The band was playing "How Dry I Am" when the prisoner became unbalanced, the jailer declared.

NEW YORK

FROM the want ad columns of the celebrated *Graphic:*

* MOTION PICTURE studio job wanted; ambitious 17-year-old boy, half lower jaw missing, comical appearance, desires to become comedian. Box G. 482 Graphic.

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* Star indicates that advertiser has been examined by *Graphic* Vocational Expert and is especially indorsed as well qualified for the work indicated.

FROM a public bull by the Right Rev. William T. Manning, S.T.D., LL.D., D.D., chevalier of the Legion of Honor, officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and ordinary of the diocese of New York:

Religion is as natural as playing polo or hockey, and is thoroughly in touch with those games.

THE chemical and physiological foundations of Prohibition, as revealed by a reverend reader of the esteemed *World:*

To be sure, alcohol does appear in nature; but what is it? It is an absolute scientific fact that alcohol is insect excreta. The myriads of little organisms at work devouring fruit juice do expel, as does every organism, a certain amount of excreta. But nature tries to get rid of this poison as quickly as possible by making it volatile in a high degree. It is whisked into the air, diluted, and in time, denatured, is usable again by the vegetable kingdom.

But what does man do? He bottles up this insect sewage and proceeds to guzzle it down. His own body, however, is wiser than his failing. Whenever this miserable stuff is swallowed, whether it be in champagne or beer, the human body immediately sets to work to expel it as quickly as possible. Circulation is excited, the kidneys work overtime, part of the poison is perspired and part gotten rid of by the breath and intestines.

REV. J. ELMER CATES,
Pastor of the Buchanan Methodist Episcopal Church, Buchanan, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

How the young womanhood of Raleigh is guarded from the temptations of Satan:

The Parent-Teacher Association of the Hugh Morrison School here has refused to sponsor a dramatic organization here during the coming Summer, following an appeal before the association by R. N. Simms, local attorney, that the association do nothing "which might cause the feet of some sweet young girl to be pointed towards the stage."

OHIO

THE Rev. E. L. Pielow, rector of the Athens and Nelsonville Episcopal Churches, as reported by the Athens *Messenger:*

Benjamin Franklin was the first Rotarian. He was the first booster.

OREGON

OBITER DICTA of the Rev. Clement G. Clarke, of the First Congregational Church of Portland:

Jesus Christ would be a member of the carpenters' union were He on earth now. . . . Rabbi Stephen S. Wise is one of the great religious prophets.

PENNSYLVANIA

PROGRESS of Christian jurisprudence in Clearfield:

Instead of sending habitual drinkers to jail or fining them when they are brought into police court, Mayor Hagerty announced that hereafter he will impose a sentence of five nights of attendance at Salvation Army meetings.

THE Rev. Dr. W. E. Gratz, editor of the *Epworth Herald*, speaking before the fifty-eighth Central Pennsylvania Conference of the Methodist Church, as reported by the Williamsport *Gazette-Bulletin:*

If St. Paul were living today, he would know Babe Ruth's batting average, and what yardage Red Grange gained, but he wouldn't know anything about boxing, wrestling or horse-racing.

NOTE on the dignity of the juridic process in Philadelphia:

Leon J. Goslin, better known wherever baseball is played as "the Goose," sat on the bench for more than an hour here. In that time he declared "out" sixty-four persons who appeared before him. The celebrated outfielder was invited by his friend, Magistrate Edward Carney, to sit on the bench with him in court.

The first man up showed the effects of drink.

"What do you say, umps?" Carney asked Goslin.

"He's out," said the Goose, and the offender was hustled away.

SOUTH CAROLINA

QUESTIONNAIRE submitted to advanced students at the University of South Carolina:

Did you attend Sunday-school as a child? How regularly? How long?

Are you conscious that the Sunday-school influenced you in consciously becoming a Christian? In what way?

Did you hear preaching regularly as you grew up?

What was the general type of preaching and its theology, such as total depravity, sin, salvation, damnation, etc.?

Have you ever undergone the experience commonly called conversion?

Describe the circumstances and your feelings leading up to the experience.

Describe the experience itself and your feelings during and immediately following it.

What were the immediate after-effects of the experience?

Are you conscious of any influence of the experience remaining in your life today? What?

If you did not have a definite conversion experience, when did you become aware that you were religious?

What were your feelings and what did it mean to you when you first realized that you were religious?

Describe the process by which you consciously became religious.

SOUTH DAKOTA

A DISTINGUISHED State official in the Argus *Leader:*

Sociology, the bastard offspring of French atheism and Russian nihilism, is honeycombing the social fabric of America and threatens the foundations. It is the parent of every dangerous doctrine that has disturbed the nation in the last thirty years. It is alike degenerating to teacher and pupil. It is more dangerous to sanity than the loco-weed and more explosive than dynamite. Its devotees call it science, but it is really no more scientific than the urim and thummin. Its postulates are preposterous and its prophecies are refuted by the inexorable logic of events. It is firmly established in our universities and colleges and is filling the minds of our youth with iconoclasm and disloyalty. It is a drug that destroys the reasoning powers of its addicts. I am wondering how long a loyal and patriotic people will tolerate it.

TENNESSEE

RELIGIOUS notice in the Johnson City *Chronicle:*

HOLINESS TABERNACLE
408 West Main St.
MRS. WILLIAM PRICE, *Pastor*

The Rev. Pat Palmer, who eats no breakfast and prays longer than he eats any meal, who has been in jail several times and had a rope around his neck a time or two and is now on his way to Australia, is with us. Come out and take a peep at this peculiar man.

TEXAS

WANT AD in the Orange *Daily Leader:*

WANTED, BOY—High-school graduate to work in general merchandise store in small interior town and learn to be a shoemaker. One who can help milk the cow and play in the band preferred. Must be youth of clean habits; cigarette smokers, sheiks and loafers need not apply. Boy who understands Diesel gas-engine and Fordson tractor will be given preference. Users of intoxicating liquors and profane language will not be considered. Boy who gets this job must not be too proud and aristocratic to mingle with the live stock and chickens and help out in the kitchen now and then. Tenor singer who is a good strike-out baseball pitcher will find this an ideal situation. Must be early riser and not afraid of work. You will work in a very healthful climate, with beautiful surroundings, fine fishing, woodlands abound in wild game and flowers. Horse to ride Sunday afternoons. Good chance to learn a trade and the principles of business and see the country. Must be a good salesman. Apply in your own handwriting, sending late photograph with three recommendations. $12 a month to start for live wire, with chance to buy interest in the business. Employer can furnish board and room at $9.50, if you will mow the lawn in your spare time. Address "Newton," care Orange *Daily Leader.*

VERMONT

EDITORIAL note in the Springfield *Reporter:*

We are advised that an error appeared in the columns of this paper in which it was announced that a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Balch at the hospital. At the request of the party, we make the announcement that Wallace Balch is unmarried. Neither is he the father of a child.

WISCONSIN

OCCULT doings in the chapel of St. Joseph's Hospital at Milwaukee, as reported by the correspondent of the eminent Chicago *Tribune:*

Following the celebration of mass, the exorcism ritual was begun. In Latin, a language of which the woman was ignorant, the following questions were asked:

"Who are you?"

"Beelzebub," was the reply that issued from the throat of the woman in a deep, masculine tone.

"How is it that you possess this woman?" was the next query.

"Because of malediction," came the answer.

"At what time will you leave her?"

"At 2 o'clock."

In the course of the reading of the exorcism ritual, the woman broke in with the cry, "Send me to some person or place upon earth, but do not send me back to hell."

At 2 o'clock, six hours after the ritual had begun, no change was visible in the woman's actions. Father Justin, a monk, then berated the devil with, "You are a maledictive liar, Beelzebub! You have not left this woman, as you promised."

At 5:30, however, the woman was seen to relax as if from sheer exhaustion. The questioning was continued.

"Do you know where you are?" asked Father Theophilus.

The woman then answered in her natural voice, "I am in church."

Asked if she knew the reason for her presence there, she replied, "I can't remember coming here."

The woman was then taken to her room in the hospital. Hundreds of persons daily are seeking admittance to the hospital but no one is allowed to see the patient.

DELAWARE

BY MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Genesis

After the Swedes and the Dutch had stopped quibbling over the ownership of the sand-spit now called Delaware it naturally fell into the hands of the Quakers to the North and became known as "The Three Lower Counties Along the Delaware." The brand of government settled upon these counties, however, did not meet with the approbation of their inhabitants and in time Pennsylvania had to grant them a certain measure of autonomy. The contention continuing, there followed an independent assembly about the year 1728, and a complete severance as the Revolution came on. With the divorce the title of the three counties was shortened to Delaware.

Contemporaneously with this political transition an ethnological transmutation was proceeding. The Swedes, by this time, had forsaken their hope of permanently colonizing the territory; the Dutch had decided it would be safer to remove their effects to New Amsterdam, and the influence of the Quakers who had drifted in to replace the pioneers was summarily extinguished by an influx of bond-servants and newly-released convicts imported from London to work the plantations owned by the younger sons of noble houses. To this day the surviving Quakers have held themselves aloof from the progeny of these ignoble Britons, but the latter have now become the aristocrats of the State.

At the opening of the Seventeenth Century the territory was Dutch and Swedish; at the close of the Eighteenth Century it was one hundred per cent English. To this day it retains its Anglican heart and soul, coated only with a thin veneer of patriotic Americanism. Delaware's law system is thoroughly British in essence if not always in word; its religion is that of Wesley rather than that of the Methodist dons of Westerville, and of James II rather than of Bishop Manning; its shop-keepers and green-grocers have little more of the go-getting spirit than the green-grocers and shop-keepers of rural Cornwall and Surrey and as a result are almost wholly immune to the seductions of luncheon clubs and chambers of commerce; finally, its cookery is still British in flavor, with its English plum puddings, potato pies, herb sauces, brandied peaches, roast boar, and spiced beef.

But notwithstanding this plain Anglican stamp Delaware attaches high importance to its Americanism. Raucously and as often as possible it proclaims itself the First State in the Union, basing the claim upon the fact that it was able, because of its small assembly, to ratify the Federal Constitution on December 7, 1787, the first among the thirteen colonies.

II

Below Dover

Delaware today is Sussex county. By this it is not meant that Delaware is not also Kent and New Castle counties; it is intended merely to suggest that in Sussex (and in that part of Kent below Dover) is to be found the real Delaware—the Delaware that has existed for almost three hundred years. In upper Kent and in New Castle there are evidences of the disintegra-

tion of the State spirit resulting from the advent of modern highways, but in Sussex, or rather in all that portion of the State below the capital, there remain only conservatism and a great wariness. Virtually all the people are of the soil—farmers and truck-growers who are neither prosperous nor poor, and whose like can be found nowhere else in the East and probably no longer even in rural England. Government experts find it an onerous task to attempt the introduction of modern agricultural methods among them. In the Middle West the farmers fling themselves at radical ideas, professional and political, with great enthusiasm, but their colleagues of Sussex look upon all such notions with suspicion. There is the case of the scrub bull. For seven years the United States government and the University of Delaware have been sending out educated hirelings, aided and abetted by the Philadelphia milk companies, to convince the Sussex dairyman that he should breed none but pure and contented cows. To date the drive has been almost completely ineffective. The Sussex man continues to ship his low-test and usually dirty milk to market, and there it is rejected with equal persistence.

It is only magnanimity to pass over the homes of Suffolk, where the living conditions of seventy-five or a hundred years ago still obtain, and turn to a fable once accepted as gospel in all other sections of the State. It is to the effect that Sussex's opposition to change was once so deeply intrenched that the General Assembly found it necessary to qualify all laws by adding to them the clause: "This act shall be without effect in Sussex county if it fails to meet with the general approval of the residents thereof." That the fable is not utterly without foundation may be inferred from the fact that even today the Legislature occasionally passes two bills to cover one projected reform, the first for Kent and New Castle and the other for Sussex.

It is only natural to expect that in such a place as Lower Delaware, where living has been reduced to hibernation, the old aristocracy should survive in a pure state. Certainly family there reaches its dizziest heights. Delaware, before the Civil War, was a slave State, but when the question of secession arose its inherent conservatism triumphed and it fought on the side of the North. Ever since then the women of Lower Delaware—here, as elsewhere, the only true aristocrats—have been trying to live down the shame of the State and assert their kinship with the romantic Old South. They keep up the show by antiquated mannerisms, by maintaining overlarge, antique mansions, and by truckling to the exorbitant demands of Negroes in order to have a plentiful supply of old-fashioned help.

This aristocracy survives, but the families themselves are dying out. Sooner or later there will be nothing left but white trash, and the glory that was Delaware's (before the Civil War) will repose in the keeping of its peasantry.

III

Imported Luxuries

Through long generations the State has dozed on, comfortable in the self-satisfaction which arises from a pure-bred gentry, and alarmed only whenever its biologic fabric has been threatened with contamination by exotic blood. Today such a threat confronts the State.

Essentially agricultural, Delaware is dependent upon the graciousness and pocketbooks of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston for the well-being of its great farmer class. And in the case of its governmental revenues the confidence of an external world is again indispensable. Delaware, the Gretna Green of eloping financiers, lures huge fees annually from thousands of corporations by means of its gigantic charter machine, and thereby considerably reduces the levies on real estate, the only other important source of

revenue, which otherwise would have to be taxed to an extent that would bankrupt most of the farmers. The Delawarean must live, and so he submits to this economic vassalage, sending his apples, strawberries and tomatoes to market and collecting his huge charter fees from Wall Street.

When the State began to show some symptoms, a few years back, of shaking off its age-old lethargy and prepared to take part in the great American spending orgy, it found no one among its native sons who could build roads, weigh babies, test milk and instruct farmers in the latest agronomic innovations. It was necessary to seek elsewhere for this help, and so began the invasion of disesteemed foreigners, *i.e.*, persons so thoughtless or so unfortunate as to have been born in any State other than Delaware. Today these foreigners hold most of the key positions in the government. The State sanitary engineer is from New Jersey, the State supervisor of home economics is a Wisconsin woman, the State poultry pathologist is a Missourian, the executive director of the State board of health came from Connecticut.

The more civilized Delawareans recognized the crying need for this expert assistance and therefore the foreigners came. But the people as a whole still shudder to think of them and withdraw further than ever into the shell of their pride, already petrified by three centuries of constant nursing. The native is hospitable enough in greeting a foreigner on the street or in the course of the day's work, but when evening comes the foreigner dines at his boarding house or the town hotel, and the native dines at home.

In the State press the war against the intruder is carried on openly. He is censured for many ills, the latest being the mounting State debt. A leading weekly, touching editorially upon this situation, recently said:

> For the past eight years we have continuously advocated economy by the elimination of *useless* State and county officials; we have raved about the numerous "imported luxuries" . . . brought into the State at *enormous* salaries to administer our affairs. . . .

Another weekly headlined an article concerning the engagement by one of the State departments of a prominent civil engineer in the following manner:

> ANOTHER FOREIGNER
> HIRED TO FEED AT THE
> DELAWARE TROUGH

IV

A Sacred Science

> Every Delaware citizen is thoroughly conscious of the corruption which has saturated Delaware politics for the last thirty years. Aside from the thousands who sell their votes, thousands more know of concrete instances of corruption in their home districts. The condition is the State's eternal shame.—*Delaware Parent-Teacher Association.*

Below Wilmington politics have always been taken more seriously than either religion or the more useful occupation of farming. The sweat of one election day has barely ceased polluting the atmosphere before the average Delawarean starts laying plans and pulling wires for the next. Potential candidacies are raked over in the weekly newspapers, the mouthpieces of the multitude of bosses who would rule the State, and torn to pieces and slapped together again in front of Wise's drug-store in Dover and in Jim Tunnell's Georgetown law office. More delicately, perhaps, but with the same essential effect, reputations are laid bare at a thousand dinner tables every evening.

It has ever been a solemn business and will probably remain so despite the recent wholesale seduction of Negro preachers and purchase of voters at $10 a head. Although the swag is now divided in Wilmington, rather than in Georgetown or Dover as hitherto, the bellicose downstater finds as much cause for political contention as ever. He has merely transferred his anathemas from the head of his nonconformist neighbor to the heads of a wealthy family lately become all-powerful in the State's politics. A convenient illustration is offered in the dilemma of a Kent

county office-holder, who informed me that he had quitted forever the Methodist Episcopal church, where his fathers had worshipped for more than a century, "because it has been bought out by the damned Republicans." He referred, of course, to the duPonts.

This execration of the powder family is not due, as might be supposed, to the corruption which has paralleled its rise to power, but is traceable rather to the knowledge that the duPonts have made a private game of the Delawarean's sacred science, politics. For this they are damned from Claymont to Delmar, although the actual transformation had its genesis in the personal ambitions of one J. Edward Addicks, a retired Pennsylvania iron-master, and was given its greatest impetus at the hands of a former United States Senator, then a Roosevelt Republican and today the most puissant adversary facing the duPonts within the ranks of their party. Addicks got no further with his aspirations than to deadlock the Legislature from 1901 to 1903 and thus wholly deprive the State of representation in the United States Senate for two years, but he left a legacy in the form of a well-constructed machine, the control of which fell to the duPonts (they alone having the requisite funds to keep it in operation) when he died.

The successful operation of the machine has led the Delaware proletarian to lend an avid ear to the tales concerning the perversion of the Negro clergy and the alleged propensity of one of the duPonts for demonstrating card tricks before his cronies in the cloak-rooms of the United States Senate. The noise of the machine apparently has drowned out the knowledge that this same duPont and a cousin spent almost $4,000,000 in building the nucleus of Delaware's present system of concrete highways, without which the State, geographically isolated from the rest of the world, would still be living in the early Nineteenth Century. Despite the machine, it was also a duPont who constructed the system of modern, sanitary public schools for Negro children, which was turned over gratis to the State; it was a duPont, too, who offered to aid in the building and financing of a similar system of schoolhouses for white children, (which plan was defeated in the Legislature because of its obnoxious label), and it is a duPont who today, as State Tax Commissioner, is actually and for the first time collecting income taxes from the wealthy people of the State.

V

Caesar Rodney: Patron Saint

In Christ churchyard, Dover, stands a granite shaft marking the last resting place of Caesar Rodney, fighting man and patriot. On the outskirts of Dover is a little white-washed cottage where, in 1728, this same Rodney was born. His name adorns schools, camps and monuments, and has been applied to food products and clothing from one end of Delaware to the other. Every school child knows the story of Caesar Rodney; intelligent and useful men, such as the late George Gray, are utterly forgotten in the perpetuation of the glory heaped upon this patron saint.

Soldier, romanticist and an adept in the affairs of the heart, Rodney was destined for a place of prominence among the unimaginative rustics of his day. His blustering wit lifted him from the office of high sheriff of Kent county to the bench of the lower criminal courts. Gascon that he was, he soon forced his way into the Stamp Act Congress, became president of that body, returned to Delaware to accept the speakership of the Assembly and later the chairmanship of the Delaware Committee of Safety, which was a cross between Marat's infamous committee *de public salut* and the defense councils which ravaged the United States during the World War. After serving as brigadier-general under Washington and as a delegate to the Continental Congress, Rodney closed his career with the presideney of Delaware.

These various activities, however, only serve as background for the Rodney legend. The tale about which his immortal fame is woven concerns itself with a ride he made from Dover Green to Philadelphia one evening in the Summer of 1776, so as to be in time to aid in the preparation of and to add his signature to the Declaration of Independence. He arose from a sickbed, (though some envious journal-keepers of the day insist that it was a bed of assignation), stopped at the State House on the Green to be handed his credentials, and then galloped dramatically up the King's Highway to Philadelphia and to immortality. "This ride," to quote the present lieutenant-governor of Delaware, "probably had more influence on the future of the United States than did the famous ride of Paul Revere. No one can tell what might have been the course of history had Caesar Rodney failed on that fateful night."

The lieutenant-governor's eulogy epitomizes the unbounded Delawarean faith in the Rodney story. It fails to take into account, however, the fatuity of believing that the failure of one man could possibly have impeded an historical movement so potent as the rebellion of the colonists. Further, it is forgotten that Delaware was already ably represented at the Congress in Philadelphia by George Read, astute barrister and more intelligent even if less bombastic than Rodney. Read had sat for many days with the other rebel delegates and was, according to acceptable authorities, fully empowered to take part in all deliberations.

Two other factors may be mentioned to show that Rodney's ride was not so momentous as Delaware would have it appear. First, the colony of New York withheld its approval of the Declaration until more than a month after its adoption, and, second, neither Rodney nor anyone else affixed his signature to the document until August 2, by which date he had had time to visit all the old taverns and his other familiar haunts in Philadelphia. History does not relate whether the Delaware Assembly suddenly lost confidence in Rodney or thought it best to strengthen its visible endorsement of the Declaration, but several weeks after August 2 Thomas McKean, another attorney, was dispatched to Philadelphia, there to add his signature to those of Rodney and Read.

The Rodney line has virtually become extinct in the State, notwithstanding the glamor which surrounds the sire of the family. The first Rodney had one son, Caesar Augustus, who became the first Democrat (anti-Federalist) to be elected to the Congress of the United States and who later was appointed minister to the then existing Argentine government. Caleb and Daniel Rodney, although executives of the State at one time, hold no preëminent place in Delaware history. No other Rodneys are mentioned, and today the living name survives mainly because of the passion fond mothers have for naming their male progeny in honor of the saint.

VI

Two Aspects

William Jennings Bryan appeared in Dover shortly before his death to deliver his lecture, "The Four Pictures." There was no apparent motive for his visit other than the few hundred dollars to be collected at the close of the evening.

Mr. Bryan spoke to a mixed audience of Baptists, Methodists, members of the Christian Church and Presbyterians. More than half of his audience arrived at the lecture hall expecting to witness the personification of God on earth; a few others hoped that the Commoner would impart unto them a little of his great store of erudition. Editors or representatives of all the five weekly newspapers of the State capital were present. Of the quintet but one, a Democrat, attached political significance to the visit. He counted the number of Democrats in the audience and the number of Republicans, and finding that the latter exceeded the former, he re-

ported in his columns the next week that Bryan had lost the leadership of the Democratic party in Delaware. . . .

A hundred stills, by actual count, were in operation between Camden and Harrington—or was it between Harrington and Greenwood? It makes no difference; somewhere in that section of the State a hundred stills were being operated by a hundred pious farmers. A woman, a crusader under the white ribbon, reported the fact by letter to the attorney-general's office. "There are stills all around us," she wrote.

The woman sent another letter and then another and finally betook herself to the attorney-general's office in person. She found a deputy attorney-general discussing the Prohibition laws with a young lawyer. The deputy was extolling the virtues of Prohibition. The enforcement acts adopted throughout the country, he was saying, were legislative masterpieces; given time and the whole-hearted support of the people, they would serve to drive liquor out of the United States.

The woman interrupted to ask what he intended doing about the hundred stills that were boiling away near Harrington. One hundred stills, did she say? Now, if there had been only one or two, well, things might have been different; but a hundred—the deputy attorney-general was crushed by this ponderous reality. No, nothing could be done; the report was probably exaggerated.

VII

Sporting Instinct

The townspeople are seated on their front porches earlier than usual this Summer evening. Palm leaf fans are swished back and forth in the gloaming; disengaged hands are busy slapping mosquitoes or scratching mosquito bites. Down near the pond at the end of the street a red flare appears, throwing a wraithlike shadow about itself; then another flare and another, until a serpentine ribbon of rubescent light appears to be pushing its way toward us. A staccato beating of drums attends the approaching spectacle.

As the illuminated line swings out in front of the home of an ex-governor the drums leave off their beating and a brass band, not yet wholly visible in the dusk, breaks out into the stimulating tune of "On, Wisconsin." The red ribbon becomes a line of marching men. The volunteer firemen of Delaware are on parade.

As they pass our porch we forget the mosquitoes for the while and remark upon the scarlet zouave uniforms of the boys from Smyrna, who march behind their newly-purchased truck, the equal of anything in Philadelphia or Baltimore. The firemen from Milford and Delaware City are also on foot and gaily costumed. The Dover company trudges by in the wake of its *two* trucks. Well, some day our company will also have two. Following Dover come twenty young men from Centerville, over in Maryland. They ride on their truck, which is plastered with painted signs announcing that next week the firemen of the Eastern Shore will hold a parade in Centerville.

The Centerville company is succeeded by the band from Chestertown, also in Maryland, and then in turn come more companies and more bands, from Lewes and Laurel and Newark, from upstate and down, and finally our own young store clerks and bank cashiers bring up the rear, resplendent in their natty white uniforms and gold lace.

When the last of the marchers has passed the reviewing stand on the post-office steps, the mayor and his committee announce the winners. This is the supreme moment of the evening; it is this which has brought two hundred young men to our town from all over the peninsula. They listen intently as the prizes are announced. A silver cup is given the company that has made the best appearance; a similar trophy goes to the company that has had the most men in line; another is awarded the com-

pany that came the greatest distance to take part in the parade, and two ten dollar gold pieces are handed to the leader of the best band.

Thus the youth of Delaware give vent to their high spirits. The firemen's parades fill in the gap created by the absence of golf and tennis tournaments; they have the care-free quality which is lacking in baseball, football, love-making or card playing. These other sports have more serious consequences—and one must not permit the present to permanently affect the future. Baseball, at least in Delaware, is hopelessly mixed with politics, and love-making leads to the marriage halter or to the Court of General Sessions.

VIII

Black Bess

Periodically, emotional folk arise to unloose a perissologic salvo against Delaware's grandest and most useful institution, the whipping-post. The forty-seven other States, they contend, get along excellently without this primeval moral machine; *ergo*, Delaware should follow suit. In the words of one writer:

> It is a shameful thing that in this land of liberty the whipping-post is still in vogue in one State—Delaware. If the whipping-post were such a good thing, why was it given up in every State except Delaware? Whoever heard Delaware referred to as the New Jerusalem of perfect virtue? Let Delaware keep her great distinction as the only State where brutality is practiced by officers of the law.

In Delaware all this is looked upon as so much bunk. Many arguments have been advanced for the abolition of the lash, but not one has ever been based upon logic or common sense, as they are understood in Delaware. The abolitionists prate about civilization; they drag out the sacred name of humanity; they proclaim that this is a land of liberty. The Delawarean has heard all these voices before, but once again he looks out across the country and sees civilization and humanity as they are actually at work in this land of liberty. Plainly, the voices lie, and the upshot of the campaign has always been to renew the Delawarean's faith in the cat.

But despite this adamant attitude, time and the infiltration of American sentimentality have been softening the blows of Black Bess. Fewer offences now are punishable by whipping than ever before in Delaware's history, and the attitude of the bench has been to augment this demulcent tendency. A century ago death was the penalty for twenty crimes against the peace of the State. Even so late as 1893 the courts were compelled to sentence to the pillory (still standing in the New Castle workhouse) persons convicted of larceny, forgery, highway robbery and "pretending to exercise the art of witchcraft, fortune telling or dealing in spirits," and it was not so many years back that the curious or morbid could visit the workhouse at Graybank or the jailyards in Dover and Georgetown any Saturday between the hours of ten in the morning and two in the afternoon and there see a few wife-beaters or a half dozen chicken-hungry darkies being scourged into repentance. Then hundreds were whipped every year; in 1925 less than two dozen offenders were tied to the post, most of them Negroes accused of petty thievery.

His earnest belief in harsh Mosaic justice blinds the Delawarean to the romantic appeal of the whipping-post; for him it has only a practical purpose. But outside the State weak minds, cogitating upon this reform and that, permit their theories (which are to be put into effect in some remote millenium) to obscure both the romance and the usefulness of the lash. The movement to abolish whipping, it is evident, has settled down into a test of endurance. Eventually, I fear, the proponents of reform will win and the cat will go into the ashcan. Delaware will then have yielded to the flourishing American abhorrence of individuality, and find itself looking exactly like all the other peas in the American pod.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Chemistry

THE DILEMMA OF CHEMOTHERAPY

By L. M. Hussey

In another year or two, two decades will have gone by since Paul Uhlenhuth, of Marburg, brought the first ray of hopeful cheer to thousands of distressingly salivated patients, scattered everywhere in Christendom, with the news that arsenic would probably prove a more effective enemy of the *treponema pallidum* than mercury. Following this lead of their compatriot, Ehrlich, Bertheim, and other collaborators shortly began their superb researches into the arsenic compounds, concluding with the historic announcement of salvarsan.

With the discovery of that remarkable drug, an organic compound of arsenic, the new science of chemotherapy seemed pointed for the swift attainment of far, amazing goals. Syphilis was at last conquerable, at least in its initial stage, and the conquest of maladies equally formidable seemed readily possible by the discovery of similar chemotherapeutic agents. The products of the new science of chemotherapy differed as much from the quack specifics of ancient and latter times as the highly mathematical concepts of the modern atom differ from the vague atomic speculations of the Greeks.

To begin with, chemotherapy recognized a tangible enemy. It aimed its shafts, not at an obscure miasm known as "disease," but at a graspable biologic entity: a bacterium. The specific germ was the enemy and the job of the worker was to prepare a chemical agent specifically deadly for that particular germ—an agent lethal to it in the human body, yet harmless to the body tissues. Without a knowledge of bacteriology, an acquaintance with the rôle of microörganisms in disease, chemotherapy would have been unthinkable in any scientific sense.

However, a moment's thought suffices to show that a mere knowledge of bacterial activity would not clear a facile path for it. We may know that Loeffler's bacillus will cause diphtheria, but that knowledge does not make the discovery of a chemical substance deadly to Loeffler's bacillus, while harmless to body tissue, a simple matter. The business is, of course, facilitated. One may grow the bacilli in test-tubes on suitable serum media, one may transfer them to animals, one may apply proposed substances with immensely more precision than in less enlightened days. Fundamentally, however, without some additional body of directive knowledge, the search for this or any other specific bactericide remains a hit-or-miss procedure, a cumbersome and almost hopeless process of trial and error.

The slow and inconsequential results of any method of trial and error are shown by the fact that in the three centuries prior to the advent of modern chemotherapy but one chemical specific for a major disease was unearthed: quinine for malaria. With the discovery of salvarsan, and the coincidental birth of scientific chemotherapy, a new concept, a new and useful theory seemed to have been found that would give an immense facility to the elaboration of new specifics. It was a theory that Ehrlich himself had evolved prior to his work with arsenic, and it gave him so much hopeful confidence that he predicted a specific for tuberculosis within a few years. But no such specific has yet been found, nor does a perusal of the medical periodi-

cals lead one to expect one presently. Indeed, since the astounding appearance of salvarsan itself no specific of anything like its importance has been announced. Nearly twenty years have passed since that great event, but so far the high promise of chemotherapy has not been fulfilled.

Here is a distressing fact, a fact excessively distressing when it is remembered what an immense amount of chemotherapeutic research has been going on. Yet with salvarsan the chemotherapists discovered their first specific, and so far their last. One may make an exception, perhaps, in favor of a certain quinine derivative (ethylhydroxycuprein), which Morgenroth and Halberstädter found to be highly toxic for the bacterium of pneumonia. But clinicians, in attempting to employ this agent, quickly discovered that its efficacy in many cases was seriously counterbalanced by certain side-actions—particularly its tendency to initiate changes in the retina and optic nerve of the patient, leading to amblyopia (dimmed vision) and even blindness.

Certain other products of chemotherapeutic research fail to show a definite selective action against the microörganism of any specific disease. All these are simply general bactericides. An example is mercurochrome, a dyestuff carrying mercury in its molecule, prepared by White of the Brady Institute at Baltimore, and there first tested clinically. Mercurochrome, first proposed as a germicide for local application in genito-urinary infections, has lately been given a trial in septicemias. But its use is not at all akin to the use of salvarsan in syphilis. Salvarsan has a lethal selectivity for the causative germ of syphilis, but mercurochrome functions simply because mercury itself is generally deadly to all bacterial and protozoan life. Indeed, the use of mercury in organic combination, by intravenous injection, in acute infectious diseases was carried out with promising results more than fifteen years ago by B. L. Wright, whose published papers seem to have been overlooked, to the damage of science, in recent bibliographies.

Mercurochrome and like general bactericides are not, then, the sort of highly specific chemical substances that Ehrlich and all the medical world anticipated after the outstanding success of salvarsan. Ethylhydroxycuprein, specific for pneumonia, and the ethyl esters of chaulmoogra oil, specific for leprosy, are, within their limitations, substances of the salvarsan class. They have a deadly affinity for particular germs, but to most other germs they are indifferent. But when I have named two or three such substances I have summed the list.

I said a moment ago that without some directive theory chemotherapy, for all its scientific gestures, would remain a groping process of trial and error, and not likely to contribute in any swift succession new specifics for the major ills. And I said, too, that Ehrlich deemed himself to have found such a theory. At any rate, he explained the selective action of salvarsan in terms of a theory that he had previously promulgated to explain the processes of natural immunity. This was his side-chain theory, a doctrine rather fantastically phrased by its author. To the reader untrained in organic chemistry it would be impossible for me to give any clear notion of the basic chemical ideas underlying it, but I can, in a few words, give a simplified and generalized understanding of it.

Briefly, Ehrlich conceived the action of such a drug as salvarsan as one of simple chemical combination. One drops a lump of the metal sodium on water. A molecule of sodium, eager for oxygen, removes an atom of oxygen from a water molecule, destroys that water molecule, and liberates its residual hydrogen as a gas. Sodium exercises its destructive action upon the water molecule because of its affinity for oxygen. According to Ehrlich's concept, a germ of syphilis is to be regarded as a chemical compound. This chemical compound, coming in contact with salvarsan, reacts with it just as sodium reacts with water. Salvarsan has an affinity for some-

thing in the germ molecules. And because of this specific affinity—explained by Ehrlich in terms of organic chemistry—the germ molecules are so altered that they may no longer function as a living entity. Reacting chemically with salvarsan, the syphilis organism dies.

This notion of chemotherapeutic activity, this idea of simple chemical combination and reaction, was employed by Ehrlich to explain the selectivity of salvarsan, and by its aid it was hoped that future chemotherapeutic research could swiftly advance. The theory is still extant, still taught, in some form or other, in courses in immunology, but in so far as it refers to the parisitotropic action of salvarsan it is refuted by a single fact—that salvarsan has no action whatever upon syphilis germs outside the body; *i.e.*, in the test tube. There is thus, plainly, no simple chemical combination between the salvarsan molecule and some molecule of the *treponema*. Adhering to the theory, one is forced to say that the combination between salvarsan and the germ molecule takes place only after salvarsan has been chemically modified within the human body. But no one has ever been able clearly to demonstrate this chemical modification.

In short, the side-chain theory has been found unequal to explaining the action of the one outstanding specific so far developed by chemotherapeutic research. There is small wonder then that, in spite of its rather docile acceptance, it has been of little value in furthering the discovery of new specifics. Thus, the dilemma of chemotherapy is that it remains a science without a clearly directive doctrine, and so its progress rests upon the frail chance of fortunate discovery and the tedious method of trial and error.

Indeed, it seems to me that the search for chemicals lethal to the bacillus tuberculosis, the pneumococcus, the meningococcus, the hæmolytic streptococcus and all the other bacterial and protozoan invaders has not only been unaided by the side-chain theory but definitely hindered. I mean that the notion of simple chemical reaction between drug and bacterium, because of its plausibility, has checked inquiry into what must be a much more complex process of interaction. The side-chain theory is one of those unfortunate simplifications that bemuse the mind of the scientific worker somewhat as the simplification of all disease in terms of chiropractic deludes the layman.

Why does a syphilis germ, within the human host, perish when it meets with a molecule or two of salvarsan? Why does the bacillus of Hansen (causative of leprosy) give up the ghost when a bit of chaulmoogra oil encounters it? (Chaulmoogra oil, by the way, exhibits none of the "side chains" of which Ehrlich speaks.) Are these encounters and the resultant deaths of the organisms exemplified by so simple a phenomenon as the meeting of water and sodium, with the consequent destruction of the water? Are such deaths really the result of straightforward chemical reaction? Plainly, no. Chemotherapy, I believe, will emerge from its present dilemma only when the physicist as well as the chemist has a look at the problem. The reactions of living organisms are as much physical as chemical. Cells exhibit electrical polarity; their constituent colloids carry electrical charges. In respect to these charges there must be inevitably a sort of colloidal equilibrium in every living organism, in every separate cell. (Bacteria are simple, one-celled organisms.) It is not difficult to imagine that the death of a cell could occur as readily by a destruction of its colloidal equilibrium as by an alteration of its chemical constitution.

Here are very complex processes and dark questions. Here are questions of the cellular envelope, and of alterations in its structure, under the influence of a drug, that may lead to a change in the passage of crystalloids in and out of the cell, and so to the cell's death. Here are questions of the inner cellular colloids, their electrical charges, questions of the ionized salts within the cell. Here, in short, is no ques-

tion of a simple chemical substance, ready to react with a specific drug, but one of a complex machine whose mechanism must be studied at length.

Such studies are immoderately difficult, and so it seems likely that no theory of chemotherapeutic specificity will be promulgated over night—that is to say, no theory of sound foundation. It may be that no theory of general application is possible. The question of specific drug action may depend upon so many variable factors as to make each instance of specificity individual. If this be true, new specifics will make their appearance only at rare intervals, and will be tediously elaborated products of trial and error. Naturally, one hopes otherwise. One hopes that chemotherapy, beginning so notably with salvarsan, may soon emerge from its dilemma. But that it will actually do so, in our time, one cannot be too sure.

Architecture

SYMBOLIC ARCHITECTURE

By Lewis Mumford

On the surface, the battle of the architectural styles has been abandoned. The medievalist and the classicist no longer practice their tricks with any degree of conviction, and it is interesting to recall the time when anyone thought Renaissance architecture immoral, as Ruskin did, or purely imitative, as Fergusson did, and when the opposite school looked upon the Gothic as uncouth and childish. Once the steamship and the camera had opened up the world, it was impossible to keep the fight on the naïve plane where it existed in Horace Walpole's day: where, precisely, did Byzantine traditions or Persian precedents come in, and if the Renaissance was derivative, from what ancient fount of inspiration did the Baroque bubble forth?

Now all the stylicisms are in the same boat, and the architects who choose to work mainly in one or another mode can no longer claim that theirs alone is the true and holy tradition, nor even, for that matter, the distinguishing mark of cultivated judgment. But if the old battle of the styles is as dead as mutton, there is still a genuine issue that remains to be fought. This is the issue between the stylicists and the constructors, between the symbolic architecture of the past and the rising vernacular, which has still to create its authentic symbolisms.

In the great periods of architecture, the mass of buildings had no symbolic value at all: they were built in the current vernacular, that is, by ordinary masons and carpenters, working by traditional rules of thumb, using the materials that lay at hand, and adjusting their plans and elevations to the commonsense needs of the occupants. The effect of these vernacular buildings, singly or in groups, as the eye follows the curve of the street, or beholds them clustered together about a square, is extraordinarily pleasing; the proof of it is that such buildings are the chief game of wandering etchers and lithographers in Europe. But the beauty of a vernacular building is a beauty of scale, material and adaptation—not primarily one of formal expression. The single building counts for nothing in vernacular architecture; it is by its relation to the surrounding houses or to the landscape that it becomes æsthetically interesting.

The downfall of the vernacular mode came when the architect, and after him the ordinary builder, sought to make each building stand out by itself and exhibit the fashionable graces of the moment. Instead of leaving expression or symbolism to the buildings that had a special purpose to perform, such as the cathedral, or the guildhall, or the palace, the Renaissance architects began the sad practice of attempting to make each separate building symbolic, distinguished, unique. Under the cover of a cultural interest in historic

Greece and Rome, new designs were in fact worked out: the size of windows was altered, the balustrade was invented; the formal staircase was elaborated in a grand way; but all these things could have been done handsomely without adding half-witted goddesses and tedious ornaments to the new modes.

The failure to appreciate the architectural virtues of architecture, as distinct from the symbolic interests it may carry along with it, was cordially echoed by the Gothic revivalists. They, too, sought to give each building the stamp of some "cultured" style; the only difference between them and the classicists was that they found their symbolism in the parapets and turrets of the medieval castle, or in the arches and towers of a medieval cathedral, instead of in the temples and baths of ancient Rome. The battle of the styles was not essentially a fight between two different techniques of building; it was a quarrel between rival symbolisms, each of which sought, literally, to rebuild a special period of historic European culture. If there is any justification for either kind of romanticism it is this: that when Renaissance architecture was alive, the princes and financiers of the period did in fact read Seneca and Plutarch and Marcus Aurelius, and when the Gothic revival was in full bloom it was accompanied by the High Church movement in Oxford. Without these special social backgrounds, the styles that the modern architect claims for a precedent are in reality only a pose.

The heat that was produced by this friction between symbolisms disappeared long ago. But the battle itself goes on: now the medievalists take West Point out of the hands of the classicists; now the designer of the Standard Oil building flouts the example of the Woolworth Tower and attempts painfully to make the orders climb and soar; and all the while it is clear to the amused outsider that none of the so-called styles is worth a plugged penny outside an archæological museum. Does Mr. Rockefeller read Marcus Aurelius? Not, I am sure, if he is a good Baptist. And does West Point thrill to the Song of Roland? Not, I am also sure, while it reads *Frilly Stories*, or prepares the little chivalries that the Chemical Warfare Division has up its sleeve. In the face of these facts, who could swear it was an accident that inspired Dickens to make Pecksniff an architect?

Where, precisely, does the fatal mistake of the stylicists lie? It lies partly, I think, in the unwillingness of the architect and his clients to face the world they live in, but most of all, perhaps, it lies in the architect's egotistical notion that every building should be an occasion to display his taste and erudition and "personality." Between his problem and its simple and direct solution stand bales of measured drawings and faithful reproductions; and instead of absorbing all the lessons that ancient buildings contain, and giving them out again in a fresh form, he is led by vanity to pseudo-historic exhibitionism —in order to leave no doubt in the spectator's mind as to his training and competence and his "feeling for beauty." A library is surely not a better library because it looks like a Florentine palace; a railroad station is not a better station because it looks like a Pompeiian bath. On the contrary, all the modern functions that must be performed in such buildings are bungled because the symbolic elements, again and again, get in the way of the practical needs that should be fulfilled. There is, in fact, no reason why the modern structure should symbolize or recall anything; our buildings should be buildings, not lessons in history, nor exhibitions of "personality."

So deeply, however, have we been bitten by this inane romanticism that it will no doubt seem perverse when I say that most buildings should be *un*-distinguished. The architect who spends his time creating Tudor houses for the oil-fields aristocracy, Italian villas for the prairies, and Spanish Renaissance garages for Florida æsthetes is perhaps fearful that he would be out of a job if people merely wanted buildings.

But he need not despair. The truth is that the acceptance of the current vernacular, and the resolute abandonment of left-over symbolic forms, would not eliminate the architect, for the common builder in almost every part of the country is so completely without traditions that, without the professional architect, our houses and offices would be even worse than they are today, and we should be treated to the sort of textural and ornamental horrors that the small builder, who wants "something fine," perpetrates in his miserable effort to be elegant and stylish. When the stylicists go, the constructors will remain, and these men will do, with an effort, what the old builders did as a matter of routine.

The difficulty of achieving a vernacular is not merely due to the professional egotism of the architect, for in the great lofts and offices he has thrown overboard most of his accumulated baggage. The client is also to blame. Our bank-directors seem to feel that the credit-system will totter unless they are housed in cathedrals. As for the ordinary son of the bourgeoisie, it does not require a skilled psychoanalyst to interpret the inferiority complex that works itself out in a new Villa Medici, or the uneasiness of the *nouveau riche* which embodies itself in French manors, heavy with moss and rich in ancient textures. Almost any well-to-do suburb is a character-analysis of its inhabitants; and while the result may have a pathological interest, the effect of a dozen such clashing lunacies robs any particular building of the æsthetic quality it might exhibit independently. Only public buildings should have a symbolic character; the rest of the community should be a well-arranged and well-proportioned frame. As an exit for "personality" symbolic architecture is a nuisance; what we need in most of our buildings is not individuality but urbanity, which is the habit of minding one's own business assiduously, and not making too much noise about it.

The capital hope of American architecture at the moment is that the mass of urban building is again becoming undistinguished; in fact, a new vernacular is springing up out of our daily needs. Park avenue in New York is an excellent example. The untrained spectator speaks of that avenue as "magnificent" or "sumptuous" or "extravagant," for he is thinking vaguely of the huge rents paid there. But the æsthetic quality of Park avenue is exactly that of a row of Mr. Andrew Thomas's tenement-houses: it has the severe, restful quality of unbroken planes and cubes, with scarcely a touch of special ornamental tags to mar the serene massiveness of the façade. It is true that when buildings of this kind are placed side by side on an interminable street, the result is monotonous. What we need, of course, is the occasional break of a garden, a square, or a well-placed public building—that is to say, the sort of variation provided by a functional city plan. It is perfectly useless, however, for the stylicist to attempt to disguise the inevitable monotony of checkerboard streets and unplanned sites, for he is trying to achieve by an individual effort something which can be adequately done only on a civic scale and by civic regulation. When a dozen other buildings make the same effort the result is an undistinguished jumble, rather worse than the monotony the architect sought to avoid. Hence the superiority of Park avenue over Fifth, which is little better than a costume museum, filled with the relics of architectural attics.

All that the most optimistic observer can say is that the elements of a sound vernacular are present in a great number of new structures, and that we are beginning to achieve a style distinct from an array of spurious stylicisms. But as for using these elements and making something magnificent out of them—that is quite another story. As long as we continue our fantastic habit of sinking all our available funds into subways and multiple streets, and of building up new sections of our cities on the same wasteful and stupid

lines that our ancestors devised for the older parts, it will not do to cackle too loudly about the state of architecture. Our improvements will remain little more than potentialities.

Still, it is amusing to speculate on the prospects of the historic stylicisms, if our vernacular continues to develop, and it is even more interesting, perhaps, to consider what the likelihood is of developing an appropriate symbolic architecture for our own place and time. Once we cease to disguise our nakedness in the cast-off clothes of other cultures we shall perhaps begin to think of creating new symbolisms for our own. But in this regard we are in a pickle, for the conventional architect shrinks from the task, and, more vainly than ever, suggests the Toltecs and the Aztecs as substitutes for the Greeks and the Goths.

What hinders the development of a symbolic architecture, which will do for our own age what Chartres did for the Thirteenth Century, is, primarily, the fact that we live in a spiritual chaos. There are scarcely any values that a Catholic and a Ku Kluxer and an honest atheist, a scientist and a stockbroker, a Californian and a New Yorker hold together and deeply respect. For the sake of conventional agreement, we have turned towards the past, particularly during this last century, in order to conceal our own spiritual barrenness and timidity, but a formal rehash of the past, without love, faith, or understanding, has not even the virtue of self-deception. And we are not in much better shape when we take the lowest common denominator of our life today, and attempt to worship the machine. We can, in a fashion, symbolize dynamos and airplanes, by structural forms that are subtle repetitions of these contraptions, but this is a crude and insufficient source of inspiration, for genuine symbolism is the translation, not of a fact, but of an idea. Mr. Erich Mendelsohn has designed a hat-factory that has the outlines of a hat, and Mr. Raymond Hood has designed a radiator building which has the suggestion of a radiator; but neither of these efforts give a hint as to how we shall build a library, a theater or a school.

For a while, it seems to me, our real salvation will lie in the steady pursuit of a vernacular. When we begin to plan our cities so as to create architectural effects out of wholes, rather than out of individually brilliant parts, we shall discover perhaps that a new symbolism has arisen almost in spite of ourselves. There is, after all, no cure for emptiness but fulness, and there is no use going through the motions of eating dinner unless the food is before us. Once we find something to express within us, we shall not even have the temptation to throw ourselves in the lap of the past, nor yet shall we seek the Kingdom and the glory, as well as the power, in the dominant material facts of our own age. Meanwhile, the daily task of building must go on, and a little common-sense and honesty will help.

PATENT OFFICE MAGIC—MEDICAL

BY ARTHUR J. CRAMP

Old wives and starres are his councellors; his nightspell is his guard, and charms his physician. He wears Paracelsian characters for the toothache; and a little hallowed wax is his antidote for all evils.—*Bishop Hall.*

Ask the man in the street why the government grants a patent and he will probably reply: "So that inventive genius may be rewarded." In this he will be largely wrong. The reason the United States gives the inventor of a new and useful art, machine or article a seventeen-year monopoly in the sale of his invention, in exchange for a full and free description of it, is not primarily to reward the inventor but to stimulate progress. This is obvious from the wording of the Constitution: "The Congress shall have power . . . to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." By its language the Constitution limits Congress to the protection of "useful" inventions. Invention naturally implies originality and novelty—the creation of something which has not heretofore existed. One other common fallacy held in connection with the matter of patents is that of regarding a granted patent as an expression of governmental approval and protection.

It is not the purpose of this article to show that the way in which the United States patent law is applied to inventions and discoveries in materia medica hinders progress in therapeutics. Yet the fact is that the application works a hardship on the public because it allows a patent to be granted on a product and so creates a monopoly in a *thing*. Many, if not most, foreign countries refuse to grant patents on medical or medicinal products, although some do grant them on the processes of making such products. A single example of the detriment our law works on the American public is the case of aspirin. Practically no other country in the world, and certainly not Germany, the original home of aspirin, granted or would grant a patent either on the product aspirin or on the process of making it. The United States granted both. The result was that for seventeen years no one in this country except the Bayer Company could either manufacture or sell aspirin under its chemical name, its proprietary name, or any other name. During this period the public in Germany, France, Denmark and most of the other countries in Europe was buying aspirin at four cents an ounce while the people of the United States were paying forty-three cents an ounce for the same product.

But neither the public's misapprehension of the reason-for-being of the Patent Office nor the inequity of the patent laws as at present applied to medicinal products is the subject of this paper. Rather it is to point out how far that office has failed in applying current medical knowledge, not to say common sense, in the granting of patents for things medical. If at the outset you feel that it is unfair to hold against the Patent Office of 1926 its blunders of 1796, please withhold judgment. It will be shown later on that no more intelligence is being exhibited in the Twentieth Century in the granting of certain kinds of so-called medical patents than was shown in the issuance of certain letters patent way back in the Eighteenth Century.

II

In February, 1796, the United States granted a patent to Elisha Perkins on certain "metallic points to remove pain." These were generally known at that time as Perkins' Metallic Tractors. Perkins was a Connecticut Yankee and a physician of parts. In Plainfield, Conn., where he practiced, he was held in high professional repute—until he began to exploit his tractors. When he was elected, in 1795, as a delegate to the Connecticut Medical Society, Perkins chose that time and place to announce his invention. Two years later the local medical society to which he belonged denounced the tractors as quackery and expelled their inventor.

Perkins' tractors were pieces of metal, in shape and size not unlike horseshoe-nails, rounded at the larger end and tapering to a point at the smaller. They were used in pairs, each member being made of different metallic combinations. Just what metals were used in their manufacture was never disclosed even in the patent specifications, although one tractor seemed to be chiefly brass and the other largely iron. Perkins made them himself in a small furnace concealed behind sliding panels in the walls of his house. The tractors were used with a stroking motion, being applied to the part affected and drawn across to a part of the body not involved. Gillray's classic caricature, "Metallic Tractors," published in London in 1801, shows them in use.

The popularity of the tractors was instantaneous and hearty. Notable members of the clergy, distinguished lawyers, university professors, members of the legislatures—all united to praise Perkins' invention as a marvel of therapeutic potency. Nor was their fame confined to the land of their conception. Important members of the Danish medical profession connected with the Royal Frederick Hospital at Copenhagen conducted a series of clinical studies with the tractors and in 1799 published an exhaustive and laudatory report.

As American interest in the tractors waned, Perkins' son Benjamin Douglas (Yale, 1794) conceived the idea—as many have done since—that the British Isles should furnish a lush field for Yankee quackery. About the time that the Danes were putting a halo on the senior Perkins, Perkins junior went to London to exploit his father's invention. He rented the house previously occupied by the eminent John Hunter and immediately did a thriving business. By selling the tractors for five guineas a pair he accumulated a fortune of £10,000 and before the bubble burst returned to the United States and became a Quaker!

In 1803 the first Perkinean Institute was opened in London, with Lord Rivers on its board. In the reports which were issued at intervals it was claimed that more than a million and a half cures had been effected by means of the tractors. Testimonials from university professors, from a scattering of physicians and surgeons, and from clergymen and others of equal standing formed part of the numerous reports published by the Perkinean Institute. Only a few physicians became Perkineans, but those who did were of the type in whom the art of self-advertisement is highly developed. As a result the publicity that "tractoration" got was out of all proportion to its importance. The great bulk of the medical profession would have none of it.

The eminent English physician, John Haygarth, of Bath, and his associate, Dr. Falconer, were convinced of the fraudulence of the pretenses of Perkins. They devised an imitation pair of tractors made of wood and treated a number of cases of gout and rheumatism with them. Two assistants, who had not been let into the secret, were almost converted to Perkinism when they saw the patients improve under the treatment. Dr. Alderson, another unbeliever, also employed wooden tractors with results that brought public thanks in church. One poor old woman, who claimed to have suffered for months from pain in the arm

and shoulders, was relieved in less than five minutes by an application of the wooden tractors. The exposures of Haygarth and others were the undoing of Perkinism. With the mystery gone the public ceased to be interested, and the tractors were soon relegated to the limbo of forgotten medical fads.

III

In November, 1854, the magi of the Patent Office granted patent No. 11942 to Dr. Alpheus Myers, for a tapeworm trap. The device was a small gold cylinder in two parts, with rounded ends and not unlike in size and shape the gelatin capsules that are used for administering powdered drugs. The top had a fine cord attached, while the lower portion had a small opening in the side. Bait (kind not specified) was placed in the trap and the patient, after a fast of several days, swallowed it, retaining a hold on the free end of the cord so as to remove it when he got a bite. The theory was that the hungry *tænia*, having been deprived for several days of its normal nourishment, and casting about for a meal, would reach for the bait through the opening in the lower half of the trap. This disengaged a spring which caused a toothed cylinder within the trap to be forced upward, thus seizing the worm. Then both tapeworm and trap could be withdrawn. Not content with granting a product patent on the device, the government went further and granted to Dr. Myers a process patent (No. 11943) on the method of using the trap.

IV

Whatever one may think of Myer's tapeworm trap as an addition to materia medica, it admittedly was ingenious. Not so the device on which the United States, in 1897, granted to Hercules Sanche patent No. 587,237. Sanche was born too late; had he lived at the time of the Round Table he would have given Merlin a run for his money. The man was a genius. As a preliminary to his application for a patent, this shrewd old dispenser of modern magic first invented an hypothesis which not even an accommodating patent office could protect. Sanche's theory as it appears in the specifications was to this effect:

> The habits of civilized life—*i.e.*, the wearing of shoes and clothing of nonconducting material and the insulation from the earth by dry floors and feather beds—prevent the body from partaking freely of the electrical equilibrium of the earth.

Disease, in other words, according to Sanche's theory, is a disturbance of the body's "electrical equilibrium"—whatever that may mean. He explained in the patent specifications that hogs, turtles, alligators and other animals that live in the mud "are notoriously free from disease and nervousness." That hogs are free from disease any stock raiser of experience can deny. That a turtle is free from nervousness may be true; next to the oyster, the turtle is probably as free from nervous instability as any member of the animal kingdom. Sanche then explained that his "Apparatus For Treating Diseases"—the title of the patent—was of such a character that it would not only "comprehend the preservation of electrical equilibrium" between the body and the earth, but it would also remove "abnormal conditions by producing an electrical tension in the body contrary to that which superinduced the disease."

Although Sanche thus glibly talked in electrical terms, he was careful to explain that his invention had "nothing whatever to do with galvanism or dynamic currents." In other words, he disclaimed any electrical factors in the invention. While the specifications illustrated and referred to various types of devices to be used under his theory of treating disease, there was nothing in them to show of what the devices were composed, how they were made, or in what way they worked. Nevertheless, Sanche got his patent. The device when put on the market was called the Oxydonor—the Giver of Oxygen.

In the meantime he had revamped his theory. This was doubtless to get away from the "electrical equilibrium" factor of the patent specification; for the presence or absence of electricity is a matter of demonstrable fact. His new theory was more plausible and easily understood by the type of intelligence he sought to exploit. It was to the effect that there existed in Nature a force—known only to Sanche—which he christened "diaduction." This force could be put into action only by means of Sanche's device and would cause the human body to absorb oxygen. Further, lack of oxygen—Theory No. 3—is the cause of all human ills from alopecia to zoster. *Ergo:* Use the Oxydonor, let loose diaduction and the trick is done! The Oxydonor was an hermetically sealed, nickel-plated, metal cylinder with rounded ends. It was three inches long and one inch thick and was filled with plaster of paris or something equally inert. Attached to one end was a piece of flexible, insulated electric wire, which on its free end had a small disc that, by means of an elastic band or buckle, could be fastened to the wrist or ankle. The method of operation was to place the Oxydonor in cold water while the disc was attached to the ankle or wrist—and diaduction did its stuff.

In the earlier days of exploitation Sanche went so far as to insist that his device would "absorb oxygen from the water and force it by the law of induction through the system." As his claims began to be examined more critically, he modified this and said: "The Oxydonor causes the body to absorb large quantities of oxygen through the myriad pores of the skin." Diaduction throve mightily and Oxydonors at $35 apiece sold like Florida real estate. Hypochondriacs found in the Oxydonor the material equivalent of the verbal mumbo-jumbo of the mental healers.

Sanche, with the imagination of genius, expanded his business by founding a fraternity whose function it was to further the use of Oxydonor and spread the gospel of diaduction, *Fraternitas Duxanimæ*—the Fraternity of Duxanimæ. Sanche explained his fraternity in a single sentence of four hundred and fifty-eight words, of which I will quote but the opening clauses:

> The Fraternity of Duxanimæ is a Cosmopolitan Organization of the beneficiaries of the new Method of curing disease and of bracing life to any reasonable requirement, on strictly natural principles, without medication, or electrical devices, or anything previously employed to treat human ills, and without anything except what I have invented and named Diaductive Connections, made with certain Diaductive connectors, connecting the human organism, or any other living thing, with suitable inanimate matter in suitable quantity and condition, to form a diamagnetic pair, acting as an artificial Organic Device. . . .

Like all fraternities, it had a vow. The taking of this Vow of Duxanimæ (*Votum Fraternitatis Duxanimæ*) was "the prime, inflexible condition" to enrolment. It is much too long and elaborate to reproduce, but its salient points were to the effect that the votary would do everything in his power to oppose the sale and use of imitations of Oxydonors and to extend in every way the benefits "of the School and Practice of Duxanimæ by Diaduction." In a word, he pledged himself to do everything possible to drum up further trade for Sanche. Finding human nature so trusting, Sanche went further. He had forms printed by which his disciples could bind themselves to make "donations to the cause of diaduction." These donations were to be applied by Hercules Sanche "for his own use in paying his personal and other expenses in travel and other incidental costs incurred by his promoting the general cause of Duxanimæ by Diaduction . . ."

So successfully and painlessly did Sanche separate the fool and his money that numerous imitators arose. As a result, the Oxydonor reached the equity courts and learned judges had an opportunity of expressing their opinion of diaduction. Mr. Justice Shiras, later a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, said:

> I am entirely certain that I do not understand the working of this so-called force, if any such exists, and I greatly doubt whether Dr. Sanche has any clear conception of the force or principle

which he seeks to describe under the name of "diaduction."

While another judge expressed himself thus:

> [The theory] is a mere pretense, that is to say, a theory not entertained by the inventor in good faith, but put forward as an imaginary hypothesis merely for the purpose of obtaining a patent on a very simple contrivance, which was not patentable unless the claim was reinforced by some such pretended discovery.

Finally, eighteen years after one branch of the United States government had granted a patent on what later became the Oxydonor, and declared it a new and useful invention, another branch of the same government—the Post Office Department—declared the "invention" a fraud and its inventor a faker and in 1915 barred both from the United States mails.

V

The Oxydonor patent was issued in 1897. Three years later, in 1900, the Patent Office granted a patent (No. 647,101) for what was described as a "battery case for electro-medical apparatus." In the specifications the invention was said to relate to improvements in supplying electric currents to the human body. The alleged improvements were supposed to consist first, of an end to a cylinder, and, second, a means of securing such an end to the cylinder as to prevent its ready removal. This device was commercially known as the Oxygenor, and was one of the numerous imitations of Sanche's Oxydonor. Like its prototype, it had nothing electrical about it. Like the Oxydonor, too, it was a metal cylinder hermetically sealed, of course, and nickel-plated. But instead of having but one wire attached to it, it had two wires, one at each end of the cylinder. Each wire on its free end had the inevitable buckle; one to be attached to the wrist, the other to the ankle. The theory of its use was identical with that put forward by Sanche—stolen, frankly, in its entirety.

The cylinder itself, like the Oxydonor, was filled with inert material, which on dissection was found to be a mixture of sand, sulphur and charcoal. In the advertising hokum of the Oxygenor this sand and sulphur mixture became "a delicately adjusted but permanent combination of rare and costly metals." The Direction Book contained a chart of more than a hundred pathologic states, running the gamut of human suffering. In fact, the exploiters modestly admitted that the range of the device in the cure of disease was "from headache to paralysis, from blood poison to change of life, from chickenpox to varicose veins, from colic to Bright's disease, from malaria to dyspepsia." In due course the postal authorities got around to this swindle and the solicitor for the Post Office Department in his memorandum to the Postmaster-General declared that "the device is utterly worthless for the treatment of disease in any form, and all of the representations as to its wonderful therapeutic value are false and fraudulent." On June 5, 1915, a little more than fifteen years after the Patent Office had accepted it as a new and useful invention, the thing was declared a fraud and the use of the mails closed to it.

VI

A citizen of Switzerland (a country which does not grant patents on medicinal preparations) was granted United States patent No. 1,081,069 on December 9, 1913. Quoting from the specifications:

> The present invention relates to a composition which is intended to be used internally and which confers to the organisms immunity against the following microbial infectious illnesses: *diphtheria, pneumonia, typhus, scarlet fever, influenza, septic infections, cerebro-spinal meningitis, syphilis, pest, cholera and tuberculosis; it is also effective in another kind of disease, viz, goiter.* [*Italics mine.*]

This marvel was merely a solution of small quantities of creatinin and allantoin and a minute amount of guanidin in water. By the time the patent was granted the inventor was dead and his estate got it. Since, by the use of his own preparation he should have been immune to practically

all diseases, he probably died of senility. Although by its action the Patent Office virtually declared that one may be immunized against pneumonia, influenza, cerebro-spinal meningitis, syphilis and tuberculosis, the morbidity rate in these diseases still continues high. What shall be thought of the controlling intelligence that granted a patent on such a mixture?

VII

In the not-too-particular rural weeklies advertisements have run for some years of the Galvano necklace, said to be "the latest discovery for the relief or cure of goiter by mild electrical treatment." The necklace came from a small town in Wisconsin. The Pooh-Bah in its exploitation was one Frederick C. Werner, "consulting physician," "president," "manager," "director" and "inventor" of the device on which the United States granted patent No. 1,190,831, on July 11, 1916. Those who answered the advertisements received a letter signed "F. C. Werner, M.D., Consulting Physician," stating that the inquiry had been referred to Werner by the company. One visualizes the gentleman opening a letter in his capacity as president, director and manager of the company and then gravely referring it to himself in his further capacity as consulting physician.

The patent granted to Werner was on "An Appliance for Treating Goiter." According to the specifications, the Galvano necklace consists of beads made of glass or other insulating material between which are placed, alternately, small zinc and copper discs. Through the discs and beads runs a wire. The necklace is to be used in connection with an ointment containing iodide of mercury and chloride of calcium, that is applied to the skin of the neck. The necklace is then hung so that the part containing the zinc and copper discs comes in contact with the anointed skin. The alleged purpose of the invention is that of "generating galvanic currents in contact with the skin in the presence of mercurous iodide and calcium chloride." On the basis of this fantastic piece of pseudo science the Patent Office granted a patent. The thing sells for $7.50. The necklace itself is a cheap and tawdry affair that as an adornment could not for a minute compete with the "jewelry" displayed on the five-and-ten counters of Messrs. Woolworth and Kresge. Its therapeutic virtues are no greater and no less than those of a string of wampum.

VIII

Early in 1917 the United States issued patent No. 1,212,888 for the era-making discovery of a method of flavoring Epsom salt. The inventor avowed that the "prime object" of his "invention" was to "disguise the normal taste and impart an agreeable odor or smell to salts commonly employed as a cathartic." He further claimed that he had added to the salts an antiseptic and anesthetic agent which would so act as to cure "flatulency, indigestion, sick and sour stomach, colic and the destruction of worms, etc."

In theory the law requires that, to be patentable, an invention shall not only be new and useful but shall show in its inception a higher degree of skill than is naturally to be expected from those who are skilled in the arts to which the inventions belong. Not a day passes that some physician in the United States when writing a prescription does not do substantially the same thing as is claimed for this "invention." When a doctor prescribes Epsom salt to be taken in one of the official aromatized waters, he does not in the eyes of the law produce or create a new invention. While in a sense every prescription is an invention to meet the conditions presented by the patient, it is not patentable because it represents but the ordinary skill of a physician in carrying on his vocation. Yet a seventeen-year monopoly on the sale of this flavored Epsom salt was granted by the United States Patent Office.

IX

: is a matter of general knowledge, not nly to medical men but to the more in-elligent part of the general public, that here is no drug at present known that an be considered a remedy for tubercu-osis. Yet, on February 15, 1921, the United tates Patent Office issued patent No. ,368,974 for an invention that provided a remedy which will prove effective in he treatment of tuberculosis." The patent vas granted to one Evaghoras Serghison, f San Francisco. It was immediately com-nercialized and put on the market as avrite. Naturally, much was made of the act that the United States government had ssued a patent on the compound. The in-entor's story was to the effect that he had iscovered this "specific remedy for tuber-ulosis" by experimenting on himself and uring himself of the disease.

Part of the advertising come-on pur-orted to be a testimonial from a medico vho was described as an eminent physician. nvestigation indicated that the eminence vas pure fiction, conferred by the con-umption cure concern, as a careful search f medical literature and other sources of nformation failed to disclose that the man ad any claim to distinction. In fact, aside rom the usual biographical data that is vailable on all licensed physicians, the nly other record appeared in clippings of California newspapers in 1922, to the ffect that this particular practitioner had een bound over to the Federal court, harged with illegally prescribing booze.

From the Patent Office specifications we ind that this consumption cure, which 'never yet had a failure," was thus prepared:

Pure olive oil	1	gallon
Squill root	3	pounds
Bitter almonds	1¼	pounds
Nettle (the plant except the root)	1½	pounds
Red poppy flower (petals)	1	pound

In preparing the remedy the several ingredients are placed in a suitable container and thoroughly mingled by shaking or agitation. The container is then corked or closed in an air-tight manner and placed adjacent a stove so that the heat therefrom will warm the water and accordingly warm the mixture gradually. The mixture is left thus standing for a considerable period of time. In actual use I have found that twenty-two hours is about the proper time. At the expiration of this period the mixture is thoroughly mixed and squeezed and thereupon filtered: the liquid produced being used as the remedy.

Patent specifications are supposed to be so drawn that on the expiration of the patent it is possible for any one skilled in the art to make a similar product from the description given. Study the specifications just quoted. Which one of the five hundred odd species of nettle is used by Mr. Serghison? Or does it matter? Just how close should the mixture be placed to the stove and how hot should the stove be? How will one determine what is the "considerable period of time" during which the process of digestion must continue? What are the laboratory or organoleptic tests to determine whether the process is incomplete, carried too far, or just right? These and a dozen other questions could pertinently be asked of the Patent Office. As a matter of fact, some of the questions were asked by the organized medical profession of the United States through the American Medical Association. The reply was to the effect that the Patent Office "does not undertake to justify its actions in granting any particular patent." Here we have a recrudescence of that hoary old economic slogan, "the public be damned," as exhibited by a component branch of the United States government.

Further investigation of the facts leading up to the granting of the Savrite patent brought out some interesting points. It seems that when Mr. Serghison first applied for a patent, the official examiner, who happened to be a physician, repeatedly refused—to his credit—to grant the patent. The applicant, therefore, took an appeal over the head of the examiner, and, as is provided by the Revised Statutes, this appeal was heard by the examiners-in-chief, a board consisting of five judges appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. When the case was argued

before this board Serghison filed an affidavit signed by the same physician whose testimonial has already been commented on. In this the doctor swore that he had "successfully administered the said composition to at least three patients suffering with tuberculosis, and that the said composition has resulted in certain curative effects which have not been possible to obtain by a composition or medical preparation heretofore used by him or known to him." On the basis of this affidavit the Board of Appeals decided that a patent should issue.

One would suppose that even the most superficial investigation would have proved that this mixture of olive oil, squill, almonds and what not, did not represent an invention that was either useful or original. It does not tend in any way to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, but might be expected definitely to deter such progress.

X

From the consumption cure patent of 1921 and its tragic possibilities one turns with relief to an equally preposterous but laughable one granted in 1923 for an alleged obesity cure. United States patent No. 1,465,530, issued to one Herbert Wilson Smith of Washington, D.C., is, according to the specifications, on an "invention" that "relates to a composition of matter for producing a medicated bath of particular value in the treatment of obesity." This particular obesity cure is of the bath salt type. There are many such on the market—all of them as worthless and innocuous for the purpose for which they are sold as so much plain water.

The preparation on which the patent was granted is known commercially as San-I-Sal. It is said to "take off weight just where reduction is most needed." Of course, exercise and diet can be forgotten: "No tiresome exercise—no starvation diet —no mysterious internal treatment." And thrown in for good measure, San-I-Sa "relieves rheumatic pains, breaks u colds" and those who use it "becom greatly rejuvenated." What is this ne and useful composition of matter nc previously known or used by others? Le the patent specifications tell:

Epsom salt	90 per cent
Baking soda	2 per cent
Table salt	5 per cent
Canada balsam	2 per cent
Oil of pine needles	1 per cent

The pine oil, we gather from the sam source of knowledge, is to "open the pore of the skin," while the Epsom salt is t cause sweating. The table salt is "for th purpose of counteracting the tendency c the skin toward looseness, which usuall occurs from long continued bathing in ho water." Furthermore, the mixture may b used "to obtain a velvety, clear com plexion." These claims, it should be born in mind, are not from a patent medicin advertisement, but from the specification issued by the United States Patent Office

In the advertising of San-I-Sal the obes victim is told to fill the tub with water a hot as can be comfortably borne. San-I-Sa is then placed in the water and the opti mistic stylish-stout gets into the tub an stays there for half an hour, adding ho water to keep the bath as hot as she ca bear it. She then goes to bed and sweat for half an hour. That such sweating wil reduce the weight of the body to th extent of the sweat excreted is, of course obvious. It would be equally obvious ever though this new and useful invention o Mr. Smith plays no part in the performance It is equally true, too, that within a very few hours the body will have received enough additional water to make up th loss. Epsom salt, baking soda and table salt, perfumed with Canada balsam and oi of pine needles, a new and useful invention in the reduction of obesity, so declared by the United States Patent Office!

CLOUD-CAPP'D TOWERS

BY EMILY CLARK

Brown and still the garden lay in its mild October interlude. The second blooming of a few stubborn rose-bushes occasionally interrupted the monochromatic scene, but the October violets, lost under their thick leaves, gave no hint that they too were lingering to receive the late frost that comes to Southern Virginia. A charming wide house of white-columned buff stucco shone through the opening in two tall clumps of box forming a half-arch at one of the four entrances to the garden. On a wooden bench of a damp, dark-grey, unwholesome tint on the inner side of the arch Doctor Vesey sat, smoking one of his slim, brown Porto Rican cigarettes. Doctor Vesey, unlike other men of his generation, never smoked cigars, and his cigarette was a component part of an attitude always entirely debonair. The fact is that Doctor Vesey, who had been born many years after the War, and was by profession a schoolmaster, held intact in the flawless amber of his personality the authentic *beau sabreur* of a much earlier period. His thin, grey face, his thoroughbred nose, his shadowed dark eyes that tormented a close observer with the hazy memory of a portrait seen somewhere of a Tuscan nobleman of the Seventeenth Century, his thick grey hair and his close-clipped grey mustache made him easily the most picturesque figure in a community still sufficiently provincial for picturesque figures to occur with reasonable frequency.

Doctor Vesey was not only a schoolmaster, but a schoolmaster of girls rather than boys, further proof of an attitude perfectly achieved, an attitude eternally triumphant over the trivial realities of life. When, as a young man, he had turned his grandfather's amiably rambling house into a school for young ladies, even his friends and kinsmen, members, like himself, of the tribe which is assuredly the most casual of all this earth's inhabitants, a tribe which, temperamentally, knows not scepticism, were vaguely, spasmodically uneasy as to the outcome of Doctor Vesey's venture. Capital was not a plentiful commodity, but he had somehow managed to enlarge the building. He did not, true enough, enlarge it to an extent where entirely sanitary conditions could prevail. Doctor Vesey could remember the day when it was taken for granted that two people could exist comfortably in one room, more often than otherwise in one bed. He could also remember when bathing was an almost military duty rather than a sybaritic relaxation. And he saw no reason why young women—even young ladies—whose appearance was, as a rule, an accomplishment far less perfect than his own, should not live happily in conditions which had never proved detrimental to himself.

Into the matter of the financial support which every institution must have no one had inquired too closely. Whether those early debts for the foundation of the school had ever been paid no one knew, and to all public appearances no one cared. The school went on somehow. It had even managed—and this is no legend of the Old Southland, but prosaic fact—until six years ago to retain the two words, "female seminary," in its five-word title, without obviously frightening away too many patrons. For the school derived both its

pupils and teachers mainly from the lower section of the most ancient commonwealth —the half-mythical, partly preposterous and wholly insidious section of the State that lies lazily, hushed, soothed and caressingly blanketed in gloriously red mud, on the southern side of the yellow river. Doctor Vesey's son, now a physician on the Pacific Coast, had murmured dreamily, on his last visit home, as he opened the gate where a crimson-stained Ford had deposited him: "Nothing could be better! It comes off in my hands just as it used to. How many other gates around here, I wonder, are coming off their hinges at exactly this moment?"

On each of these visits, however, the condition of the box borders in the gardens varied enough to contrast interestingly with the static air of the other attributes of the house and grounds. The box had, in the past—the past that Doctor Vesey ruled, not the nearly fabulous past of his ancestors—grown with such appalling luxuriance that access to a flower-bed had become almost as difficult as to the Sleeping Beauty's palace, with the piquant difference that what slept within was often not beauty, but weeds. During more recent years the borders were not only clipped but startlingly scant at times, seasons when the roads from the North were especially crowded. Since even fragments of box were desirable, the Doctor and his wife at intervals parted with them for a price. Enterprising travelers returned North or West carrying bits of the academic hedge with which to refresh other less fortunate and cultivated regions, thereby proving the accuracy of a locally celebrated poem used periodically in the school catalogue.

In this locality Doctor Vesey glittered. an oriflamme for the gentle poverty of the little town and surrounding counties. He held his degree from a college of ancient and aristocratic if limited fame, and he still taught Latin himself. His teachers, both men and women, were chosen in friendly fashion for reasons known to the Doctor and trusted by the Doctor's patrons. They were not, for the most part, the owners of degrees from universities, great or small, but they were impeccably gentlefolk. They imparted, moreover, what learning was essential to the future careers of the young ladies—careers which alternated between a local marriage or a position as teacher in a local school.

Hard and fast academic standards did not prick the peace of the Doctor, his faculty or his young ladies. Nor did athletic standards, for sports as part of a young woman's equipment were irrelevant, if indeed not definitely injurious. And the surface which Doctor Vesey preserved untarnished through years by no means luxurious was a testimonial in itself of the efficacy of the Vesey method, the integrity of the Vesey ideal. Even his clothes, semi-rural product as they were, assumed the grand manner when Doctor Vesey assumed them. The military cape of his overcoat, the gloves, the cane which he never forgot, and the wide, soft grey hat which remained with him through the seasons except in unendurable midsummer heat were the final contributions to the exterior of a truly distinguished gentleman. Whether this gentleman was also a scholar and a disciplinarian only a person cruder and more insensitive than the appreciative neighbours of Doctor Vesey would inquire.

II

The slow, soft passing of the years brought the Doctor into gradual State-wide prominence. A leisurely honorable political post was assigned him by a governor always cheerfully ready to oblige such creditable and—it was becoming year by year more painfully apparent—temporary figures as the erect grey gentleman who so gracefully transmuted his meditative moments into smoke wreaths for his garden. More than one post in the commonwealth offered ample time for the consummation of the work it required, and Doctor Vesey's reputation was of such a quality that when the completion of the job remained unac-

omplished at the end of one administra-ion his appointment at the hands of the ucceeding executive was secure.

The commingling of academic and olitical duties brought increasing alien ontacts to Doctor Vesey. The methods and cope of other schools ceased to remain utside his consciousness. Even in his own tate there were institutions for female earning where matters superbly ignored y Doctor Vesey were indispensable ele-nents in catalogues and in fact. Golf ourses, swimming-pools, gymnasia, saddle orses, quite aside from purely academic eatures, threatened to fill the portion of he local horizon where Doctor Vesey had ong shimmered, a conspicuous constella-ion. Now and again a girl from the North r West had been sent to him to acquire what, it was rightly believed from his ppearance and manner, combined with he not less admirable impression invari-bly produced by his wife, was to be had n his academy. These, as a rule, were girls who would not be obliged to work, but who could not afford the expensive last touches supplied by other more celebrated schools in this State and others. The voice and manner which represented the most ancient commonwealth in what was once known to its orators as its perfect flower were considered, in certain quarters, sur-prisingly desirable. And for a life of modest indolence no special preparation was necessary.

As the State, however, became more and more widely known for its hunt clubs, as the revival of the noble English sport whose American birth occurred here was featured with increasing frequency in the many forms of State advertising which now raged through the land, as efficiency in swimming and games became important even in lives of modest indolence, Doctor Vesey realized that Chamber of Commerce methods no longer merited a gentleman's scorn.

In his garden he pondered on the matter and manner of his forthcoming catalogue. And his pondering proved not futile. The catalogue issued the following Spring by Doctor Vesey contained not only the cus-tomary enticing photograph of the old cream and white house, with its driveway, its garden, and its printed promises of the atmosphere, environment and example which had made the womanhood of the State what it was known everywhere throughout the world to be. There was more. A bracing picture of a sweep of golf links decorated the top of one page. At the bottom was visible a tiled swimming-pool. On another a young woman on horseback twirled her crop, with breeches, boots and every flawless detail receiving full justice, There were paragraphs to explain and extol the illustrations, paragraphs which offered every benefit of the commonwealth's country life in addition to its well-known and long-established home atmosphere. That atmosphere, the catalogue, as of old, made clear, had produced and nurtured the loveliest women alive, they who in the words of a well-beloved poem had created historic gardens out of the wilder-ness, gardens

> whose fragrance lives in many lands,
> Whose beauty stars the earth,
> And lights the hearths of happy homes
> With loveliness and mirth.

It had, of course, been traditional with the gentlewomen, as well as with the gentlemen, of the State, to love horses and to follow the hounds. And now, without sacrificing any particle of their feminine birthright, the most utterly feminine birthright in the universe, out-of-door activities in other forms would be added to the advantages already accruing to a period of a few years in the Vesey school. The catalogues were sent broadcast in greater numbers than usual, and the alert eyes of one capable mid-Western mother were caught and held by the glory and the grandeur of the special sort that is not known west of the Alleghanies. Glory and grandeur too, at a singularly reasonable price. "Why not," she thought, "let my daughter grasp this extraordinary oppor-tunity? An old culture with new facilities."

And indeed, what more could be hoped for? Lofty standards, but of a simplicity which would make no girl dissatisfied with the limitations of her future life at home. A correspondence followed in which Doctor Vesey surpassed his catalogue. For the art of letter-writing in the State still survived in amazing vigor.

III

Gladys Speed arrived from Illinois in late September, unaccompanied except by the faith and hope of her maternal parent. Gladys was of a taciturn disposition, and disinclined, it seemed to Doctor Vesey, to any comment, favorable or otherwise, on her surroundings. He was in ignorance of her reactions but disposed to take the best for granted, as no complaints were made.

At Christmas, like the other girls, she went home for the holidays. In early January she returned to school, accompanied this time by her mother, whose faith and hope, it became instantly apparent, had been left behind. Mrs. Speed, who did not stay in the school, made no effort to see Doctor Vesey alone, being plainly engaged with effort along other lines. The school and its surroundings were thoroughly inspected without delay. Within the week Doctor Vesey received an invitation to attend a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the nearby town. This was not a surprise, for the Doctor had figured at almost every variety of meeting, of either literary or community nature, throughout the State.

The meeting, however, failed in no element of the unexpected which the invitation lacked, for Doctor Vesey found confronting him the members of the familiar organization, with the astounding addition of Mrs. Speed and her daughter. Gladys, as always untemperamental, remained mute. Never a victim of the Doctor's notable personality, she seemed equally unmoved by the Doctor's turpitude. But Mrs. Speed lost no time in explaining her presence. She rose to make formal complaint against the Doctor and his academy. She had, she stated, received a catalogue setting forth the advantages, not only of a celebrated and time-honored atmosphere, but of a swimming-pool, a golf course, and a stable full of saddle horses. She had found the atmosphere, as described in the catalogue; an atmosphere, it was true, a bit thick and stale, but none the less definite for that. But of the photographed facilities for out-of-door life she found not one.

She urged the Chamber of Commerce to bear witness to this, as a blot upon the town which the Chamber represented. Such a person should not be permitted to operate fraudulently in a community where the honor of men was held second only to the chastity of women. Public disgrace, alone, was a suitable reward for deception practised with such brazen disregard for public opinion, such shameless carelessness of consequences to the victims of this deception. Mrs. Speed felt sure that so flagrant an outrage would not be condoned by a right-thinking, forward-looking institution. She left the matter in the hands of this institution with no qualms concerning the manner in which it would be dealt with.

The Chamber invited Doctor Vesey to reply. He did. He bowed first to Mrs. Speed, then to Gladys, then to his fellow-citizens. He replied that the very golf course which ornamented his catalogue existed actually at the Country Club nearby, and could be freely used by any pupils who joined that club, always in need of new members. The swimming-pool could be not only seen but used at the Y. W. C. A. Horses could be hired always at a few moments' notice from a convenient livery stable, with the undeniable advantage that if not sufficiently spirited to be feared they were at least sufficiently safe to be trusted, and by the most inexperienced young lady.

No prerogative of the pupils of Doctor Vesey's school had been in any way exaggerated or over-estimated in his cata-

ogue. Should not all of these features of progressive town be utilized by a school which was only another embellishment of hat town? Did not the Chamber of Commerce employ this same allurement in its wn pamphlets urging outsiders to settle ere? Was it not legitimate that the assets f the town should be at the disposal of he school, which brought a greater umber of visitors here than any of its ther institutions? Was it not absolutely ogical that the young ladies should avail hemselves of opportunities so close at and? He desired no unpleasantness with, r for, Mrs. Speed. She seemed to him a ittle tired and overwrought, in her tendncy to find melodrama in a situation so sual. He retained, however, only the riendliest attitude to both of the ladies, nd would do everything in his power o make the remainder of Mrs. Speed's ojourn in their midst as agreeable as ossible.

Doctor Vesey was quite at his best. The ssociation agreed with him cordially. More, it gloried in him. Doctor Vesey bowed again, to Mrs. Speed, to Miss Speed, to the gentlemen. With their permission, he said, he would now leave. The permission was his. He left. Mrs. Speed was unable immediately to speak. With blank eyes she watched his lean, distinguished back departing with no implication of haste through the nearest door. She gazed at the gentlemen assembled. She found in their collected countenances no trace of anything amiss. Opening her mouth and closing it again she gathered up her wrap, bag and daughter, vanishing through the same door. That night the Speeds left for Illinois.

The next day's noon recess, the air being mild, found Doctor Vesey on his garden bench, a Napoleonic figure with his cape overcoat gathered round him. He was making smoke wreaths to melt into the softly sympathetic air with which the Southside occasionally blesses her children, even in January.

NOTES ON THE NATION CULT

BY WILLIAM ORTON

THE terms and images under which mankind has conceived itself show an amusing mutability. Our western tradition started, in the naïveté of youth, with the assertion that man rules over the entire cosmos and all that is in it. Some difficulty about the execution of the claim reduced our spiritual forbears to the conviction that it is the meek who shall inherit the earth. To this was added the proviso that it is probably not this recalcitrant earth they are likely to inherit but some far beyond. Further experiment in the difficult art of living brought our fathers to the nadir—or zenith—of humility, claiming no more than a peaceful cotenancy of their habitat with its numerous other denizens, and cherishing sentiments of *liberté, egalité et fraternité* toward their finned, furred and feathered neighbors. The imagery oscillated between arrogance and abnegation with the vicissitudes of luck and circumstance. A period of material success and territorial expansion evoked the imperial mood, while one of misery and defeat brought forth the mood of religious resignation and cosmic democracy.

Whether there is a herd instinct may well be doubted, but such a concept is a useful one, for it explains the somewhat primitive basis of certain social phenomena, such as the tendency of men to hang together and their predilection for whatever strengthens either the fact or the sentiment of solidarity and their fear or dislike of that which isolates. "Herd-fellows," says Giddings, "are highly similar. They look alike, smell alike, bleat, bark and bellow alike, and they otherwise behave alike. Therefore the stimulation that herd-fellow A gets from herd-fellow B is extraordinarily like the stimulation that he gets from himself." In the absence of any reason to suppose that the writer's professorial or political experience was unique, we have here an outline of what he calls the closed circle of stimulus and response, within which most national phenomena take place.

Nationalism is essentially a middle-class phenomenon, a consequence of the rise, in comfort, power and articulation, of that undifferentiated mass of average humanity in which the mere fact of numbers in communication generates a vague emotional warmth. Witness, for a striking example, the composition of the Fascist movement—that "trustee of the common treasure of patriotic spirit," as a recent apologist calls it—and of its offspring in England, Germany and America. Wertheimer's analysis of the Pan-German movement shows that its membership consisted overwhelmingly of academic and professional people and small business men, and that big business, the church, the nobility, the army and the navy were but slightly represented in it.

The historic connection between militant nationalism and the trading middle class may be traced in detail in the record of Elizabethan England. The supplanting of the old governing classes by the new stocks was noted at the time by Sir John Fortescue and Sir Thomas Smith, both of whom realized the tremendous social significance of this ousting of the "gretteste lordes" by the sons of people who "confess themselves to be no gentlemen." The disappearing aristocracy had been immersed, apart from its genealogical feuds, in the Latin culture of the Catholic world, and

found its literary diversion in the sophisticated internationalism of the masque and the comedy of manners. The new lot, as the players soon discovered, preferred the slapstick farce of things like "Friar Bacon" and the naïve jingoism of the chronicle and pageant. "Tell them," says Nash in "Pierce Penniless," "what a glorious thing it is to have Henry V represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner and forcing both him and the Dolphin swear fealty." So, too, Heywood, in the "Apology for Actors": "Plays have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of all our English chronicles; and what man have you now of that weak capacity that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay, from the landing of Canute, until this day?"

II

Not for nothing, of course, have drama and song been *par excellence* the vehicles of conscious nationalism. Like the orator, they need a mob audience. As distinct from literature proper, they can play upon a mentality which is not that of the passive individual but that of the individual stimulated by association to the point where he instinctively warms to the "crowd absolutes" that are so beloved of the rhetorician. This "absolutism of the crowd," as Martin calls it—this tendency to escape from the piecemeal reality of life by conjuring with abstract Justice, Loyalty, Duty, Morality and the rest of the hocus-pocus—is, of course, what one would expect from the mentality of the nationalistic groups. But it makes for stuff which is as far from genuine literature as "Henry V" is from "Hamlet."

This is very clearly illustrated in the contrast between folk poetry and the definitely national variety. The former, like all true art, may be intensely local, but is never provincial; from that defect it is redeemed by the very immediacy of experience which is frankly received and sincerely expressed. Folk-song is above all things direct and personal. Its imagery, its metaphor, its rare hyperbole is that of personal experience so deep, so poignant, as to transcend the limits of common speech in the interests of truth itself. For example:

> Now they have buried thee, my little one,
> Who will make thy little bed?
> Black Death will make it for me
> For a very long night.
>
> Who will arrange thy pillows,
> So thou mayst sleep softly?
> Black Death will arrange them for me
> With hard stones.
>
> Who will awake thee, my daughter,
> When day is up?
> Down here it is always sleep,
> Always dark night.[1]

Distinctively national song, on the other hand, frequently outruns truth on the road to hyperbole, and for a very simple reason. The sentiment evoked by it depends for its very existence on the recognition of like sentiment in others. A lonely nationalist is ridiculous. Hence the motive of such verse is rather to generate or intensify the sentiment of an audience than to express an immediate truth of personal experience. It is therefore fruitful both of splendid rhetoric and comic bathos. Here is a quaint Elizabethan specimen of the latter, taken from a ballad entitled "The Honour of a London Prentice."[2] The prentice, after various heroic adventures, finds himself in Turkey, and apparently gets on the nerves of the Sultan, who thrusts him into an arena with a couple of lions:

> . . . and running all amain
> His body to devour,
> Into their throats he thrust his arms,
> With all his might and power.
> From thence, by manly valour,
> Their hearts he tore in sunder,
> And at the king he threw them,
> To all the people's wonder.
> This have I done, quoth he,
> For lovely England's sake,
> And for my country's maiden queen
> Much more will undertake. . . .

[1] Græco-Italian: quoted by Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco in her "Essays in the Study of Folk-Song."
[2] Ritson's collection, 1829.

The king, in heart amazed,
Lift up his eyes to heaven,
And, for his foul offences,
Did crave to be forgiven,
Believing that no land
Like England may be seen,
No people better governed,
By virtue of a queen.

The theme survives in my recollection as that of a popular music-hall ditty, in which the prentice's exploits were further improved upon thus:

He seized the lion by the tail
And pulled him inside out.

The foregoing are, of course, extreme cases, and less than justice is done to national verse by such a comparison; nevertheless, they illustrate the cardinal distinction. The love of country, in folk-song, is literally what that term implies: love of the actual earth, its fields, hills, rivers, of the lie of the land, of its inns and its women, of all the tangible realities that enter the lives of the folk. In national verse all this is taken at a remove; it becomes idea or ideal, as in

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?

and the gate is open to group comparisons, rivalries, propaganda, the sublimation of self and all the rest of it.

III

If there were any possibility of an answer it would be worth while asking what exactly is conveyed by the name of the country in such utterances as the foregoing. Its tremendous emotional charge is obvious in nearly every case. One is here reminded of many things: of the oath attributed to Victor Emmanuel after Novara: "And yet by God Italy shall be"; of the Duc d'Amale's reply to the plea of Bazaine, after the surrender of Metz, that there was nothing left to fight for: "There is always France"; of Nelson's "England expects"; of President Coolidge's exordium, in his acceptance speech, of the "commonplace things of life," including the home, the school, and religion, and his peroration: "America will continue to defend these shrines." To the same class belong the numerous references to country in that large amount of verse which is neither altogether folk poetry nor altogether nationalist verse. That it is a mistake to take such references too literally the vicissitudes of the Irish nationalist and the Zionist movements clearly show. It is for no material Ireland or Palestine that the Irish American or the American Jew yearns. The question, since we are obviously in the realm of symbol, is one for the psychologists. Freud has, in fact, drawn attention to the significance of the frequent appearance of the king-queen imagery in individual psychoses for father-mother. The use of the latter symbolism in nationalistic utterance is familiar to all.

To call this matter a case of collective escape from reality, of wish fulfilment, does not take us very far, since the wish in question is far from simple. The power-dream is, of course, part of it: Wundt has noted the connection of collective-totems with war, and MacCurdy has observed that "the attitude of a people toward its wars is not a glorification of war, but rather an enthusiasm for itself as a nation. War marks the highest level of national consciousness that is ever reached." That is doubtless why it is so effective an antidote, in an unstable democracy like the French, for domestic uneasiness. But is there, in addition to the narcissistic element, a sadistic one as well—part of the general release afforded by the grosser phases of collective psychology? The frequent appearance of some form of the death image in close conjunction with nationalist symbolism or emotion suggests such a conclusion: for example, the epidemic of songs about the West (an exceedingly old form of that image) during the last war.

It is not the purpose of the present paper to trace this analysis farther, but simply to note some variant forms of national symbolism, with some of their consequences.

ts degeneration to naïve fetichism is fa-
niliar among the children of all nations,
ut flag worship by adults is perhaps no-
vhere so normal as in America. There was
very spectacular outbreak of it, however,
n Fiume under the d'Annunzio régime,
vhen the rioting was started by an alleged
(or prearranged) insult perpetrated by
Frenchman upon the Italian tricolor. The
oet-hero's proclamations (reported by
Capt. MacDonald in "A Political Esca-
ade") furnish a complete museum of
pecimens. The Allies and America are
lenounced as "devourers of raw flesh and
ramplers upon tricolor cockades," while
ie himself appears as "the fervid assertor
f your rights and the symbol of the mind
nd soul of Italy." This sort of thing seems
o work well in Italy, to judge from the
art played by the revival of Roman ges-
ure and the fasces—"that symbol," as
Gorgolini calls it, "of Italy and of patriot-
ism." My own first acquaintance with the
flag cult in America was at a women's club
in a little country town, where the cere-
mony of saluting the flag and repeating the
pledge of allegiance was apparently the
usual precaution against possible aberra-
tions of the visiting lecturer. It aroused
this instant mental reaction in me: "Why
do these good ladies think it necessary to
do this? What are they afraid of?" To
which the obvious answer seemed to be:
"Each other."

There is of course always the possibility
—deliberately courted in some of the
schools—that this may degenerate into
downright fetichism, in which all percep-
tion of the supposed significance of the
symbol has passed out of consciousness:
the sort of thing that seems to have come
about in the green and blue riots of Con-
stantinople in the Ninth Century. More
than a trace of it is to be found in the
famous battles of the world. But America
is fortunate in having ready to hand the
means for an exceptionally perfect ration-
alisation of the impulse: the Constitution.

Beneath the Constitution's shade,
A boon and shield of peerless worth,
We stand erect and unafraid
Unmatched in all the teeming earth.

The Constitution: still it stands
August, majestic, lofty, lone;
No fabric wrought by human hands
Such strength and symmetry has shown.

In that instrument, so closely identified with the national history, replete with that absolutist terminology suited to this mode of feeling (and so useful to opportunists in law and politics) lies a self-explanatory rationalisation in which large numbers of honest folk are fixed beyond release.

The latest phase of symbolism, however, manages to drag a still wider net by dispensing with the tangible altogether. It evokes the "mind" or "soul" or "spirit" of the nation in the fashion we have just encountered at Fiume, and its supreme effectiveness even among fairly sophisticated people lies in the ease with which this sort of entity can be made to pass as end in itself where a more tangible symbol could not. The German bourgeois who were being exhorted by the National Security League (yes, they had one—fifteen years ago—and much security it seems to have brought them) to "oppose everything which is un-German," "to strengthen the national self-consciousness," to "quicken the national sentiment of all Germans," and so forth, would doubtless have deemed it an impertinence to ask Why? So would the Italians whom Tittoni was urging to "carry among other nationalities the talents and genius of their race," "enhance the personality of our dear Italy"—and, incidentally, vote large sums of money to combat cultural Americanization. Mussolini, too, has not failed to carry on the apostolic tradition, especially among the emigrants: "Wherever there are ten Italians there should be a Fascist nucleus," pledged to "enkindle, preserve and upraise the Italian spirit" and "live Italian life more intimately." Lately—in a speech to the foreign Fascisti gathered at Rome on November 1, 1925—he seems to have coined a new word for it: they are "to defend

Italianity, past and present." No doubt they will find that easier than to defend Fascist policy in the concrete.

The whole business is obviously another of those avenues of escape from specific reality which become particularly inviting when specific reality is rather too much to cope with. In at least one case the Supreme Court of the United States justified a decision that was exactly opposed to the logical course of American development by invoking "the genius of our institutions." Politicians, as everyone knows, habitually exalt this Diana of the Ephesians. They know from experience that this particular bluff is never called.

IV

This "national soul" personification leads almost inevitably into the Chosen People myth: if you are going in for a national soul, why not have the best? Fichte long ago persuaded his countrymen that they were *par excellence* the "people of the soul" whose destruction would "rob world history of its deepest meaning." It was perhaps unfortunate, but totally irrelevant, that about the same time Desiré Nisard took it upon himself to convince the French that "c'est le Christianisme qui a fait de l'esprit français l'image la plus complète et la plus pure de l'esprit humain." The claims the British had from time immemorial advanced upon their own account could of course be ascribed to mere insularity—save that that peculiar people had proceeded, with regrettable haste, to act upon them.

But the superiority of the Americans to all these presumptions is a matter of historic record. Far back in the Seventeenth Century the moral inferiority of the English had impressed itself upon the minds of devout colonists:

> The very Indian boys can give
> To many stars their name
> And know their place and therein do
> Excel the English tame.
> English and Indians none inquire
> Whose hand these candles hold
> Who gives these stars their names, himself
> More bright ten thousand fold.

Jonathan Edwards proved by the interpretation of Bible texts that the spiritual as well as the secular preëminence of America (and more especially New England) was foretold in the Old Testament. And now at the end of a long line of distinguished adherents of the same faith comes no less a personage than Professor William McDougall, the distinguished psychologist of Harvard: "It may well seem to us that there was a land reserved by God for one great purpose, and a people developed and guided by Him to occupy that land in order that they might realize that purpose . . . to lead mankind onward and upward toward the realization on earth of the City of God." It would perhaps be impertinent to require Professor McDougall the psychologist to examine the terminology employed by Professor McDougall the gnostic, but it is not unfair to point out that this faith, like some others, has somewhat simple origins. Once the herd instinct is transferred to the concrete territorial group, consciousness of kind is supplemented by a more dynamic element, namely, consciousness of difference, and the interplay of these two factors constitutes a second vicious circle superimposed on that which attracted Professor Giddings' attention. History provides abundant examples of the workings of this consciousness of national difference. As soon as men come to think of themselves as Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians and so forth, they begin to look for distinguishing marks about the groups to which they do not belong. Naturally, they find them, and, strange to say, these are generally marks of inferiority! Consider this early sample, bearing on the difference between the Italians and the English:

> The English are, for the most part, both men and women of all ages, handsome and well-proportioned; though not quite so much so, in my opinion, as it had been asserted to me, before your Magnificence[3] went to that kingdom; and I have understood, from persons acquainted with these

[3] *i.e.*, the writer.

countries, that the Scotch are much handsomer; and that the English are great lovers of themselves, and of everything belonging to them; they think there are no other men than themselves, and no other world but England; and whenever they see a handsome foreigner, they say that "he looks like an Englishman," and that "it is a great pity that he should not be an Englishman"; and when they partake of any delicacy with a foreigner, they ask him, whether such a thing is made in his country?[4]

The objectivity of such accounts may be gauged from their frequent inaccuracies. The writer of the above, for instance, imputes to the English the quality of tightfistedness usually located elsewhere in the British Isles. But the audiences of such narrations were, of course, in too receptive a mood to be critical of them. Here is another Sixteenth Century sample, this one from Germany:

> The English are serious, like the Germans; lovers of show, liking to be followed wherever they go by whole troops of servants. . . . They are good sailors and better pirates, cunning, treacherous and thievish. . . . They are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies, impatient of anything like slavery; vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, so that it is common for a number of them that have got a glass in their heads to go up into some belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise. If they see a foreigner very well made, or particularly handsome, they will say, "It is a pity he is not an Englishman."[5]

It is interesting to note in such international pleasantries the introduction of symbolical devices, such as the following from Berckenmeyer's "Curieurser Antiquarius" (1731):

> In temperament the Frenchman is jocular, the German affable, the Italian grave, and the Englishman moody; in counsel the Frenchman is quick, the German weighty, the Italian sagacious, and the Englishman slow and serious; in enterprise the Frenchman is like an eagle, the German a bear, the Italian a fox, and the Englishman a lion."[6]

Here is another from Kelly's entertaining collection:[7]

> An Englishman who is engaged in a quarrel with a foreigner always begins by throwing his antagonist's native land up to him by means of some abusive nick-name. He will say, "You are a French tattler, an Italian ape, a Dutch ox, a German hog."

This lyrical propensity of the common mind is evidently of long standing and wide usage.

V

To the same class as such travelers' tales—though to a lower place in it—belong the satirical anecdotes nationalities love to tell of each other, anecdotes of the kind familiar to all of us, illustrating the prodigality of the Scot, the accuracy of the Yankee traveler, the sociability of the English, the integrity of the Welsh, the sagacity of the Irish, the generosity of the Levantine peoples, and so on. The corpse story is a case in point. A man dying leaves legacies to each of his friends (of different nationalities, of course) on condition that they place a sum of money (five pounds in the English version) in his coffin. He is laid out, and his friends assemble to comply with the request. The Irishman contributes four pounds in small change, and borrows a fifth from the Englishman on a note-of-hand. The Englishman, daunted at the thought of parting with good cash, endorses the Irishman's note and places it in the coffin, together with a bearer check for four pounds. The Scotsman, seeing what has happened, writes a check for fifteen pounds and takes the change. Ten days later the Scotsman is amazed to discover that his check has been cashed. Prolonged inquiry discovers that the undertaker was a Welshman. I was once under the impression that I brought this tale from England in my baggage, but after being a short time in this country I was regaled with a different version of it by a total stranger from California, who related it with some alteration of nationalities, and in terms of gold nuggets. The Californian version also lacked the concluding phase; it is very probable that this accretion developed in Britain under the last coalition government.

[4] "The Relation of England" (a report to his government by the Venetian Ambassador. *c.* 1500).
[5] Hentzner: "Travels," etc., quoted in Kelly: "England and the Englishman in German Literature."
[6] Kelly: *op. cit.*, p. 83.
[7] Zimmermann: "Vom Nationalstolze" (1768), *op. cit.*, p. 77.

Stories of this sort have been current from ancient days. They illustrate the fondness of ordinary folk for typifying group differences. Undoubtedly they have some remote basis in fact, but their significance lies in their caustic generalization and their wide currency. The same process is of course perennially at work on the popular stage and in caricature. People like to have these simple type-figures to play with. They are a sort of abstract doll, as it were, to which just enough humanity is imputed to afford amusement and to enhance the sense of grown-up-ness, difference and superiority in the narrators. The whole tradition illustrates the same propensity of the common mind that we have remarked in other cases: the tendency to avoid the task of grappling with specific pluralistic reality by taking refuge in abstract and simplified generalization—in this instance, by resolving all specific differences in broad terms of better and worse, just as children do, and selecting and coloring the facts to fit the procedure.

And it is immensely enhanced by the combination of curiosity and aversion instinctively aroused in the uneducated mind by encounter with the strange, the unfamiliar, the foreign. That is why the radical is in the nature of the case the born foe of the nationalist, who can neither compromise with him nor let him alone. "I fight internationalism in every form," announced Hasse, the founder of the Pan-German movement, "the red as well as the black and the yellow, the social-democrat as well as the Jesuit and the power of international finance." The denunciation of the social-democrats as "unpatriotic and immoral" is interesting, as is the later manifesto of the resurrected Pan-German League of 1924, directed against "Jews and those who are inspired by the Jewish spirit, namely Marxian socialists, Democrats, *and the Stresemann group*."

The worst offence of the left wing groups in the eyes of the Fascisti is that they are "anti-national"; and our own innumerable Ralph Easelys rationalize their hostility to all sorts of liberal institutions, from the National Student Forum to the League of Women Voters and the Federal Council of Churches under the blanket charge of internationalism. The Jew and the Bolshevik, both being inherently incomprehensible to the mentality of the average hundred-per-center, naturally figure as the villains of the piece, and are for the same reason usually identified. The ease with which retired admirals in America discern haloes of Russian gold around the heads of union officials whose conservatism is the despair of social reformers has its counterpart in the skill of coronetted British coal magnates at unearthing "international Jewish conspiracies to bring down western civilization."

Hilaire Belloc—the most frequently right of all wrong-headed people—recently suggested the possibility of a new religion being developed on American soil. It is true that this nation-cult has arisen and flourished in the wake of Catholicism. It will hardly fill the bill, however. It has, I admit, some noteworthy qualifications, but it carries far too heavy a ballast of the world's worst bores and most grotesque louts ever to take full shape.

THE NEGRO PRESS

BY EUGENE GORDON

IT WAS on March 30, 1827, about 38 years before Lee welcomed Grant to Richmond, that New York gave the country its first example of Negro journalism. Called *Freedom's Journal*, this paper had, like all of its immediate successors, but one reason for existing: to preach the black serf's liberation. If, a hundred years hence, there should exist no records of that period save a file of such papers, the historian might still sense the temper of the time from the very names they bore: *Rights for All* (published at New York), the *National Reformer* (bearing a Philadelphia dateline), the *Paladium of Liberty* (from Columbus, Ohio), and the *Herald of Freedom* (also from Ohio). But when Lincoln put his signature to the Emancipation Proclamation, in 1862, all save two of the twenty-odd Negro papers of the pre-war years had ceased publication. Today but one of them survives: the *Christian Recorder*, established in 1848 as the *Christian Herald*.

Mustering 220 journals, more or less, published in thirty-six States and the District of Columbia and read by 5,000,000 people weekly, the Negro press as we know it today is a recent growth. Yellowness marks it, and is flaunted as a badge of progress. In a letter to *Opportunity: a Journal of Negro Life*, Robert S. Abbott, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Defender*, says proudly: "We were the first [Negro] paper to use large headlines. Nearly all the other papers called our paper the 'yellow journal' when we first began using these up-to-date practices and methods." But not now. Yellowness has become nearly universal. At the start it was adopted simply because it brought increased circulation. But now there is an additional reason: the Negro press is thus given a retaliatory weapon against the white press, and it is used assiduously and effectively.

There are few American dailies which do not occasionally play up the story of a spectacular offense by a Negro, and always, in such stories, the projecting fact is that the evildoer is black. In the headlines, as a matter of course, his race is named. In the story his race is again named—and again and again. The headline may run something like this:

NEGRO ATTACKS WHITE WOMAN

or it may be only this:

NEGRO UP FOR CHICKEN-STEALING

The purpose of heads like these is, consciously or unconsciously, to justify and confirm the old tradition centering about the Aframerican. The Negro editor, a sensitively race-conscious being, is angered thereby, and watches for a chance to retaliate. If a propitious opportunity fails to tap at his door he goes out and drags one in. In consequence, readers of the Chicago *Defender* or the Boston *Guardian*, a week later, may see a headline like this:

WHITE BRUTE ATTACKS COLORED GIRL

or,

CRAPSHOOTERS HELD UP BY THUGS
NOT A NEGRO AMONG THEM

But these retaliations, of course, do not mark the limit of sensationalism in the Negro weeklies. The colored editor, believing that headlines eight columns wide and three inches deep sell more papers than modest ones, continues to seek matter to

play up, and if he can detect in the week's crimes of the white brother no accomplishment worthy of consideration, he pins the badge on a member of his own race. So we have, from the Chicago *Whip*:

DORA COLT-DAY TRAPPED IN LOVE NEST

and, from the *Whip's* neighbor, the *Defender*, this social item:

MAN IS SLAIN IN GIRL'S ROOM

while the Pittsburgh *Courier* informs its readers somewhat more decorously that a

POPULAR MATRON SEEKS DIVORCE

Each of these heads, of course, represents a bit of legitimate news. It would be caviling to suggest that it does not. Printed somewhere on an inner page, in one column, each would be properly placed. But in every case I have cited it occupies eight columns, and, save in the *Courier*, it is printed in red ink.

There was a time when the ordinary colored American laughed at the suggestion that he read Negro newspapers. Even the maker of the suggestion usually smiled somewhat apologetically, for it *was* more or less a joke. But this indifference of the dark-skinned population to his feeble efforts was not the only difficulty the Negro editor had to overcome. Inadequate distribution was another. In those days no one dreamed of asking for black papers at white news-stands. The agents of the former, usually indigent high school students or intensely race-conscious elderly men, did not dream of asking white dealers to handle them. But of late a revolutionary change has taken place, and evidence of it is seen in the following full-page announcement in the Chicago *Defender:*

> So great is the demand for the Chicago *Defender* it became necessary to secure the best medium of distribution in New York City, Washington, Baltimore and other large cities. It was necessary to engage the services of national distributors. Our distributor, the Interborough News Company, of New York City, alone covers 6700 news-stands in Greater New York. Distributors in other cities are covering all news-stands and places of business.

II

From a pile of 220 Aframerican weeklies one may drop 197 as little more than waste paper. Of the remaining twenty-three, ten are mediocrities, yet sufficiently well equipped to qualify for notice: they show an excess neither of vice nor of virtue, of intelligence nor of imbecility. With their editors, the paste pot and shears often substitute for original matter. The following are better: the Baltimore *Afro-American*, described by its slogan as "A Champion of Civic Welfare and the Square Deal," and coming in two sections of ten pages each; the Chicago *Defender*, "The World's Greatest Weekly," in two sections of twenty-two pages in all; the New York *Amsterdam News*, sloganless and in two sections of eight pages each; the Pittsburgh *Courier*, "America's Best Weekly," in two sections and sixteen pages; the Norfolk (Va.) *Journal and Guide*, "The South's Best Weekly," in two sections and fourteen pages; the St. Louis *Argus*, sixteen pages; the Philadelphia *Tribune*, "A Family Paper Fit for the Home," sixteen pages; the Savannah *Tribune*, no slogan, but carrying twelve pages; the Washington (D. C.) *Tribune*, "First in Advertising and Circulation," sixteen pages; the New York *Age*, "The National Negro Weekly," ten pages; the Kansas City *Call* (of which I happen to have no copy at hand); the Chicago *Whip*, "A Paper with a Policy," twelve pages; and the Chicago *Bee*, "The Race's Greatest Newspaper," fourteen pages.

In size and makeup these papers greatly resemble their more yellow daily contemporaries. They have, like the dailies, tiers upon tiers of red, alternating with black, headlines; conglomerations of photographs of "society" folk, cutthroats, footpads, pugilists, bootleggers, preachers, schoolteachers, poets, politicians, and actresses; comic strips, cartoons, and patent medicine advertisements; and women's, children's, sports, theatrical, and radio pages. In addition they have "race" syndicate features of every variety for every shade of

aste. Aframerican journalism, indeed, is iolently race-conscious. The detailed con-nts of the Chicago *Defender* on a typical ay will show what is in nearly all of its ontemporaries. On the first page I find: Grant Porters Million Raise—Wage Meet lets Big Salary Jump" (a seven-column ead in two-and-a-half-inch type ballyhoo-ng the *Defender's* story about an alleged illion-dollar increase in the wages of ullman porters); "Shrine Attorneys Plead efore Texas High Court" (a brief story f a plea "for the dissolution of an injunc-ion granted the white Shriners of Texas o prohibit the Shriners of our race from sing the regalia and paraphernalia of the rder"); "Racial Integrity Bill Hits Snag n State of Virginia" (a description of the onsternation in the Virginia Legislature hen the law-makers found that the pro-osed law prohibiting the marriage of any colored" person to any "white" person hreatened to expose many family skele-ons); "Take Minister to Court Over unds" (a sad tale of ministerial weakness or the root of all evil). And so on. There re two cuts on this first page.

There is little of news on the second age, but there are some photographs. here are also advertisements of Black and Vhite Ointment for clearing dark skins, f St. Joseph's G. F. P., on which women who wish to have their "vitality restored ow depend," of a headache remedy, of an ndigestion cure, and of "Civil Service pportunities." Page three is almost filled vith an advertisement of a phonograph ecord. An impressionable artist painted he lettering which, shimmering across he page, informs the reader that "Down n Georgia there's a dance that's new, alled 'Shake That Thing.'" Page four is evoted to commonplaces in the news. It s set off by an irregular border of hair-traightening and skin-beautifying adver-isements. Page five is consigned to "Ad-ice Wise and Otherwise" (intimate chats vithout which few respectable Negro pa-ers would now dare go to press), "News f the Music World," a five-column adver-tisement of Madam Walker's Wonderful Hair Grower, "Chicago Society," and miscellaneous brief advertisements.

Pages six and seven are solidly for the theatre. They are the "*Defender's* Movie and Stage Department," and are crammed to the extent of sixteen columns with notes, press-agents' buncombe, reviews, and theatre advertisements. Page eight carries a four-column head reading "Additional Stage News." There are four columns of radio news, beside advertisements of blues records and aspirin tablets. The ninth page is filled with brief personal items from the Eastern and mid-Western States, and advertisements of skin bleaches, hair straighteners, silk hose, patent-leather oxfords, Florida lots, hair dyes, free gown-making lessons, an asthma cure, and a concoction to restore lost manly vigor.

Pages ten and eleven are filled from top to bottom with sport news and comments, including a sob story about "poor Siki" and a two-column cut of Chick Suggs "sparring with the madame." The next page announces the purchase of a "straight-line sextuple press" at a "cost and outlay of $100,000." There is a photograph of the press, with Editor Abbott and his "general counsel and secretary" posing as lords of all they survey. Thus endeth the first section.

Page one of section two is allotted to short pieces of miscellaneous news and to features. "The Week," a column review, is palpably inspired by Brisbane's "Today." Here is a sample:

> "White hands for white faces" is what the Atlanta, Ga., City Council wants. Black men will not be permitted to shave white faces in barber-shops. Manicurists will have to seek other work; maids employed by white families, provided the law toes the mark, will be idle. That's what Atlanta, capital of the South, home of the illustrious Henry Grady, and pathway that Sherman took to the sea, pins on your coat at this hour. Don't lose sight of the main object of this law: Alonzo F. Herndon, gentleman, capitalist and philanthropist. The best barber-shop in Atlanta is owned by Herndon. His friends overlooked and excused him for excluding his own race; others, not so generous, and with "new ideas," forgave him not, though the laws said Herndon could not mix races under the same roof on equal foot-

ing. Now the law goes a step further and says, "You helped us separate the races successfully; now we'll separate the trade successfully and see how it works." Give Southern whites an inch and they'll take a mile. Did Herndon dig his own grave, you'll want to know, by taking the first step?

"The *Defender* Forum—The People's Guidance" is the name of a question-and-answer column. "The Hardest Job in the World" describes a series of cartoons "by Rogers." The one before me shows a dusky youngster "resisting the temptation of throwing a snowball at a high hat." Below the cartoon comes "The Bookshelf," a section "for the benefit of those of our readers interested in things literary." "The Basis of Racial Adjustment," by Thomas Jackson Woofter, Jr., and "The Jesuit Relations," edited by Edna Kenton, are the books reviewed. There follows a list of such questions as "Who does the illustrations for Bob Benchley's funny stuff?", "Who wrote 'The Private Life of Helen of Troy'?", and "How long has Elbert Hubbard been dead?" These questions will be answered in the next week's issue.

Pages two, three, four and five of this section are set apart for personal items from various States. Page six is "The *Defender* Junior—The Children's Greatest Weekly," "a page of real live features of interest to children readers," covering "home, school, radio, play, sports, letters, work, art and poetry." Page seven has a border of advertisements, and news from Michigan, Indiana, and three or four other States. The eighth and ninth pages are given over to Washington and Boston. What these cities fail to cover is occupied by classified advertisements.

Now comes the editorial page. In the masthead is given the date of the paper's founding (May 6, 1905), and the publishing company's name and address. Then follows "The *Defender's* Platform for America":

1. The opening up of all trades unions to blacks as well as whites.
2. The appointment of a member of the race to the President's Cabinet.

This platform is a permanent part of the masthead, and is separated from the editorials by a heavy rule. There are three long two-column editorials, entitled, respectively, "Our Readers Sometimes Write the Best Editorials" (being a letter from a reader), "All Right, Let's Invoke Cloture on the Dyer Bill," and "Mixed Marriages." Two other editorials, under the heading of "Other Papers Say," come from the Chicago *Tribune* and the *American Israelite*. Adjoining the masthead, in a two-column box four inches deep, there is an article descriptive of an adjoining cartoon. The article is called "In the Land of Mobocracy," and discusses briefly the trial in Kentucky of a Negro named Harris, commenting particularly on the elaborate precautions that were taken to protect him from the mob. The cartoon is "by Rogers," and is captioned "The Method America Will Eventually Have To Adopt in Taking a Black Prisoner from the Jail to the Courthouse." It shows a policeman, club upraised, running with a bareheaded Negro from the jail toward an army tank. In the offing looms menacingly the U. S. S. *Mobqueller*, in whose lookout stands a marine with field-glasses. The heavy guns of the battleship point shoreward. Aeroplanes, a dirigible and an observation balloon float above. A platoon of marines, mouths clamped grimly, feet planted solidly, stand with fixed bayonets facing a mob of men, women and children. Peering around the corner of the jail is the frightened countenance of the sheriff. The policeman is saying to his prisoner: "Now, if we can make it to that tank I think we can get you to the courthouse safely."

On the outer border of the page there is Dr. A. Wilberforce William's "Talk on Preventive Measures, First Aid Remedies, Hygienics and Sanitation." This week's talk is on "The Cancer Problem." The remaining features of this page are "Lights and Shadows," somewhat after the fashion of the *World's* "Conning Tower," and "What the People Say," a batch of correspondence from readers.

III

The Negro press takes its politics most seriously. There will be found in all Aframerica no paper which is not soul and body the slave of the Republican party, yet the observer will notice an almost universal discontent with the Coolidge régime. "Before election Mr. Coolidge was as eloquent as Mr. Bryan," the Chicago *Defender* reminds its cliéntèle. "He knew what the people wanted—and he would give it to them. Since his election he has forgotten more completely than any person who preceded him into the White House." On the other hand, "We have no doubt as to the desire of the President to do something," consoles the Pittsburgh *Courier*, recalling Mr. Coolidge's latest message to Congress. The *Courier* gave itself unstintedly to the cause during the last campaign. It trounced the party's foes, interpreted the Coolidge idealism, and published a series of articles showing why colored folk should vote the Republican ticket forever. Its editor was frequently mentioned as the next Register of the Treasury.

The *Defender* suggests unreservedly "the appointment of a member of the race to the President's Cabinet," but Prof. Kelly Miller, a syndicated columnist, observes that the "audacity of the proposition startles us with a sudden shock," adding that "we have seen the Jew and the Catholic invited to sit around the Cabinet table as members of the President's official family, but the suggestion of a Negro's being invited seems ridiculous even to the Negro himself." Lest he be misunderstood, Prof. Miller expands this statement:

> The suggestion of the *Defender* is considered absurd only because the Negro plays no controlling rôle in the political drama. The great bulk of the race is effectively disfranchised and is given no more political consideration than a babe in the cradle. When the race actually voted, and was able to effect political results, such a proposition was not considered unfeasible.

Reverting to the Presidential message: "It is impossible," says the Washington *Eagle*, "for any colored man to understand what the President is trying to say about the Negro—if he has said anything." "From a political standpoint," the Baltimore *Afro-American* believes, "our greatest possibilities come in closely contested years." The *Afro-American* insists that "we must grasp the fact that we can become important factors only in combinations and alignments. But," it adds disgustedly and truthfully, "of course our pie-counter politicians will not meditate much on this situation when the G. O. P. gives the word." In the politics of their home towns the Aframerican news-sheets are occasionally potent factors, but more often they are of negligible account. Long and religious adherence to one party has made them ineffectual allies.

The Negro press, of late, has become brazenly irreligious. Utterances which a decade ago would have cost an editor his livelihood are accepted today even by the church folk. It is the church's patent failure, says the colored editor, to reconcile religious, racial and class differences that is responsible for the gradual drifting toward indifference of an important element of Negro journalism. The Boston *Chronicle* opines that the "world suffers now from an excess of religious fervor," adding that although the Puritans sought religious freedom in this country, yet, in the name of religion "they were inhuman brutes," while a contributor to the *Courier* adds that "the profession of Christianity by the Negro for all these years hasn't stopped him from being lynched, insulted and proscribed like a leper or a criminal." "Even the headhunters of African fame and the cannibals of Borneo were never more inhuman or barbaric than Christianized white men," is the conviction of the St. Louis *Argus*, and William Pickens, writing for the Associated Negro Press, maintains that the white man is responsible for the Aframerican's gradual turning from Christianity, the Church, and religion in general. It is the view of Mr. Pickens that "white Protestant churches have largely

fallen under suspicion of being Klux hotbeds," and that "if the Negro's suspicion is permitted to grow, ere long he will have no confidence in any praying white man, and when the white preacher offers him heaven from one hand he will be suspected of holding hell in the other."

The Negro newspapers complain chiefly about the Christian's "hypocrisy." Christianity as a principle of conduct most of them believe to be good, but they criticize the agencies carrying out its programme as unfit for their mission. This opinion appears in the Chicago *Defender's* complaint that "the Catholic Church saw no reason to speak out against the savage crimes of race hate," but has now "raised its voice in a plea for freer liquor laws." The *Defender* adds scoffingly: "And the reason it gives is that Prohibition is 'flatly opposed to Holy Scripture'! The Catholic Church has a man's-sized job on its hands to explain away that hypocrisy. A church that can sit by in silence while men and women are tortured with a fiendish cruelty that sets at defiance every word of scriptural injunction doesn't cut a very heroic figure when it pleads for booze in the name of the Holy Bible."

The Dallas (Tex.) *Express*, denying that it belongs to the "purely critical element," says that the Church's waning influence among Aframericans may be ascribed to a preponderance of illiterate, ignorant, and ease-loving preachers. But there is by no means a severance of relations between the surviving religionists and these scoffing papers. There are always church advertisements, stories of ministerial doings, and sermons sticky with milk and honey.

IV

For a long time sports and the theatre have been the Siamese twins of Negro journalism. Each of the papers I have named gives the better part of four pages to sporting and theatrical matters. The best of the colored sports reporters is Rollo W. Wilson, of the Pittsburgh *Courier*. Not only does he know sports, but he can write of them. Most of the others know the subject but cannot write. An excellent syndicated sports writer is De Hart Hubbard, world's champion broad jumper.

If the white folk of the country read the Negro newspapers they would know that Harvard and Yale do not settle annually the football supremacy of collegiate America. There is another classic, played on alternate Thanksgiving days at Howard University in Washington and Lincoln University in Philadelphia. All the larger Negro newspapers treat this event precisely as the dailies of the East treat the game between Harvard and Yale. Hundreds of photographs are made by staff photographers, and since the game is important in the social calendar, "society" reporters mingle with the scribes from the sporting departments. The city at which the game is played becomes temporarily the social capital of Aframerica. No other event draws together so many of the educated and wealthy colored folk. At no other time are so many galleys of type set, so many cuts made, so many papers printed and sold. Practically all of these are circulated among members of the race, for the self-sufficient Caucasian cares nothing about the epic they relate.

Most colored news-sheets, for some inexplicable reason, long printed theatrical and sports news in the same columns. The same reporters wrote both. But this incongruity no longer prevails today. Papers like the Washington *Tribune* and the Chicago *Defender* assign especially trained writers to the theatre and give it much space. Indeed, these journals are unsurpassed in the volume of such news by any daily, unless it be the New York *Telegraph*. The *Tribune's* reviews are superior to those of the *Defender*. James A. Jackson, for many years editor of the *Billboard's* colored actors' section, is executive editor of the *Tribune*. He has made the second section the "official organ of the colored actors' union." Other papers with readable theatrical sections are the *Amsterdam News*, the Chicago

Bee, the Pittsburgh *Courier*, and the Baltimore *Afro-American*.

The Aframerican press does not contribute to the aid and comfort of the criminal by suppressing intelligence of his misdeeds. Most of its papers display the dirt generously and in the open. Their reasons for doing so are as ingenuous and naïve as are their white contemporaries'. For example, they published the filth of the Rhinelander case, word for word and detail for detail, because it was "important news." But the conditions which contribute to crime are also dragged into the daylight and sometimes they are very intelligently discussed. Discussion, of course, usually ends the matter. Work for social improvement among the Negroes has lacked organization and system. The *Age*, in its campaign for improved housing conditions; the *Amsterdam News*, in its fight to compel the employment of colored young men and women in Harlem stores; the Boston *Chronicle*, in its struggle in behalf of the benighted of the South End and Roxbury for adequate social centres; and the *Defender*, in its continuous battle with the sloven unwashed hosts from Southern plantations: these are examples of progressive papers and of the contributions they are making to the social betterment of their readers.

Withal, the Aframerican journalist remains stanchly conservative. A "radical" Negro press simply doesn't exist. Liberalism may—and, in fact, does—show its head now and then, but the Negro editor surely does not long for a soviet government. A Boston *Transcript* special writer once charged that a "press campaign, under the organization of Russian propagandists, to arouse racial hatred in America by means of articles in the Negro press," is one of "five phases of Negro propaganda work in America today." Branding the *Transcript* a "timid old lady with reactionary tendencies," the Boston *Chronicle* replied:

> This charge is often made, and always succeeds in starting our temper on a rampage. The Negro press of the United States conducts a campaign to stir up hatred against the whites, said campaign being paid for by money from some strongbox at Moscow. As far as the *Chronicle* is concerned, Moscow has overlooked us. This silly charge has been so constantly and persistently made that we are beginning to wonder whether or not some of our worthy contemporaries are keeping something from us.

There is only one Aframerican daily, the Washington (D. C.) *Daily American*. It would be more properly classified as a handbill. As a factor in Negro journalism it is insignificant. A step toward relieving the weeklies of the burden of news-gathering was taken in the organization, seven years ago, of the Associated Negro Press. Ten papers comprised the original membership. Today there are 112, but only 87 are active. The remainder have been suspended or are in arrears. That indifference toward an organization which might benefit them greatly has been one of the chief causes of stagnancy in the Negro press.

The difficulties under which the Associated Negro Press works may be sensed from the fact that it has only eight regular correspondents. In order to make the best of them, it has placed them at strategic points throughout the country: localities in which news of importance to a dark-skinned cliéntèle is most likely to break. These correspondents relay the news they gather to the central office at Chicago, whence it is distributed twice weekly by mail. When last minute intelligence is considered sufficiently important it is sent by wire to those papers which have agreed to bear the expense of telegrams. The A. N. P. has an agreement with its members whereby each must send in its own news to the central office for redistribution. Here again only a few papers coöperate for the common good.

News dispatches distributed by this organization are easily recognized. Conspicuous for their conciseness, the correctness of their grammar, and the observance generally of good literary and journalistic usages, these items are written by men of more than fair education and newspaper training. The ordinary colored newswriter's besetting sin is his constant and studied abuse of a few words. The most

outrageously treated is the word "race." Some of the papers—the Chicago *Defender* is a notorious example—go so far as to elevate the word "colored" to the honor and dignity of a proper noun.

Not many of the colored editors, indeed, show much journalistic skill. Take, for example, William Monroe Trotter, of the Boston *Guardian*. This nationally known agitator undoubtedly has done some splendid things for his people, but if he lives to twice his present fifty-odd years he will never be a newspaper man. Trotter was born in Boston and got from Harvard both the A.B. and the A.M. But there is nothing in the eight pages of the *Guardian* to indicate the fact. It is one of the most poorly-written Negro sheets in America.

Another editor who bears a reputation independently of his paper is Ben Jeff Davis, of Atlanta. Davis is typically Georgian. He is fearless, but hopelessly a politician. As Republican national committeeman from Georgia, he is heir to the trappings of the lately deceased Henry Lincoln Johnson. Jealous contemporaries whisper that the square-jawed Atlantan's feet rattle like dry bones in Linc Johnson's shoes, but in his Atlanta *Independent* Davis brands this a base lie. As a man he is all right. When he has something to say he knows how to say it. He is a better writer than Trotter, even though his degrees are mostly of the secret order brand. Many a white Georgian has been made to writhe under his cutting lash.

There is no doubt that the Chicago *Defender* is a remarkable phenomenon in American journalism, without reference to color or class. Its founder is one of those persons who may look to the casual observer like a nondescript nobody, and yet be a man of brains and accomplishment. He is Robert S. Abbott. Essentially a newspaper man, he has made of the Windy City sheet a paper which so closely resembles in certain particulars Hearst's well-known rags that his zealous contemporaries still hint that Hearst is its real owner. That Abbott never denies the rumor is proof of his self-assurance. He has built in ten years a newspaper with a weekly circulation of more than 250,000. He gives his editors and reporters salaries comparable to those paid by the biggest dailies. When he sees in the *Herald and Examiner* a feature he likes he confiscates the idea under it and makes it a part of the *Defender*. Hence "The Week." When he sees in the *Tribune* something he thinks would look well in the *Defender* he copies it. Hence "The *Defender's* Platform for America" and Dr. A. Wilberforce William's column. In consequence of these methods, Abbott has become the outstanding newspaper man of Aframerica. He rose from the ground, drawing himself to his present eminence by means of the well-known shoe-string, now grown into a dependable hawser.

The *Defender's* rival is the Baltimore *Afro-American*, in some particulars the Chicago paper's superior. But the two sheets so closely resemble each other that one is often bought for the other. The characters of the two editors, however, are as dissimilar as are the circumstances of their early lives. Abbott had to struggle all the way, and, at manhood, strike out on a makeshift education. He knew nothing about newspaper making previous to a decade ago, when he began publishing. He was even then well above thirty. But Carl Murphy grew up with the *Afro-American*. When his father, old John Murphy, died not long since, Carl came, fresh from college and a year's travel in Germany, to carry on. A studious, cultured man of thirty-six, with horn-rim glasses shielding unusually large and brilliant eyes, Murphy, too, is essentially the newspaper man. He is ingenious in his methods of exploitation and an excellent editorial writer.

The New York *Age* is the ancient harridan of black newspaperdom, and Fred R. Moore is her old man. He has lived with and been faithful to her for nineteen years. She is a fine brain in a somewhat passé body. Moore has seen sixty-nine years and

a few sad disappointments. Taft appointed him minister to Liberia, and the appointment was confirmed, but he has not yet got to Africa. He was the first colored man to be nominated for the New York Assembly, and also the first to fail of election. Perhaps disappointments have had some influence on his editorship. At any rate, he continues to give the colored press one of its most trenchant pages of editorials. The drubbing he has rained upon the bootleggers of Harlem makes him widely respected.

There is no way of avoiding mention of Marcus Garvey among the conspicuous heads of Negro newspapers in America. At present Mr. Garvey is in that small section of Aframerica bounded by the walls of the Federal prison at Atlanta. Using the mails to defraud was the charge that sent him there. As Mr. Hearst directs the policies of his news-sheets from a hacienda in California, so does Mr. Garvey steer the course of the *Negro World* from his Southern retreat. The *Negro World* is a jumble of "back to Africa" rubbish. There is no news save such as bears upon his beloved hobby. Yet the man himself is a remarkable personality. He has inspired in his followers a hatred of all but the full-blooded Negro gentry. He has held audience with the Grand Goblin of the Ku Klux Klan himself. He has elevated himself to the supreme dictatorship of an African empire. He has created hundreds of colored knights and ladies, and so done almost as much for plebeian America as the exalted head of the Klan. He publishes a "newspaper," but I fear that, in so far as the real business of being a newspaper editor is concerned, he remains as deeply in the dark as a full-blooded Zulu in a deserted coal mine at midnight.

THE CANADIAN LITERATI

BY FRED JACOB

Two explanations have been offered for the limited range and purpose and obvious inferiority of Canadian literature. The materialist declares that a young country must give so much time and energy to establishing itself and making certain of its daily bread that the things of the mind are bound to take a secondary place, at least for the first century—and Canada, as a nation, is less than sixty years old. The nationalist holds that a dependency, or colony, or overseas dominion, or whatever you may be pleased to call it, cannot have enough individuality to make possible a literature, except a weak and imitative one. There is more than a little truth in the first of these contentions, for pioneers obviously have to build their homes before they can settle down peacefully to think, but anyone who knows Canada at all must be aware that the second one misses the mark. British-America, in point of fact, has plenty of character. There may be a family likeness among Canadians to the Americans, and another to the English, but on the whole, they are quite distinct from both their closest relations.

Nevertheless, these relationships, in a peculiarly subtle way, have hampered the development of Canadian literature. Every little country in Europe, possessing as much vitality as Canada and as high a level of literacy, has produced a national literature, secure behind the wall of its separate language. But the people of the Dominion have to face a three-fold handicap in their imperial, their geographical and their national positions, all of which have retarded their natural movements towards self-expression, and consequently stunted the growth of their literature.

Speaking imperially, Canadians proudly claim a share in the magnificent literary tradition of England, and most of them turn to that country, not only for the classics but also for current literature. Unlike an American, a Canadian can cross the ocean for his literary standards without being held suspect as a patriot. This leaning upon English literature, however, is not a mere form of nostalgia, a reaching out toward a beloved home for which the heart is crying, for Canadians do not think in that way of the Motherland. It is rather a symptom of one of the deepest and most fundamental traits in the Canadian character: the powerful sentimental force which makes the Anglo-Canadian at once a nationalist and an imperialist, in the sense that those two words are used in the British Empire.

This Canadian attitude has always been difficult for outsiders to understand, largely because there is nothing quite like it anywhere else. Ever since the days when British-America was a series of unconnected colonies, fringing a nation of rising pretensions and great potential power, the determination of the Canadians—I use the word Canadians because it is convenient though not strictly correct—to remain part of the British Empire has been one of the most remarkable exhibitions of sentiment in history. Even when they received broad hints that they were not wanted, they clung to the flag and the throne.

Now, it so happened that the men who first harbored such feelings were not ordinary pioneer settlers. Far from it. No other young country has ever been enriched by

an immigration like that which flowed into Ontario and the Maritime Provinces after the American Revolution. It contained a great deal of the cream of New England culture. Canada, indeed, can almost claim to have started, so far as the level of literacy is concerned, where many another country has been content to leave off. And it was not only this exodus of Loyalists from the new Republic that made the Northern half of the continent both literate and Tory in its youth. For nearly half a century, chiefly in the interval between the Battle of Waterloo and the Crimean War, retired English army officers and other gentlefolk of limited means thought that they had discovered in Canada their promised land. They found the atmosphere of Upper Canada—now Ontario —as created by the United Empire Loyalists, most congenial. So they flocked in, and with them they carried the ideas of literature and art prevailing in England in the early Victorian period.

II

For nearly a hundred years the people of the United States seem to have worked night and day to intensify this solid and touchy Canadian sentiment, but even now they do not appear to realize how they did it. How many of them have ever stopped to think how the War of 1812 looked to the Canadians? The Loyalist settlers had passed through many hardships and sacrificed much for the sake of the imperial connection. Their homes in the wilderness were commencing to be about half as civilized as the homes they had left behind, and a second or third generation was forgetting a few of the reasons for hard feeling that moved their parents. Suddenly, they found themselves facing what they regarded as a war of aggression. The strong young country from which they had escaped was now determined to conquer them. The panic of those days was reflected for years in bitter mistrust of the UnitedStates. Other happenings from time to time--the Fenian raids and various treaties between England and the United States by which the Canadians felt that their country had got the worst of it—helped to keep alive the feeling. Only in the last half century has neighborly cordiality come to be much more than a diplomatic gesture.

Today we hear gaudy hands-across-the-border oratory about the fortlessness and the gunlessness of the international line, but during the years when the Canadian character was forming, sentiment erected a higher wall between the two nations than ever the American tariff has set up in later years. The people of Canada, suspicious and hostile, were thus not much impressed by the early strivings of American literature. English periodicals and English books covered the tables of their households, and the general feeling was that no literary work was worth much that had not crossed the Atlantic. As far as they themselves were concerned, the Canadians seem to have felt that it was a waste of time to attempt to do what trained men, on the other side of the ocean, could do so much better.

It is true that Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, the creator of Sam Slick, belonged to that period. He has been described by some hasty enthusiasts as the father of American humor, but it is a claim that looks foolish when closely examined, for in all his essential attitudes he was anything but American. Haliburton, fine old Tory that he was, fits more perfectly into colonial than into Canadian literature. He always had one foot in England. The average Ontarion of his time was critical of England and always finding fault with her politics and social arrangements; he wanted to be entirely independent. But when it came to things of the mind, he followed her lead. Americans like Irving and Hawthorne were accepted only when they came to Canada by way of England. This influence of the Motherland may be plainly seen in the first of the Canadian novels: "Wacousta," by Major John Richardson, and "The Golden Dog," by Wil-

liam Kirby. They are written in a heavy-paced old-fashioned style, and one doubts whether readers outside the Dominion will ever accept them as notable, or even interesting. In Canada, they are known to everyone as the outstanding historical romances of the country. Everybody has heard about them. But I wonder how many have read them.

The story of Major John Richardson, in truth, is far more picturesque than anything that he ever wrote. In the days when Canadians did not dream of having a literature of their own, he made a sturdy fight to start one for them. He endured disappointment and even starvation before he finally admitted that a writer could not live by his pen in Upper Canada. By a stroke of fate's irony, this strong nationalist sleeps in an unknown grave somewhere in the United States. His romantic figure, with his pistols, his horses and his pet deer, stands out brilliantly against the monotonous literary background of his day in Canada. Drinking, quarreling and duelling, he never forgot his pride, and he died alone in New York rather than reveal his poverty to his friends at home.

III

About forty years ago, the Canadians began at last to express themselves. Not unnaturally, the writers who then arose wanted to make their self-expression support them. But there came a rub. Their geographical position at once showed itself as a crushing handicap. If they had been an isolated people, living simply and singing for themselves, things might have been different. But they lived next door to the United States, a fabulously rich country, in which literature was said to be a highly profitable profession. Under the circumstances, you could hardly blame a young Canadian for refusing to starve in an attic in order to produce literary masterpieces. Instead, he packed his valise and went forth to larger markets. Some native Canadians of considerable gifts thus settled in England and others came to th United States. Two such Canadians wh have made contributions to America literature that are distinctly above th average are Norman Duncan and Harve O'Higgins. But such men soon ceased t be in touch, in spirit, with their nativ land. Even the poets took their lyres an went forth to do their singing unde warmer financial skies. Several of th exiles returned later, but most becam permanent and well-to-do ex-Canadians.

Nobody, certainly, need be told tha those natives of Canada who have wo success writing in and about other cou tries cannot be regarded as contributor to Canadian literature, but you canno hold the hand of the more self-consciou patriots. You will often find the utmos confusion in an article on the literar achievements of the Dominion, with man a man included who is no more typicall Canadian than pie for breakfast. As we list Dr. Henry Van Dyke as a Canadia because he once wrote a story while visi ing in Muskoka, or Mrs. L. Adams Beck who hid behind a *nom de plume* in Victoria B. C., and revived historic scandals in th form of fiction.

The most disastrous effect of this geo graphical position is to be found in th creation of standard types which are sup posed to be as Canadian as the three littl maids from school are Japanese. The mor facile writers of the Dominion never seem to be able to forget the American market Even when they stay at home, as they hav in recent years, they keep one eye on th current fashions in best sellers across th line. Stories are afloat among the Canadia literati about the immense sums earned b men who write so-called Canadian storie for the American public, and not unnatu rally their formulæ are supposed to b good ones to adopt. They have create a Canada that is as fictitious as Zenda, bu it is regarded at home as the Canada whic readers outside of the Dominion demand To be distinctively Canadian, a novel mus contain a mounted policeman and th

heroine should be named Marie and speak broken English. These two principals give an endless performance, with blizzards and log huts as their background.

Thus Canada in modern fiction has become almost as entirely mythological as the China that we find in operetta. Few Canadian writers are attempting to produce novels that picture the national life as American life has been presented in the novels of Sinclair Lewis and Booth Tarkington, Willa Cather and Edith Wharton. If there are Canadians capable of doing that sort of thing—and why shouldn't there be?—they are apparently deterred by the thought that American reviewers will find nothing "distinctively Canadian" in their books. They cannot forget that the American reading public is "interested only in the romantic side of Canada."

During the last quarter of a century, Canada has become, in a national sense, extremely self-conscious. The idea of federated nations, each with its own character, forming a large empire, has seized upon the imagination of the people of the Dominion, and the Canadians are just now as eager to encourage their authors and artists as they seemed intent upon discouraging them sixty years ago. But the attempt to leap into a position abreast of England and the United States, without any preliminary formative period has produced only chaos in the literary life of the young country. Instead of taking themselves too lightly, the Canadian literati now tend to be much too serious, even about the most footling writers. Every man or woman who can turn out a fairly successful novel feels that he or she is entitled to a place among the immortals. As a result, critical standards in the Dominion, so far as its own novelists are concerned, are almost non-existent. I do not mean that no writer of fiction is ever harshly treated in a review. Sometimes, indeed, they think that they receive too much unappreciative advice. But there is no sound classification of novelists in Canada,—no effort to differentiate between those who do something worth while, and those who are simply successful makers of popular tales.

It must not be forgotten that the population is still small, and that the various literary associations are thus bound to be provincial in their outlook. Authors, publishers and critics are all friends together —surely a most unholy alliance! No matter how honest he tries to be, the Canadian reviewer finds the personal equation entering into his work. It may not be deliberate log-rolling, but the results are the same.

There was a time when the reading public of the Dominion took the attitude that anything written by a Canadian was bound to be tenth-rate, unless the writer had previously moved to London or New York, but in these latter days the men who comment on literature give one the impression, at least by their public utterances, that absolutely nothing written in Canada should ever be dismissed as tenth-rate. Thus there is a premium on mediocrity, and works of merit suffer a discount.

IV

When the early Tory culture of Canada petered out, as all complacent things are bound to do, a new force began to make itself felt in the life of the country. The humble and God-fearing pioneers who brought vigorous bodies and stern minds into the wilderness were an ambitious people. They saved and denied themselves in order to send their sons and daughters to college, and the younger generations seized the opportunities that the expansion of the nation gave them. Although the Family Compact—as the early aristocracy of Ontario came to be called—left a tradition behind it that has colored the whole of the nation's life, the descendants of its members, with few exceptions, are not prominent in the country's affairs. Some of them, in an aloof, hole-in-a-corner way, try to maintain the early tradition of their families, but they can dominate no longer by the power of their names.

The new, self-made Canada is strongly Puritanical,—that is, outside the Province of Quebec,—and so their high moral tone has won endorsement for authors who have little else to commend them. A prominent preacher has been accepted as a literary figure because his semi-evangelical novels, though utterly commonplace, are unctuously "wholesome." A Canadian critic will say, in all seriousness, "This is a Ralph Connor year," just as an American critic might say "This is a Theodore Dreiser year." An equally successful novelist is an energetic lady who made her fame originally in political uplift campaigns, and who naturally writes fiction with a Message. If a Canadian reviewer hints that her writing is conventional and dull, her followers immediately accuse him of being a political opponent, and if they hear that he belongs to no party at all, they marvel that his reviews should be unfriendly. It is always pleasant to hear that estimable people are prospering in this world, but the literary values of Canada will never be properly adjusted until this moral and political classification of writers is abandoned.

Honest criticism of the work of the French-Canadians is equally difficult, but for a different reason. The English-Canadians are, numerically, the dominant race in the Dominion, and it is becoming more and more a matter of national good manners among them, and especially among the intelligentsia, to praise everything that comes from Quebec. They feel that they have a duty to overcome the natural prejudices of a bilingual country by promoting an *entente cordiale*, and in an earnest and dunderheaded way they try to prove that racial differences need cause no division. So they do nothing that will hurt the feelings of their half-brothers.

As a matter of fact, racial differences are the stock in trade of nearly all the Quebec politicians. Even the late Sir Wilfred Laurier did not hesitate to use them to endear himself to his own province, though, to be sure, his methods were more subtle than those of the average vote chaser. The French have always regarde themselves as the real Canadians, and the do not seem to realize that their English speaking brothers take any pride in tha name. When Laurier was at the height o his power, he frequently visited Toronto and that city was always most effusive i its welcome, even though it practicall never gave him a vote in Parliament. H could always rouse his audience to grea enthusiasm by informing them, in hi most eloquent and expansive manner, tha he was before all else a Canadian; th sentiment won the heartiest approval But down in his own province his lieuten ants made capital by telling the illiterat *habitant* that their beloved leader was no afraid to go into Tory Toronto and tel them to their faces, "I am a *Canadien*." Such tactics were possible as a result of th dual language and the deliberately de fective education given to the French Canadians. Only in the upper classes i there any pride in culture, and these uppe classes regard the English-Canadians a *bourgeoisie*.

In such a divided household, livin under one roof, with alternate outburst of affection and bickering, the well-bal anced brothers are supposed to keep th peace. One form of politeness, as I hav said, is to praise all the literary efforts o the French writers. It has become a fad t translate graceful little tales about th *habitant* into English, and without an ex ception they are excessively admired. Still in spite of a certain charm, the suspicio lingers that they are prettified and untrue They present the French-Canadians as a embodiment of all the simple virtues, on bit of perfection left in a naughty world If a real psychological study is ever mad of the most medieval form of civilizatio lingering on the North American con tinent, will it not be necessary to includ the ingrown racial bigotry of the peasants their dislike of sanitation, and their de votion to fecundity? No Quebec man i likely to write such a book, with th

people of Ontario reading it over his shoulder. Even in Ontario, should it ever be written, it would be considered very bad taste to greet it with even a faint huzza. Thus, the composition of the Canadian nation being what it is, truth in literature, as well as in criticism, is bound to come very slowly.

V

If a lover of books living in the United States asked me to suggest enough Canadian classics to fill a shelf in his library, what titles should I give him?

In the realm of travel, there would be "Wanderings of an Artist Among the Indians of North America" by Paul Kane, Canada's pioneer painter, and Alexander Mackenzie's "Voyages." The finest study of pioneer life is "Roughing It in the Bush" by Susanna Moodie, one of the famous Strickland sisters, who married a half-pay army officer and migrated to Canada. Mrs. Jameson's "Rambles" might be added. The fiction would include "Sam Slick" by Haliburton; "The Golden Dog" (Le Chien d'Or), by William Kirby; "Wacousta," by John Richardson; "The False Chevalier," by W. D. Lighthall; "Les Anciens Canadiens," by Philippe Aubert de Gaspe (in French); "Marie Chapdelaine," by Louis Hemon, and perhaps one of Sir Gilbert Parker's earlier novels, which are better than his later ones, if they are better than nothing else.

The short stories and verse of Majorie L. C. Pickthall would deserve a place, and two unactable poetic dramas: "Saul," by Charles Heavysege, and "Tecumseh," by Charles Mair. Then I should fill up the shelf with the poems of Isabella Valency Crawford, Dr. William Henry Drummond, Pauline Johnson, (the only Indian ever to win recognition in Canadian literature), Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts and Archibald Lampman. The rough-neck verse that won fame for Robert W. Service might be added. No one can say that it would be an impressive line-up, but I fear that it would be a fairly exhaustive one.

Of course, there are other poets. In proportion to the country's population, Canada possesses an appalling number of minor versifiers, and poetry has always flourished more abundantly there than prose. One of the Fathers of Confederation, the Hon. D'Arcy McGee, was proud of being a poet, and wrote pleasant verse that recalled his lilting fellow-countryman, Thomas Moore. It has been said that if McGee had lived he would have arranged to give literature as well as other fine arts official recognition and encouragement. He was murdered by the Fenians because, though an Irishman by birth and exiled in his youth as a militant patriot, he opposed their attacks upon Canadian lives and property. He was not the only Canadian public man to turn his hand to rhyme and metre, but the second example is less creditable. A generation later, the premier of one of the provinces was so eager to be known as a poet that he published some verse which bore a strong resemblance to the work of a little-known American poet. The result was a charge of plagiarism by his political opponents.

There is no conclusion to the whole matter, unless it is to suggest what must be the next step. In the Dominion the materials for dozens of excellent novels can be found; enough themes exist to make one feel that one would like the speed and facility of H. G. Wells in order to run through them all. Moreover, the novelists of the country are thoroughly organized, and so are the poets. Books appear at regular intervals, and some of them contain enough promise to stimulate hope. The novelists and poets and essayists meet together, and go through all the recognized motions of literati. An onlooker gets the impression of endless and graceful activity. But there is too much self-consciousness; it may be inevitable, but it is none the less stultifying. Canadian literature, I think, will move forward when the creative members of the literati commence, as a whole, to take their work more seriously than they take themselves.

A TOWN IN THE PINES

BY M. S. LEA

Across the northern part of Louisiana, set in fringes of dark pine forest and pastures of post oak, there lies a belt of open country that is dreary, forbidding and desolate. A large part of its sustenance is derived from the adjacent lumber. In its smaller towns there are people who are wealthy, as wealth goes in that part of the South, but few of them know anything outside the narrow range of the jargon which serves them for English. Each man lives like his brother. Class lines are negligible or nonexistent. Long ago, in the days of local option, their ardor for Prohibition was their chief distinction, seeming a little flamboyant in its single assertiveness, like a painted cock feather in a buffoon's bedraggled hat.

During the Winter of 1909 I left New Orleans, where I was an art student, and became a teacher in the one school in one of these diminutive communities. I found a town of possibly two thousand people set in unkempt, sterile looking country where aimless, deep-rutted, red clay roads lost themselves in gullies that were tangles of hog vine and sickly wild-flower roots; where slovenly frame-houses were placed at random in uncaring disarray about a center composed of a bank, a drug-store, an "emporium" and a pool-room, with lesser marts packed between; where a circular faced building strung about with electric lights bore the words Opera House in bright letters above its grimy white doorway.

At a turn of the main road a path ran downhill and ended in a mud flat in the middle of which stood the school-house. This was a large, two-story building of weather-beaten shingles, guiltless of any sort of care. If it had ever had any paint on it, it must have been green, for here and there green patches appeared on its walls. But maybe these were lichen. By the left wall an open stairway ran up to the second story and opened into a classroom in which I used to give a number of the lower grades drawing lessons. Some of the drawing books which had been ordered in August had not come, although the month was January, and I was put to it to find material for them to use. I used to pick up dead leaves and carry them in with me and pin them to cards which I set up on desks for everyone to see. The lower grades drew the leaves pinned to the cards very badly. I would go up one aisle and down the other endeavoring to set them right.

"A leaf couldn't look like that!" I would cry, and, "A leaf couldn't look like that!"

They would wipe their noses on their ragged sleeves and fret to know what a leaf could look like. I would go out into the frozen mud of the roadway and return with a double handful, giving one to each student, and saying, "Hold it in one hand so—and draw it with the other—so!" But the lower grades, with sly looks, propped books open in front of their papers and drew lines around the edges of the leaves. So I gave them something to draw from memory: the sugar bowls in their homes. They made a very fair thing of it. But one of the largest boys, when I came to look at his paper, had no lid on his bowl. I sat down beside him; he smelled of earth and soiled underclothes, and the clothes he wore outside were filthy. I told him to

lraw his lid, but he would not. He sat urning in the toes of his shoes and scrap-ng them on the iron legs of his desk.

"Put the lid on your sugar bowl," I colded him.

He looked at me as if I were some sort of a ghost, as if I were not there, and said, 'I cain't."

"Can't you remember what it looks ike?" I fumed. He made a sullen, negative notion without speaking. He rubbed mutty places around the edge of his paper with a dirty eraser. I drew a number of ids for him, trying to recall the shape to his mind.

"Is it like this?" I begged. "Or this, or this?" He shook his head, and I drew an-other. So I drew all the possible lids that could belong to a sugar bowl like his, but after awhile he said in a complaining voice, 'Hit's broke."

II

The principal of the school explained to me that the children must be ruled with a hard hand. "You're too good to them," he said. "You reason with them and try to explain to them what you're trying to do. Now, children in these parts ain't like what you think. They don't understand kindness. I've been teachin' here a good many years and I know. Do you see that boy over there? I'm going to beat him this afternoon and beat him plenty. At home when his mother wants him to mind she hits him with a stick of wood."

It was impossible to gainsay this if you had acquaintance with the Widow Stringer. The Widow Stringer was the relict of the man who had built the Stringer House, the travelling man's hotel. She managed it now in his stead, conducting its affairs and the affairs of her nine children with acumen and efficiency. She was, within, a woman of sterling goodness, but there was something summary in her management.

"Jim Stringer," she would say grimly to her youngest, "I 'low ef'n you don't git out'n this room I'll bus' you open with this pine stick!"

I never saw her put her threat into effect, but Jim always went with alacrity, giving the slip to a bloody end.

If I had a pet in the school, it was the little girl whose father kept a blacksmith shop. On St. Valentine's Day I found her waiting for me at the turn of the road where the path ran downhill to the schoolhouse. She had on a faded dress with a ragged petticoat hanging below it and her coat had all the lint rubbed off the threads. She wore a scarlet Tam o' Shanter but it wasn't becoming because her face was little and blue and her nose was sharp and had a dark tip. She had an envelope in her hand and she kept it behind her.

"Did y' git any valentines?" she asked, when I had told her good morning.

"Not any," I said, and tried to look pleasant about it. I thought that she seemed to gloat over me when I told her, she had such a curious pride. Smile she would not, and I saw that to her a valentine was not a smiling matter.

"I didn't get even one," I said. "It's my birthday, too."

I hoped that she would feel sorry for me then. She drew her hand from behind her and her thumb was through a hole in her mitten, but she had no shame about it. She thrust it into the envelope and drew out a small scarlet heart with a blue bird on it. She drew out a tiny wreath of flowers with "To My Valentine" on it. She drew out a torn lace doily with a pair of lovers on it. She held them up to me but she kept her face turned straight ahead as if she wanted me to know that it was all a matter of indifference to her; as if she had lived too long to do more than humor a fellow being in the matter of a valentine. Then she said, still without smiling, "Take yer pick!"

A Negro family lived just behind the school and there were a lot of children in it and a number of them had smallpox. You could see their plaintive brown faces looking out through the dirty window panes, and a Negro woman used to come out of the house and hang blankets on a

clothes-line in the yard to air. Smallpox was all through the town, but there wasn't any pest-house and nobody would be vaccinated. The townspeople said that if they got it they would put lard on their skins, and that that would keep it from leaving any marks. Those who contracted it stayed indoors if they wanted to, but they weren't quarantined. I went to the postoffice to get my mail and the postmaster had it all over his face. I asked the superintendent of the school why such a state of things was permitted and he looked upon me hostilely and said, "Tell you. The town council here ain't got any money. Guess they'd put up a pest-house if they had any, but the city's poor. Same thing about quarantining. They ain't got health officers to see to it. And people around these parts don't take much to vaccinating anyhow since old Miss Banner down yonder a piece she died of cancer."

He had not time to explain his remark and I was obliged to ask its meaning of the Widow Stringer. "I calc'clate you wouldn't know her," she said. "She lived down yonder by the railroad tracks. 'Tain't a year sence she got a risin' on her arm right where she was vaccinated when she was a little girl. Dr. McGraw he said as how it had give her cancer, an' now she's dead. 'Tain't likely people are goin' to take up with sech business after hearin' her tell afore she died how come hit."

I used to look forward to Sundays. On Sundays I went horseback riding in the woods with a girl from the high-school division named Onie. She had a great many freckles and a tilted up nose and she was forever collapsing like a waterfall in a cascade of laughter. "Onie, sit up!" I would beg. "Onie . . .!"

Onie, who had come to Louisiana from Texas, was no coward about riding. She would lie flat against her horse's neck, letting her body slip to frighten me. I would gallop at her side holding the pommel of my saddle with both hands. "Onie . . . please, Onie!" The frost on the ground was black and the pine needles were brown and black. Only on the trees they were bright green. Sharp brown burrs showed between them and smears of brittle resin streaked the gray scales of the tree trunks. Sometimes flying squirrels shot across between limbs high above our heads and on clear days you could hear crows and blue jays calling to each other from the stubble in the cornfields fringing the town. The feet of the horses crunched and splintered the frozen ground. The north wind spread itself over our faces in a fine cold like ice.

The town was very quiet on Sundays. The women stayed in their houses and cooked heavy noonday meals of fried chicken and salt shoulder and cabbage, of hominy grits and boiled potatoes and thick saleratus biscuits. Or they went in clusters of twos and threes to the churches taking their children, whose faces had been scoured and whose clothes had been mended and laundered for the occasion. There was an almost tangible silence like cobwebs over everything. Dogs barked and hens cackled, but the people walked with a stealthy tread and even the voices of the children sounded metallic and disembodied when they spoke. The Widow Stringer would fall into thoughts of her tenth child, who was now only a curious kind of memory, for she had come upon him one morning when he was very little standing drowned and upside down in the washtub, which she had prepared beside the kitchen doorstep for the clothes.

There were few men to be seen on the streets after Saturday noon. At about that time they would polish their shoes until they shone and put lotions on their hair to keep it smooth and take the train and go to Alexandria. This was their Babylon and they revelled there, securely lost in its cosmopolitan ambiguity, until they returned home at midnight of Sunday. The actors at the Opera House, who played vaudeville each evening after the moving picture had been shown, made jokes about it. One of them would go behind the curtain and kick down a lot of boxes and tin cans and throw them all around the stage,

ter which he would come back and say
the other one, winking, "Guess what
at was!"

"What was it?" the second man would
spond curiously.

"The Prohibition party from this town
oming back from Alexandria!"

Then everybody would clap and kick on
e floor, and the men in the audience
ould poke each other in the ribs and
ugh until the actors had left the stage.

III

he Opera House was dark and stale-
nelling and the seats were heavy wooden
enches without any divisions. The people
ould begin to crowd in from the town
t half past six o'clock. The children came
umbling over each other, each one shov-
ng to get ahead, and their shoes were
aked with mud and dust and they chewed
um and peanuts. The older boys and girls
ame together, wearing bright neckties and
resses, and the boys sucking violet breath-
rops to give themselves an elegant odor.
ut the fathers and mothers came straight
om the fields and kitchens, and brought
he very little children who were too
oung to come alone.

Every week a cheap theatrical troupe
rrived from Alexandria and played at the
pera House, and one week there was a
oung girl who was a hypnotist, so that
ll the town turned out to see her. To ad-
ertise her act the manager put her in one
f the shop windows of the town the morn-
ng she arrived, and she was supposed to
e in a trance herself, although no one ex-
lained who it was that had hypnotized
er. She lay full length on the floor of the
indow in a white dress with a blue sash.
verybody said she wasn't more than sev-
nteen years old. Her hands were folded
n her breast and a half-grown boy with
igh white canvas shoes sat behind her and
anned her to keep the flies away. When
hey lit on her hands her eyelashes quiv-
red but she didn't move, which caused
he people on the sidewalk to wonder at
the mysterious science that made her sleep
so hard.

That night the playhouse was crowded.
She came out on the stage with her white
dress all starched and ruffled and asked six
boys between the ages of fourteen and six-
teen to come up on the stage and let her
hypnotize them. She was as pretty as a
fluttery little bird, and as sweet as a posy
of mignonette. All of the boys in the audi-
ence tried to go up on the stage at once
but she chose six, just as she had said.
The boy with the high white shoes was
sitting in a chair, and beside it were six
other chairs, all of them empty. She took
the boys from the town and led them one
at a time to these seats, smiling and blow-
ing kisses over her shoulder to the audi-
ence as she walked. She sat them down
very carefully, saying that she would
hypnotize them without speaking.

At a snap of her fingers they all fell to
their hands and knees and began to bark
like dogs. They grovelled around for some
time on all fours and then sat up on their
haunches and begged. She said that she had
just willed them to be dogs. She made
them do any number of queer things, she
put them through all manner of nonsense,
and each time without a single boy fail-
ing to obey her. She did this for six nights,
each time with six different boys, and it
wasn't until she had left town that they
told on her. "She said," they explained,
"'Watch the boy with the white shoes and
do just like he does, *please!* And don't tell
or they'll run me out of town.'" Not one
had told—not to anyone, at least, who
would run her out of town.

After she had gone an old time barn-
storming company came which advertised
that it would play "The Devil." The title
drew a good many people. The stage was
shallow and a length of unbleached mus-
lin sheeting was hung across it to serve
for a back drop. This left a narrow strip
of floor, which was set with a shabby
washstand, without much paint, on top
of which stood a flowered wash-bowl and
pitcher. A wooden garden settee was

placed across from it, and between them, parallel with the footlights, was a paper bedroom screen. The actors bowed, when they came out, to the little man from the livery stable who played the mechanical piano. There were only two of them at first, a man and a woman who sat on the settee and held hands and talked. When they had talked for a while they came closer together and put their arms about each other and kissed each other very loud and long.

The first time they kissed a terrifying face with sinister streaks painted on it and paper horns fastened to the head rose above the screen and made horrible grimaces, pointing to the two on the stage, snickering into its hands and wiggling its scalp and ears up and down as children do who wish to terrify their less accomplished juniors. At each appearance of this apparition the couple on the bench sprang apart and hid their faces in their fingers, peering between them at the audience, which shouted and stamped its applause. Only the babies didn't like it. You could hear them whimpering to their mothers and crying to go home. The house was dirty and dark and the streaks on the devil's face were green and blue. Even to an informed mind he had an unearthly look.

One little girl of three was frightened by his antics out of all seemliness of behavior. Two places removed from her mother, who had brought her brood of eleven to the show with her, she broke suddenly into an unearthly wail. There was an angry, startled exclamation from her older brother and a man sitting behind the row gave vent to a muffled guffaw, for there could be heard above the shuffling of restless feet a sound like the whisper of gentle rain. The devil rose from behind the screen, and, sensing a situation to his liking, made an obscene face. Boys and girls giggled and adjusted their collars or bit the corners of their handkerchiefs. Only the voice of the drowsing mother of eleven arose, indifferent to the commotion.

"Het, set away from Sister! Sam, pi
up yer feet!"

Silence fell once more as the row rea
justed itself and gave its attention to t
drama.

IV

Old wives' tales had them. They cou
prove their truth out of their own expe
ence. There was, for example, the story
the beautiful child born to the ugliest m
in town and his homely wife. She,
seemed, was feverishly desirous of havi
a handsome baby. She went each day
fore its birth and gazed long and intent
upon the photograph of the handsome
man in the community, on display in t
local camera man's window. Her husba
sympathized with her in this scheme,
she had told him that it would surely wo
the miracle. And the town sympathize
too, and watched her with interest. Tw
such plain mortals, it felt sure, could nev
produce offspring it could tolerate looki
upon unless some such forethought by t
mother molded it marvellously. So ever
one rejoiced when a son was born to h
the image of the photograph. The ta
lives in their annals today, their humb
contribution to science.

There were few fancy women in t
town, but some of the more independe
among those who worked were said to
kept. One of them lived in a low, gr
house covered with moonflower vines, a
in the late afternoon you could see he
dressed in fresh organdie with black ve
vet ribbons, peering out between the hea
leaves looking for someone. After a whi
a thin, dapper man with a flat head wou
come down the street and turn in at th
gate. He walked with a springy step a
always bowed politely to her when he w
half way up the walk, holding his hat
a hand which had a big gold ring on i
He had gone to see her at exactly that sam
hour every afternoon for ten years, a
everyone wondered what she would d
when she found out that he was going
marry the little blonde girl who worke

hind the soda-fountain in Smith's drug-
ore. The townspeople were very respect-
l when they spoke of her, however, and
ey often asked him how she was and
lled her Miss Judy.

Gossip, to be retailed among them, had
be painted in crude, bright colors; so
oad was the fiber of their everyday lives
at no slighter contrast was felt. They
ere tolerant of it when it was raw and
old, relishing its humor and retailing it
ith gusto. And so the story of the horse
at would have been loved of Boccaccio
as told beside every hearthstone with
bald relish. This horse was the one well-
red-for animal in the livery stable. He
as kept sleek and well fed because on
ndays the traveling men stopping at the
ringer House hired him, with a high,
d-wheeled trap, to take the town girls riding. These rides usually ended at dusk, when the girls had to return home to help get the family supper. The horse, too, was accustomed to take regular meals, since he had to be cosseted to keep him the *piece de resistance* of the livery trade. He wasn't any ordinary hack. You couldn't see a bone in his smooth, sorrel body, and he knew the Stringer House and that it was usually his port of call on Sunday afternoons.

He came back there one Sunday at supper time, leaving a peripatetic swain and his buxom companion somewhere in the pine woods, and dragging reins that apparently had been too lightly tethered to detain him when he became restive for his oats. He returned to stand patiently before the little fly-specked hotel with part of a hussy's garments plainly and scandalously visible on the floor of the trap!

DOYERS STREET

BY HERBERT ASBURY

Doyers street is a crooked little thoroughfare that runs twistingly, up hill and down, from Chatham Square to Pell street, and with Pell and Mott streets forms New York's Chinatown. In a darkened basement at No. 3, in the house that is reputed to be the one that Anthony H. Doyer built in 1809, there lived not many years ago an ancient Chinaman, by name Ah Quong, an hereditary member of the Four Brothers tong. Although he violated the laws of the white devils by an occasional dicker in opium, Ah Quong was a scholar and a musician; by day he quoted sonorously from the Analects of Confucius, and, in consideration of a few cents to replenish his rice bowl, played on his one-stringed fiddle the song of "The Babbling Brook at Sunrise, and the Scent of the Lotus Flower." To Occidental ears the babbling of the brook was discordant, but to the ears of Ah Quong it was music more melodic than the tunes of Johann Strauss.

But by night the fiddle was silent and the wisdom of Confucius remained unspoken, for Ah Quong searched for treasure that he might return to Canton and accomplish a fitting death and burial amid the bones of his ancestors. Night after night he dug in the earthen floor of his dwelling, and went from wall to wall tapping the bricks with a hammer, searching for the $35,000,000 in gold which a preposterous legend of Doyers street has it was buried by one of the early Doyers in the walls of his house. The vastness of the sum belies the tale, but Ah Quong did not doubt its truth; he had it from a grinning white devil in exchange for one tael of opium. But despite his industry he died before he could find the gold, so that it must still
there waiting for the man whose joss h
blessed him with better luck.

The legend of the Doyers street treasu
has popped up at intervals in New Yo
for the past seventy-five years, but whi
the amount has always been exactly $3
000,000, it has not always been in gol
Those who, unlike Ah Quong, have be
able to envision the space required for t
storage of such a huge quantity of met
relate the tale of a vast estate left by one
the old Doyer family, and every so often
heir appears, speaks his little piece, a
then vanishes when he learns that the re
ords of the Public Administrator do n
show the existence of such a fortune. T
latest claimants were M. and Mme. Taco
of Ostend and M. and Mme. Tjoens of Lo
baix, representing thirty-four Belgian a
French heirs. They announced in Pa
early in 1923 that they were sailing imm
diately to claim the estate, which they sa
was left by "D. B. Doyers, who died
1865." A later dispatch from Cherbou
said that the estate was that of "Dr. Pier
Doyers, who died in 1835." But the clai
ants never actually got to this country.

Doyers street has always been somethi
of an orphan thoroughfare. The histori
and handbooks of early New York igno
it, except to mention that it is a part
Chinatown, and there does not appear
be any record of how and for whom it w
named. The Curator of the Museum of t
City of New York expressed the opinio
some years ago that it had been named f
the same Anthony H. Doyer who built
house at No. 3, and, after living there
long time, moved over into Hudson stree

That opinion is probably correct. Doyers street, together with most of the Chatham Square district, was once a part of the old Rutgers farm; later it became known as Brewery Flats. The street was probably Doyer's lane or Doyer's road in the beginning, and then was listed as Doyer's street. Finally a careless painter of street signs omitted the apostrophe and it became Doyers street, as it is today.

It is a crazy street and there has never been any excuse for it, although it may have been of some use as a lane or an alley in the early days of the city. It is true that it is a connecting link between Chatham Square and Pell street, but Pell street itself is only two blocks long and runs into the Bowery a few yards north of the Square. Doyers street is no good for traffic; it offers no short cut and it is too narrow; it resembles one of those mean byways in what the A.E.F. used to call the "foreign sections" of French cities. It is little more than two hundred feet long, and it curves and twists so much that to get from one end of it to the other one could almost follow the directions for reaching the house of Kassim Baba—"first to the right and then to the left and again to the right and again to the left." But instead of the blue cross on the stone pillar of Kassim's house there is at the Pell street end of Doyers street the side wall of the Hip Sing tong house, plastered with red and white posters with Chinese characters in orange and black. This wall is the community billboard of Chinatown, its newspaper. It was there, during the old tong conflicts, that the declarations of war were posted that all men might read except the stupid white devils.

Ruin and desolation and religion have come upon Doyers street now, but in bygone days it was a fascinatingly wicked and dangerous place; it was a street of dives and saloons and dance halls; it was honeycombed with underground passageways leading to the places of the On Leongs in Mott street and the Hip Sings in Pell. It was the stamping ground of Chuck Connors, the King of the Lobbygows and the self-styled Mayor of Chinatown, and of Mock Duck, an oily, moon-faced scoundrel who probably stirred up more trouble in Chinatown than any other man who ever lived. Fan tan and pi gow games ran wide open from Chatham Square to Pell street, and on quiet nights the fumes of opium, smoked in the basements and in the dingy little rooms above the dives, floated down to the street and mingled with the odors of stale beer and unwashed Chinks. There was no oriental splendor and voluptuousness in Doyers street, but there was plenty of wickedness. Now it is just a dirty part of town.

Scotty Lavelle's place was at 14 Doyers street in those days, and Callahan's saloon and dance hall was running full tilt at the corner of Doyers street and Chatham Square. At No. 6 was the Chatham Club, where Chuck Connors made his headquarters what time he was not guiding parties of tourists about the quarter, and where he pined away to die of a broken heart after he had been forced to abdicate by a young Italian bootblack who calmly called himself Young Chuck Connors. Irving Berlin used to sing and wait on table occasionally at the Club and at Scotty Lavelle's, coming by special permission of Nigger Mike Salter in Pell street, for whom he worked as a singing waiter in the days before he discovered ragtime. It is Lavelle's that is said to have witnessed the birth of the familiar phrase, "Who wants the handsome waiter?" A curio store now occupies the front room of the old Chatham Club, but the exterior of the building remains the same; it is a curious, many-gabled structure tricked out in Chinese architectural doodads and unbelievably dingy and dirty.

II

Much of the history of Doyers street and of Chinatown, for Doyers street has always been the nerve center of the district, has been enacted around the old Chinese Theatre and the Bloody Angle, the latter a sharp bend in the street opposite the old

Arcade, which once led to Mott street and was closed by the police many years ago because it offered too easy an escape for the hatchet men of the On Leongs. The police believe, and can prove it so far as such proof is possible, that more men have been murdered at the Bloody Angle than in any other place of like area in the world. It was, and is, an ideal place for an ambush; the turn is very abrupt and not even a slant-eyed Chinaman can see around a corner. Armed with snickersnee and hatchet sharpened to a razor's edge, the tong killer lay in wait for his victim, and, having cut him down as he came around the bend, escaped through the Arcade, or plunged into the theatre and thence into Mott or Pell streets through one of the underground passageways.

The theatre is now a mission of the New York Rescue Society, with hymns and sandwiches for the bums instead of the witticisms of the comedian Ah Hoon and the dramatic goings-on of the eminent tragedian Hom Ling, who made special pilgrimages from Canton to give the Chinese in New York and San Francisco the benefit of his art. It was opened in 1895 and became the property of the Rescue Society in August, 1910, after Raymond Hitchcock, the actor, and Joe Humphreys, whose booming voice is heard at all of the big prize fights, had taken it over and tried for a few months to subject Chinatown to the civilizing influence of moving pictures. It was the first Chinese theatre east of San Francisco and the last, except for occasional performances by travelling troupes which play in one of the old Bowery houses under the patronage of the companies operating the sight-seeing buses.

The Rescue Society made no changes in the old theatre except to give it a bath, remove the opium bunks from the basement and wall up the entrances to the tunnels. Its officials investigated only slightly the current Chinatown tale that the cellar of the building had been used for years as a burying ground for tong war victims, and the hooks from which the bunks swung are still embedded in the cellar wall. Sometimes one can imagine that the odor of opium, and the many queer smells that crop up in such a place, are still there. The paintings on the walls of the theatre, frescoes depicting scenes of dragon hunting and the triumph of virtue, are there also and are pointed out to gaping tourists as fine examples of Chinese art. I once heard a gabby guide describe them as Ming Dynasty work which had been removed from an ancient Chinese temple and brought to the United States for the delectation of the transplanted Cantonese in the New York colony. As a matter of fact, the pictures were painted by Chin Yin, who lived next door and was calligrapher, house painter, artist and janitor. He received $35 for the job, and in one panel he depicted a prince of the blood wearing a robe of the Ming dynasty, a headdress of the Sung period and Manchu footgear.

The original promoters of the theatre were hard put to it to make their enterprise pay. They charged but twenty-five cents admission, and required a packed house at almost every performance to meet their payroll. Then, too, they were troubled by the fact that after the tong wars set in the On Leongs, the Hip Sings and the Four Brothers became enamored of the theatre as a place to stage their fights and killings. Frequently the great Hom Ling had to abandon his rantings and flee because an eager Hip Sing had slipped the sharp blade of his hatchet across the throat of an On Leong as that worthy sat enjoying the show. Frequently, too, the performance was permanently interrupted by the barrage of revolvers, because eventually the Chinese went in for the white man's weapons even if they did not go in very much for his law. But they were never good shots; their procedure was to point their guns in the general direction of the intended victim, close their eyes and pull the trigger until there were no more explosions. This method was brought to great perfection by Moc Duck, who used two guns, one in each hand, and who was dangerous to any

ne up, down and sideways, within range. Ah Hoon, who is said by Chinese critics f the drama to have been a really great omedian, was killed because he became ne Will Rogers of Doyers street. In his perrmances at the theatre he had a way of nterpolating comment on the activities of ne quarter, and since he was a member of ne On Leong tong and intensely partisan, is jibes and quips were usually at the xpense of the Four Brothers and the Hip ings. These things rankled, and the Rev. Iuie Kim, head of the Morning Star Mison in Doyers street and a Christian, warned h Hoon that he was going too far, and aid the comedian was a bad man. But Ah Ioon persisted, and when the Four Brothrs and the Hip Sings declared war against ne On Leongs for other causes, he put no mit on his jests about the enemies of his ong. So the Hip Sings and the Four Brothrs decided to kill him, and desiring to be air about it, they sent an emissary to him nd gave him notice; they told him the xact hour and the minute he would die, nd furthermore informed him that since e had been so insulting in his remarks, he vould be killed on the stage where he had nade them.

So on December 30, 1909, after Tom Lee, ead of the On Leongs, had left town for a hort rest and to escape Hip Sing bullets nd hatchets, Clara Quong, the widow of a an Francisco actor who lived on the floor elow Ah Hoon, went to the police and old them that the comedian was doomed. ergeant Coughlin and two policemen were ent to protect him, and Ah Hoon apeared for the performance. The policemen at on the stage, curiously out of place in heir blue uniforms, and Ah Hoon went hrough his performance, cutting his lines onsiderably and cracking no jokes whatver about the Hip Sings and the Four Brothers. The place was crowded, word of he impending murder having been spread bout, and outside in the street surged the rowd that had come to see the fun and ould not even find standing room.

Fearing the police, the Hip Sing killers went back on their sworn word and did not kill Ah Hoon during the performance, and the policemen escorted the comedian through the underground passageway to his home in Chatham Square. He went to bed, his door locked, and his only window facing a blank wall. Armed members of his tong stood guard in the front doorway, and others were on the roof. In the streets were policemen. Yet when morning came Ah Hoon was dead, shot through the heart by a Hip Sing killer who had been lowered in a boatswain's chair from the roof, and then got at Ah Hoon through the window that looked out upon a blank wall. The comedian's body was found by Hootchy-Kootchy Mary, who lived on the floor below.

III

The death of Ah Hoon caused the flashing of hatchets and blazing of revolvers all through the Chinatown district, and added to the woes of the theatre owners, for the comedian was popular and had a great following. The climax of the trouble came on New Year's night. The theatre was filled with spectators, because this was the great Chinese celebration of the year and it was understood that a truce had been arranged. The performance went with verve and fire, but suddenly some one threw a bunch of lighted firecrackers into the air over an orchestra seat. They snapped and popped and the crowd milled about in panic. But pistols snapped and popped also during the scramble, and when the crowd had quieted and left the building five On Leong men did not move from their seats: they had been killed quickly and efficiently under cover of the exploding firecrackers. Mock Duck and others of the Hip Sing highbinders were arrested, but no proof was found and nothing was done to them.

The promoters of the theatre, annoyed that such things should happen in their house of entertainment, sent out word that they would close the place. There were many conferences, and finally in 1910 it was decided that the theatre should be neutral

territory, and that it would not be sporting to do any more killing in the building. However, nothing was said about the Bloody Angle and the rest of Doyers street, and the tong hatchet men and gunmen who had been shooting up the theatre now waited on the outside for their victims, so that the audiences were as small as ever. Then various white devils took it over, but did not prosper, and when Hitchcock and Humphreys failed with moving pictures it was evident that the Chinese theatre was lost. So it became a mission.

The tong war in which the comedian Ah Hoon was killed, and which reached its climax in the five killings in the theatre, was caused by the murder of Bow Kum, a nineteen-year-old China slave girl who was sold by her father in Canton for a few dollars, and brought to the United States, where she brought $3,000 in the open market in San Francisco—a fair price. Low Hee Tong, high in the councils of the Four Brothers and their allies the Hip Sings, bought the girl and lived with her for four years. Then he got into trouble with the police, could not show a marriage license and Bow Kum was taken from him and put in a Chinese mission to be saved from sin. Then came Tchin Len, a truck gardener, who married her and brought her to New York, ignoring the demand of Low Hee Tong that he be reimbursed the $3,000 which he had paid for her.

Tchin Len had no money and he could not pay, whereupon Low Hee Tong wrote to the Four Brothers and the Hip Sings in the metropolis and set forth his grievances. The tong leaders felt that his claim was justified, and demanded that the On Leong tong, of which Tchin Len was a member, take immediate steps to make the truck gardener pay Low Hee Tong the $3,000. The On Leongs refused, and the Four Brothers and the Hip Sings broke out the flag of the highbinder from their tong house and declared war in violent posters pasted on the bulletin board in Doyers street. Then the killing began. This was probably the most disastrous war the tongs ever fought in New York, with a casualty list of abo fifty dead and many more wounded, a with considerable destruction of proper by bombs, because the Chinese by th time had begun to experiment with dyn mite and the results were fearful. Old To Lee, then the head of the On Leong strove for peace, but the younger membe of both tongs swore that they would nev quit their killing until the other side h been exterminated.

Finally Captain Bill Hodgins of t Elizabeth street police station, induced t tong chieftains to listen to peace proposa He went first to the On Leongs, and th told him that nothing would please the more than to make peace with their brethre but first the Hip Sings and the Four Brot ers must give them a Chinese flag, 10,0 packages of fire crackers and a roast pi That was about the same as if the Ku Klu Klan were required to celebrate Yom Ki pur, give their nightgowns to the Knigh of Columbus and kiss the big toe of th Pope, so the Hip Sings squawked wit rage and the war went merrily on for a other year. It was finally settled in 1910 b a committee of forty appointed by th Chinese Minister in Washington, and com posed largely of Chinese teachers and st dents, and merchants who owed allegian to neither tong. The truce thus patched u continued until 1912, when a new tong, th Kim Lan Wui Saw, appeared in Chinatow and declared war on the On Leongs and th Hip Sings. The ancient rivals combined t exterminate the upstarts, and were doin well at the job when the Chinese goverr ment again interfered, and with the Ne York police persuaded the warring tong to sign a peace treaty on May 22, 1913.

This treaty kept Chinatown in peace, t the great prosperity and profit of all fa tions, until two years ago, when anoth war began because several members of th On Leong tong, expelled from that orga ization, found refuge with the Hip Sing taking with them, according to the C Leongs, a considerable sum of On Leon money. This war continued for sever

months, but the New York police never became greatly alarmed over it, although in deference to the yelps of the reformers and newspapers they sent large details of detectives and uniformed men into the district. Old-time policemen who remember the tong conflicts of twenty years ago say that the trouble was "just a few Chinks getting fresh." There was never much likelihood that it would flare up to the fury of the wars that ended with the peace of 1913. It was different from those conflicts in that most of the killing, so far as New York City was concerned, was not in Chinatown, but among Chinese laundrymen and restaurant keepers in the Bronx and Brooklyn. Only a few men were murdered in Doyers, Mott and Pell streets.

IV

When the section now called Chinatown first became a part of New York City, a hundred or so years ago, it was a district of brick dwellings inhabited by solid Irish and German families. But in 1866 or 1867 a Cantonese, by name Wah Kee, came east from San Francisco and established a store at 13 Pell street, half a block from Doyers, and did a good business in Chinese curios, vegetables and preserved fruits. Most of his profits, however, came from gambling games and an opium smoking dive that he operated above his store. Almost immediately he attracted the riff-raff of the Bowery, and the character of the neighborhood began to change.

Wah Kee's graft was so good, and the police viewed his activities in such a tolerant and reasonable light, that two years later another Chinaman appeared and set up a store as a blind for a gambling hell and an opium dive at 4 Mott street. Two years after that, in 1870, there were twelve Chinamen in the district, and ten years later this number had increased to about 700. Then they began to come in droves, and it was not long before they had driven out the Irish and German families and taken over the tenements in Doyers, Mott and Pell streets. In 1910 it was estimated that there were between 10,000 and 15,000 Chinese in New York, but in recent years this number has been considerably reduced by migrations to New Jersey towns, especially Newark, which now has a larger Chinese settlement than New York.

The tong wars appear to have begun about 1899, and with the exception of one or two which started over women, were all caused by conflicting gambling interests. The tongs are as American as chop suey—the first one was organized in 1860 by Chinamen in the Western gold fields—and finally became nothing but organizations formed to parcel out gambling and opium smoking privileges, for which they paid the police varying sums. It cannot be proved, of course, but it is said that at one time there were 200 gambling games operating in the district formed by Doyers, Mott and Pell streets, and that the tongs paid the police an average of $17.50 a week for each game. This was the period in which New York policemen began to invest in brownstone fronts, and to acquire retinues of servants, and diamonds and carriages for their women. The Chatham Club, Scotty Lavelle's, Callahan's, all in Doyers street, and Nigger Mike Salter's in Pell street, and many other dives ran wide open; every Chinese store harbored a pi gow or fan tan game, and opium could be smoked in almost every basement. There was prosperity and profit for everybody and everybody was happy.

Into this gambler's heaven came Mock Duck, a bland, fat little man who wanted to rule the district as Emperor and so became the terror of Chinatown. At that time Tom Lee was head of the On Leongs and boss of all the gambling: the Hip Sings were meek and lowly, and were permitted to operate only a few games. Furthermore, Tom Lee controlled the only Chinese votes in New York city, six in number, and so was lord of the district and beloved of the politicians. It is worthy of record that not long after Mock Duck and Tom Lee became avowed enemies, the number of Tom

Lee's voters was reduced to two by a fire in the On Leong tenement at Pell street, which was not then the street of the Hip Sings as it became later, after the On Leongs had retired into the fastnesses of Mott.

Mock Duck was a curious mixture of bravery and cowardice. He wore the shirt of chain mail in which all the tong killers of those days incased their bodies, he carried two guns, and at times he would fight bravely, squatting on his haunches in the street, with both eyes shut, and blazing away at a surrounding circle of On Leongs with utter disregard of his own safety. At other times he got the wind up and fled pell mell to San Francisco or Chicago—but he always came back, filled with new plans for the discomfiture of the On Leongs. These flights, however, may have been strategical; it is quite likely that Mock Duck was afraid of no one but his wife, Tai Yu. Once she invaded the flat of his mistress in Division street, smashed the crockery and furniture and led Mock Duck home by the scruff of the neck, stopping at every street corner to kick and slap him. He had to go blazing away with his two guns for a long time before he could live down the laughter that this disgraceful incident inspired.

Mock Duck was a notable gambler in a race of gamblers. He would bet on anything; he has been known to gamble his entire wealth on the number of seeds in an orange picked at random from a fruit cart. He even gambled with his religion; hearing much of the power of the Christian God and, indeed, seeing evidences of it in the prosperity of poorly paid policemen, he emblazoned over the head of his personal joss in his own house the motto from the American dollar, "In God We Trust." Some years later, after Dr. Parkhurst's Society for the Prevention of Crime had unwittingly aided him in his schemes against the On Leongs, he replaced the joss in the Hip Sing tong house with a huge crayon portrait of Frank Moss, counsel for and associate of the celebrated Dr. Parkhurst in his pursuit of the devil.

A mild and affable Chinaman named Wong Get had tried for ten years, before Mock Duck came to New York, to topple old Tom Lee from his pedestal, but had failed dismally. That may have been because Chinatown laughed at Wong Get he was a dude. He had cut his hair and wore white men's clothes. But Mock Duck admired Wong Get's persistence, and formed an alliance with him, by which he eventually got control of the Hip Sings. When he felt strong enough he went calmly to old Tom Lee and demanded a fifty-fifty split of the Chinatown gambling privileges. He told the chief of the On Leongs that he must either divide or fight, and old Tom Lee laughed loud and long. All of Chinatown laughed, because old Tom Lee seemed to be firmly entrenched; he owned six votes and was a deputy sheriff of New York county, which fact is distinctly illuminative of the politics of the period.

But there was no laughter a little later when four of Tom Lee's votes were burned to death in the Pell street fire; it became evident that Mock Duck, although he disclaimed all knowledge of the catastrophe, was a power to be reckoned with. The On Leongs had their revenge, of course, but when the first Hip Sing man was killed Mock Duck flung out the highbinder emblem from the Hip Sing tong house and it was literally war to the knife. In the midst of the killing Mock Duck went to Dr. Parkhurst's Society and gave Frank Moss the addresses of the principal On Leong gambling games—and Moss did the rest. He compelled the police to raid the places and close them, and about as fast as they were closed Mock Duck and Wong Get opened them again with Hip Sings in charge and the games running as merrily as ever; the difference being that the profits went to Mock Duck and the Hip Sings instead of to Tom Lee and the On Leongs.

During the height of Mock Duck's prosperity the agents of the Gerry Society began snooping about his home, investigating the report that Ha Oi, the adopted daughter of the tong leader, was a white child.

The courts found that she was the daughter of one Lizzie Smith who afterward married Wu Ching Mung of San Francisco. When Lizzie Smith died Wu Ching Mung married Tai Yu, and when Wu Ching Mung died Tai Yu married Mock Duck, and so Ha Oi came to the home of Mock Duck. The courts took her away from him when agents of the Society reported that they had found the baby asleep at the foot of a bunk on which Mock Duck and his cousin lay with an opium pipe and layout between them.

Mock Duck, frantic, went about the streets of Chinatown with tear-filled eyes, begging for help. He took the case to the Appellate Division and lost, and then he turned all his gambling and other interests over to Wong Get and went on a tour of the American continent. He gambled feverishly in Chicago and San Francisco, and came back to Chinatown in a year with his shirt front covered with diamonds and $30,000 cash in his pockets, and dazzled Chinatown by changing his suit three times a day. But prosperity could not quench his taste for power; guns began to blaze and hatchets to flash almost as soon as he returned. He was arrested many times for murder and for gambling, but he was never convicted until 1912, when he was sent to Sing Sing for operating a policy game.

Few men have been shot at oftener than Mock Duck, but despite the whirl of bullets in which he lived for more than ten years he was never injured but once. This was on November 4, 1904, when three On Leongs appeared suddenly in Pell street as he was taking the air in front of his home. They squatted on the ground, closed their eyes and blazed away and Mock Duck went down with a bullet in his hip. Policemen came running from Doyers street and from either end of Pell street, but they caught only one of the On Leong gunmen. Him they protected by forming a wall around him with their bodies, and then moved slowly toward Chatham Square, surrounded by Hip Sings waving hatchets and pistols and striving desperately to find an opening in the wall of cops through which they could shoot or hack.

Mock Duck was in the Hudson Hospital for three weeks, and came out whole and hearty and filled with a thirst for revenge. He got it. Doyers, Pell and Mott streets echoed to the shots that infuriated Hip Sings fired at fleeing On Leongs, and Mock Duck did not stop the killing until he was arrested in 1912. There was not a great deal of evidence against him, but the courts apparently decided that it was time something was done about Mock Duck, so they sent him to Sing Sing. And with Mock Duck in prison the police and the Chinese minister were able, a year later, to induce the tongs to sign a peace. Since his imprisonment Mock Duck has not been active; he went to Brooklyn when he was released, and has stayed there. In 1918 he made formal proclamation that he was done with tongs; that he had acquired sufficient wealth and adventure and that his face would never again be seen in Doyers, Mott or Pell streets. So far he has kept his word.

V

Chuck Connors was the most notorious of the white parasites who drifted into Chinatown. His real name was Patrick George Connors. A great deal was written about him in the newspapers of the period, and he was variously called the Bowery Philosopher and the Sage of Doyers Street. He was one of the originators of the dese, dem and dose school of linguistic expression, and acquired a considerable reputation as the founder of the Bowery dialect, and as a story teller and wit. In truth, Chuck was a bar fly and a tramp, who probably never did a day's work in his life; he used to sit absolutely motionless for hours at a time in a tilted chair in the old Chatham Club at 6 Doyers street, while crowds of tourists gazed at him in awe.

Most if not all of the smart sayings attributed to Chuck Connors probably had their inception in the brains of Frank Ward O'Malley and Roy L. McCardell, then writ-

ing for the *Sun* and the *World*. They found Connors a prolific source of copy; he would stand for anything, and he was always careful to read the newspapers and see exactly what he was doing and thinking. When there was nothing else on which to hang a feature story, there was always Chuck Connors, and with almost continuous publicity he was built up into a nationally known figure. His talk, or at least the talk that O'Malley ascribed to him and printed in the *Sun*, found its way onto the stage and even today is accepted as the sort of stuff spoken on the Bowery. Here is a typical sample, printed after Chuck had himself consented to grace the American theatre in a sister act with his wife, Nellie Noonan, known as the Queen of the Seventh Ward:

> To de woods fer mine. I bit so easy de jay must a thought he had a dead one on th' string. Anyhow he had de show all fixed an' me in a sleepin' car before even I turns me mind to de wagis for yours truly. Th' first time I goes to de box offis for me dough I near drops dead. De guy behind de bars passes me out a envelick with $15 in it.
>
> "W'at t' 'ell," says I. "W'at t' 'ell is dis?" say I, like dat, to de bloke in de windy.
>
> "Dat's your wagis," says de guy.

Chuck Conners was sixty-one years old when he died in 1913 in the Hudson Street Hospital. He had lived for many years in a two-room apartment at 6 Dover street, near the East River, in a tenement house called Fox's Flats because it had been built by Richard K. Fox, owner of the *Police Gazette*. He never paid any rent, and the fact that Fox never made any effort to dispossess him gave rise to the report that the publisher had given Chuck the flat rent free so long as he lived. Connors was never at home, except to sleep there occasionally. He spent his whole time in Chinatown, in the Chatham Club in Doyers street, with occasional forays into the Bowery. He was a lobbygow, or "official guide" to the District.

When he had been exploited by the newspapers so that he was well known, Chuck Connors organized the Chuck Connors Association and gave a racket several times a year. He became a power in the politics of Chinatown and the Bowery, controlling the votes of lesser lobbygows, and was frequently consulted by Big Tim and Little Tim Sullivan. He could neither read nor write until he was twenty years old and had married Nellie Noonan, but after she had taught him for a time he would sit in the Chatham and display his erudition by reciting the alphabet forward and backward. He also learned the multiplication table and was very proud of the accomplishment. With his wife he frequently appeared in a "Bowery skit" at various theatres, and with road companies, and once he was on the bill at Hammerstein's Victoria on Broadway.

The doctors said that Chuck Connors died of heart disease, but really it was neglect that killed him. He became old and uninteresting; he complained of the rheumatism and frequently had to stay home for several days at a time. The reporters, having exhausted him as a source of copy, dropped him, and without publicity Chuck was soon forgotten. The final nail was driven into his cross when Frank Salvatore, an Italian bootblack known as Mike the Dago, began to call himself Young Chuck Connors and organized the Young Chuck Connors Association. He began to acquire political influence, and when he announced that he would give a grand ball in opposition to the affair of the old Chuck Connors Association, the one time King of the Lobbygows consented to abdicate, or at least share his throne with the newcomer. It was agreed that on the programme of Young Chuck's ball the name of Chuck Connors should appear as a patron immediately after that of Jim Jeffries, then heavyweight champion of the world, and before the name of Jim Corbett.

Chuck lingered on for several years after that, but his heart was not in his work, and finally he went home and died. He was buried by members of the Press Club, and of the thousands upon thousands who had known him fewer than forty persons attended his funeral.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Sandwich.—One of the phenomena that engages the interest of the student of the modern American scene is the sandwich wave that has latterly engulfed the Republic. As little as a half dozen years ago the sandwich industry occupied a position of relatively small importance in the American economic and social history; today it has become one of the leading industries of the country, taking precedence over soda-water, candy, chewing gum and the *Saturday Evening Post*. I am told that the companies that supply sandwiches to the drug-stores alone in the various large and small cities are making fortunes; that there are sandwich-restaurant impresarios in every city in the country who—up to a few years ago poor little delicatessen dealers—now wear dinner jackets every evening and own Packard Sixes, we already know. In New York City alone, there are 5,215 shops that specialize in sandwiches, and every one of them is prosperous. In Philadelphia, there are 726; in Chicago, 2,012; in San Francisco, 831; in Cleveland, 442; in Boston, 1,619; in St. Louis, 802; in the small town of Altoona, Pa., 30 as we go to press. In addition to these specializing delicatessens and the drug-stores and the candy stores, the regular better-class restaurants that, seven or eight years ago, did not deign to list the lowly sandwich on their menus, have been compelled to surrender to the demands of public taste and presently offer a comprehensive catalogue.

What is responsible for the comparatively sudden and enormous popularity of a victual that, readily within the memory of all of us, was confined very largely to the family pantry and the proletarian back room of Emil Schultzgraber's saloon? One can't dismiss this popularity as a fad; the roots of the thing go much deeper. Exactly what the reason is, I do not know, but I venture a guess. To argue that the popularity of the sandwich is due to its low price seems to me to be nonsense. The sandwich has gone up in price proportionately with all other food-stuffs. Even an ordinary drug-store sandwich today costs fifteen or twenty cents, and in the specialty bureaux sandwiches come as high as a dollar and a quarter. A simple cheese sandwich that used to sell for a nickel now brings forty cents in a restaurant; a ham sandwich, that used to sell for the same amount, now brings a similar price; a club sandwich, the aristocrat of sandwiches in our youth and reserved only for gala Saturday nights, that used to cost thirty-five cents, now invades the money-pocket to the degree of a dollar or more. It is not the price of the sandwich that brings in the trade, but, I believe, the circumstance that it has shown an imagination and development unknown in the instance of any other comestible. The sandwich has been brought to a state of variety and virtuosity that has made the standard dishes of the American table seem excessively dull and no longer palatably interesting. There is not a taste that the sandwich, in one form or another, cannot today gratify. The shop-girl and the lady of fashion, the day-laborer and the Brillat-Savarin are alike currently able to tickle their respective fancies with it.

A glance at the restaurant cards of the early 'nineties shows the sandwich only in its elementary state. There were then, I find, simply Schweitzer cheese sand-

wiches, ham sandwiches, sardine sandwiches, liverwurst sandwiches, egg sandwiches, corned beef sandwiches, roast beef sandwiches and tongue sandwiches—a measly repertoire, one will note, of just eight. Today, there are no less than 946 different recorded kinds of sandwiches. I list a few; the few will suggest their manifold brothers. There are obtainable at the present moment—and new species are being added daily—tuna fish sandwiches, chicken salad sandwiches, cream cheese and Bar le Duc sandwiches, tomato and grated clove sandwiches, lobster and cole slaw sandwiches, grated egg, ham and onion, or so-called Western sandwiches, caviar and egg sandwiches, snail sandwiches, watermelon and pimento sandwiches, the so-called combination sandwiches to the number of 237, peanut-butter sandwiches, truffle sandwiches, crab-meat sandwiches, fried oyster sandwiches, vegetable salad sandwiches, Bermuda onion and parsley sandwiches, celery-root sandwiches, turbot sandwiches, beefsteak sandwiches, sandwiches bordelaise, fruit salad sandwiches, mushroom sandwiches, shrimp sandwiches, Spanish embuchado sandwiches, gallego and bilbao sandwiches, sausage sandwiches lyonnaise, aspic of foie-gras sandwiches, liver and bacon sandwiches, kidney sandwiches, spaghetti sandwiches, sweet pepper sandwiches, guava preserve sandwiches, fig sandwiches, red snapper roe sandwiches, shad roe sandwiches, Mojarras sandwiches, stuffed olive sandwiches, head-cheese sandwiches, terrapin sandwiches, salmon sandwiches, salmi of duck sandwiches, mousse of lamb sandwiches, pig's knuckle and horseradish sandwiches, hot turkey with candied sweet potatoes sandwiches, bacon and fried egg sandwiches, six layer club sandwiches, hamburger sandwiches, anchovy sandwiches, tartare sandwiches, lake sturgeon with India relish sandwiches, hard boiled egg, lettuce and tomato sandwiches, imported salami sandwiches, spiced beef sandwiches, smoked whitefish with Russian dressing sandwiches, chow-chow sandwiches, pickled herring sandwiche asparagus tip sandwiches, deep sea scallo sandwiches, and so on ad infinitum.

The variety of foods at the average re taurant, large or small, expensive or chea is on the other hand relatively scant One need only compare the average re taurant bill-of-fare with even a drug-sto sandwich bulletin board to appreciate ho much more readily the gastronomic fanc of the average person may be gratified b the latter, humble as it is. The sandwic has beaten out the rest of the restaurar table for the same reason that the phon graph has beaten the music-box: the fo mer plays a thousand tunes, where th best the latter could manage was a ha dozen.

Autobiography.—The common allegatio that most autobiographies are in essenc worthless because they are not honest ma be true, but if it be true it is true for reason that the critics do not, I believe state with entire accuracy. In many case the autobiographer is entirely honest wit himself. The fault lies rather in his in ability to understand himself. He ma honestly set forth what he believes to b the facts about himself, but those fact are not the true ones. It is a rare man though he be as honest as the day is long who knows himself. He may know him self in a general way, and even, in certai particulars, in an intimate way, but usuall he is much of a stranger to himself. He ma know how he reacts to the doctrines c Karl Marx, to a personable hussy and t camel's-hair underwear, but he has onl a defective knowledge of his reactions t himself.

If all this seems a bit involved, let m be somewhat more concrete. Is there a ma of even the most transcendent introspec tive gifts, of even the greatest clairvoyanc so far as he himself is concerned, wh knows why it is that he will periodicall and involuntarily take a drink that h doesn't want, or be gracious to a perso whom he dislikes, or buy a green tie tha

he knows in all likelihood he'll never wear, or prolong a companionship with a woman that inevitably and clearly promises trouble, or take physical risks that he plainly appreciates are senseless and dangerous, or strain his eyes reading at twilight when a mere slight move of the hand would turn on an electric switch, or eat fish in an Italian table d'hôte, or sit up half the night talking when he is so sleepy that he can hardly keep his eyes open. For every thing a man does rationally, he does another thing that, subsequently, he can't for the life of him understand and intelligibly account for. Autobiography almost invariably presents only the man as he is able intelligibly and honestly to account for himself. This other phase of him, which may have colored his life far more greatly than he suspects, eludes him; not being able to comprehend it, he is unable to chronicle it. It is not that he is dishonest; it is simply that he cannot see into the complex mystery, the jest of the gods, that he is.

The Next War.—There have recently appeared several tomes dealing more or less profoundly with the possible origin of the next war. Like the tomes that in turn preceded them, they present us with the spectacle of so many doctors of military science, economics, world politics and sociology sacrificing themselves to severe headaches in a brave effort to make study and investigation in their several arts dovetail persuasively with the next gala discharge of cannon. I have a feeling that the arduous labors to which these estimable gentlemen are devoting themselves are largely useless. Just as the last war was started simply by a bad boy in the European flea belt with a loose pistol, so will the next one doubtless be started by something equally unforeseen, unanalyzable and relatively insignificant. Let a hitherto impeccable Jap bartender far gone in rice wine hit an American sailor over the head with a bungstarter, let a French rear private off on leave and issuing from No. 28 Rue Brey bump into and knock down a British lieutenant-colonel, or let a German pretzel-baker sing "Die Wacht am Rhein" too loudly in Lorraine on the fourteenth of July, and the fun will probably start all over again.

The Overwhelming Genius of Literary America.—1. "Romancer, soldier, poet, gallant sportsman, great artist and great man, a Donn Byrne is born to bless this drab world of ours with his bold, colorful, high-hearted stories once in a hundred years. A nobler Byron, a more musical Dumas, a more vital Meredith, a swifter moving Scott—here he is, Donn Byrne! No man can tell a story like him."—*Advertisement of the Century Company in the Century Magazine.*

2. "One must go back to Dickens to find anything that so combines pathos and humor as Barry Benefield's 'The Chicken-Wagon Family.'"—*The Bookman.*

3. "Henry Sydnor Harrison is a combination of Swift and Thackeray."—Nashville *Banner.*

(To be continued)

NOTES & *Queries*

Queries and answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes and Queries, and not to individuals. Queries are printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. An answer should bear the number of the query it refers to.

QUERY NO. 154

How much truth is there in the common tale that Louis Pasteur was a faithful son of the Church? The fact, if it be a fact, is made much of in current Catholic apologetics. Seldom, indeed, does a Catholic writer mention science without dragging in Pasteur. If he was what he is alleged to have been, how did he reconcile the things he must have known as a scientist with certain of the more archaic Catholic dogmas? Did he ever write on the subject? If so, where can I find what he actually said? I hear that many Catholic clergymen read THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Perhaps one of them will be good enough to enlighten me. I do not argue that Pasteur was not a good Catholic. I merely ask for the evidence.

BIOLOGIST, *Havana, Cuba*

QUERY NO. 155

Can anyone give me definite information concerning the origin of the word *coon*, meaning Negro? The usual explanation is that the word is the ordinary *coon*, from *raccoon*, as in the phrases "the old coon," "a gone coon," etc. Thornton's "American Glossary" gives numerous examples of this use of *coon*, especially in the Jacksonian era, but they do not make the derivation of *coon*, Negro, from this source seem at all probable. One of my colleagues has suggested that *coon*, Negro, may be an abbreviation of *barracoon*, a word of Spanish origin meaning slave quarters. If it is—and the explanation seems to me extremely plausible—then *coon*, Negro, came by way of the lower Mississippi and the far South and it probably did not pass into general use until after the middle of the Nineteenth Century. It is possible that an older generation in the South still knows uses of *barracoon* which will indicate the line of transition, and if so, they should be encouraged to put their information on record.

GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP,
Columbia University

QUERY NO. 156

A little while ago I was in Philadelphia for the first time in a good many years. Along about dinner time I walked to Thirteenth and Market streets to see if Fred Ostendorff's Place of Business was still there. It was not. Then I looked up Carl Lauber's famous old café at Ninth and Filbert. That was gone, too. What has become of Fred and Carl? Are they both dead? And where is Louis, Ostendorff's head waiter, who came from Königswinter on the Rhine, and whose family for three hundred years had been engaged in *Weinhandlung*? And what has become of Big Carl and Little Carl, Lauber's best waiters who, between themselves, waited on fourteen tables at the noon rush hour? Was their technique of ordering in the grand manner ever equalled? I have, on countless occasions, seen with my own eyes Little Carl bring six plates of *Erbsensuppe* to the table without spilling a drop or ever damping his thumb. I have actually seen him bring ten seidels of beer to the table, three seidels gripped in each hand, with

two more pyramided on each of the three. Is he, too, dead? And does a monument mark his grave?

PHILIP GOODMAN, *New York*

Answers

ANSWER NO. 54

To Mr. Wilbur Klinefelter's statement in the February issue, that "save for Reedy's 'Law of Love,' published by the Roycrofters, I believe, none of his work has appeared between covers," I can add that I have in my possession Reedy's book, "The Imitator, a Novel," published at Saint Louis, by William Marion Reedy, 1901. This shows "Copyright, 1901, by William Marion Reedy." The book is 12mo (in this case about 7¾ by 5, by ¾ inches thick), bound in cream-colored boards, stained with purple, 196 pages.

ED. C. KRUSE, *Kansas City, Mo.*

ANSWER NO. 95

The precedent which admits bread crumbs as a batter when frying soft, tender, naked meat or fish comes out of a past entitled to respect. The batter prevents grease penetrating into the naked flesh, fowl or fish, and seals it against seepage of the juices which are its flavor. But soft crabs, regardless of how young, need no such protection in frying—assuming the cook is proficient—for the shell is a natural barrier to the grease and a retainer of the flavor. A little plain flour and butter gives color to the shell and gains from the shell itself a flavor not previously disclosed to those who have always had their crabs breaded. Moreover, our stomachs grow tenderer as their functions find less call upon them because of the prepared food hysteria that is upon us—and batter, when fried hard, is indigestible. This is particularly true when its inner wall, as in the case of shellfish, is not soaked with the juices of the meat or fish fried in it.

PETER BORRAS, *Washington*

ANSWER NO. 96

I knew Langdon Smith intimately. He read to me the manuscript of "Evolution" before publishing it in the New York *Herald*, where he was a reporter at the time. He was born in Oklahoma, was in newspaper work in the West, finally came to New York and was on most of the big dailies at one time or another. He reported the Cuban War for either the *Herald* or the *World* and died of erysipelas, I think, in 1900. I have an autographed copy of "Evolution," which he sent to me shortly before his death, and on the bottom of which he wrote: "I will never do it again, Doc." So far as I know, this is the only verse that he wrote. Many of his signed contributions to the New York dailies may be found in the files of these papers. He was sports reporter for both the *Herald* and the *World*, if I remember correctly. I am quite sure he reported the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. He was a powerful man, handsome, and of pleasing personality.

T. E. OERTEL, *Augusta, Ga.*

ANSWER NO. 98

The name of the town in Maryland that Mr. Palmer mentions is not Gott but Gotts. Here are a few more Gott-towns:

Town	*County*	*State*
Gottlieb	Surry	Virginia
Gotts	Huron	Michigan
Gotts Island	Hancock	Maine
Gottville	Siskiyou	California

All this may be verified by reference to Bullinger's Postal Guide for 1926.

HAROLD G. STRUEBBE, *Pittsburgh*

ANSWER NO. 100

The first time I heard the word *hijacker* was from the lips of an Oklahoman. The word being new to me, I asked him its meaning, and he told me that it meant the same as a footpad or road-agent. He explained its derivation as coming from the command customary in hold-ups: "Hold

up your hands." This was gradually corrupted to "Stick 'em up high, Jack," or more simply, "Up high, Jack," Jack being the common generic name for any male person of unknown or uncertain identity. Thus, the Oklahoman explained, both the words *stickup* and *hijack* originate from the same command. *To hijack* is the verb, now apparently used exclusively in reference to road-robbery of illicit liquor. But the word itself is older than national Prohibition. And, finally, the change from *high* to *hi* is simply a corruption typical of a tendency in America.

H. K. Croessman, *Du Quoin, Ill.*

ANSWER NO. 108

The two stories about the Chinese that Mr. P. L. White strains at—with reason—are no more than fair samples of most of the stories told about China—outside of China. (*a*) The larger Chinese banking institutions (also known as modern banks) are, and have for some twenty years past been, conducted along Western lines, plus some "old customs." The smaller *yang hongs* (money houses or native banks) still wield the wicked abacus as of old. If a Chinese bank, or a foreign bank in China, fails—it fails. There is perhaps a run. Bankruptcy proceedings take place, other banks are called upon to assist, and things are patched up the best way possible. The president may be made to part with his velvet, but not with his head. One of the clerks at our office withdrew his deposit the day before a native bank failure. He owed his good luck to a friend, a teller at the busted bank. The president is now president of another bank. (*b*) Mr. Kyi, a graduate of St. John's University in this city, and also of our office, admitted that it was possible that "Chinese physicians are paid only when their patients are well and if they become ill the doctor's fees stop,"—but if so, neither he nor any other Chinese had ever heard of it. I myself recall reading about this in the advertising of an American manufacturer. I propounded the proposition to my Chinese manicurist. Sh became most indignant, having in min some $72 which she had just handed ov to a doctor for attendance. One either h to take the fee to the doctor when askin him to call, and pay his sedan-chair hi besides, or the doctor, acting in reverse a well-known American idea, collects he enters the house.

Jesse Thompson, *Shanghai, China*

ANSWER NO. 112

The word *bootlegger* originated in Main the first dry State. There the scofflaws use to wear high rubber boots, of a size to large for their feet, and the left boo usually contained a long thin bottle, fro which they supplied their trade.

L. J. Swabacker, *Winnetka, Ill.*

ANSWER NO. 114

James H. Snowden, in his book, "Th Truth About Christian Science," publishe in 1920 by the Philadelphia Westminst Press, says on page 86: "At this point the enters upon the scene the Rev. James Henr Wiggin, who plays an important part i this story. He is the 'paid polisher' who hand Mark Twain discerned in Mrs. Eddy book by an improvement in her styl . . ." The next paragraph says: "Mr. Wig gin was a Unitarian minister, a graduat of the Meadville, Pa., Theological Sem nary in the class of 1861, who had retire from the active ministry in 1875. . . . A part of one more paragraph: "Upon h return from his vacation he intimated t Mrs. Eddy his views about the book an his proposal as to what should be don with it, and to his surprise she willingl consented. During the Autumn he worke upon the task of virtually rewriting th book, she keeping a close watch on hi to see that he did not change her teachin and that he continued to use her technic words in her peculiar sense. . . ."

J. Willett Hill, *Little Rock, Ark.*

ANSWER NO. 115

I remember reading several years ago, around 1914–16, I think it was, a syndicated article in a New Orleans paper giving an account of the experiments then being carried on by a French scientist with monkeys. It was asserted that this scientist had in his possession a half-human-half-ape child, the father being an orang-outang and the mother a woman of one of the East Indian islands. The mother had been stolen and carried off by the orang-outang. This article, if my memory serves me right, appeared in the New Orleans *Daily States*.

C. H., *Mena, Ark.*

ANSWER NO. 128

Nobody in the world can give Mr. Calvert Clutts all the verses of the song named "Cristofo Colombo." It may be that one million were written in the mid-nineties; and I took part in the writing of at least one hundred and in the singing of at least two thousand while in college. Two of the best verses were by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" and "Rudder Grange"; and two others, not so good, were by Mark Twain. Most of the good verses we knew were by young men about to be ordained; and few of those could properly be printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY. One exquisite verse was by a chap who afterward was called to a pulpit paying $25,000 a year. The last time I heard it was when he (some years after his ordination) sang it for Booker T. Washington and me in a grove at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, the occasion being a flag-raising at that fine old Quaker institution.

The original verses, involving most of the comic *clichés* about seafaring men and their charming attributes, were sung by the late Thomas Q. Seabrooke in an *opéra-bouffe* called "The Isle of Champagne." My impression is that the song was an interpolation, and not part of the original text, which was by Louis Harrison and the late Charles Alfred Byrne. The tune was a slight variant of that belonging to the Duke of Plaza-Toro's song in Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers." The verse-scheme and rhyme-scheme were so simple that writing new verses was merely a matter of having the ideas. My personal copy contained more than four hundred, but I gave it away, along with my scarf-pins and a copy, autographed by the author, of "How to Cheat at Dice and Other Games" when the final returns verified the election of Woodrow Wilson in November, 1912.

I suggest that Mr. Clutts write to Mr. Harrison on the chance that the latter has a copy of the verses sung by Mr. Seabrooke. I think that Mr. Harrison may be addressed in care of Mr. George C. Tyler, New Amsterdam Theatre Building, New York City. Another who may have a copy of the original is Mr. Otis Harlan, who was in the cast of "The Isle of Champagne" with Mr. Seabrooke. Mr. Harlan is now employed in one of the movie-factories in the Los Angeles neighborhood.

FREDERICK DONAGHEY, *Chicago*

ANSWER NO. 133

I have a copy of the book Mr. Ennis asks about. It is called "Bert Williams, Son of Laughter." It is published by The English Crafters, 12 West 69th street, New York City. Mabel Rowland edited it, and it is preceded by a eulogizing introduction by David Belasco.

ADELE JOSEPHS, *New York City*

ANSWER NO. 135

The Hon. and Rev. William D. Upshaw is a Baptist, with the conventional Baptist tastes and ideas. Does one have to know anything else about him?

CHESTER G. WICKETT, *London, England*

ANSWER NO. 136

Lyddell and Scott's "Greek Lexicon" says the word ασελγης (aselges) means licentious, brutal, wanton. The name of the

goddess Aselgeis is formed on this root, with the patronymic *is* (is). The lady, then, is the child of wantonness.

C. Arthur Lynch, *Cambridge, Mass.*

ANSWER NO. 138

Is it possible that Mr. Danziger is referring to that interesting creature, the Whing-Whang, whose love-life is so touchingly described in "The Lugubrious Whing-Whang" by James Whitcomb Riley, in Volume IV of the Complete Works (Biographical Edition)? The last three stanzas follow:

Out on the margin of Moonshine Land,
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!
Out where the Whing-Whang loves to stand,
Writing his name with his tail in the sand,
And swiping it out with his oogerish hand;
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

Is it the gibber of Gungs or Keeks?
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!
Or what *is* the sound that the Whing-Whang seeks?
Crouching low by the winding creeks,
And holding his breath for weeks and weeks!
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

Aroint him the wraithest of wraithly things!
Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!
'Tis a fair Whing-Whangess, with phosphor rings,
And bridal-jewels of fangs and stings;
And she sits and as sadly and softly sings
As the mildewed whir of her own dead wings,—
Tickle me, Dear,
Tickle me here,
Tickle me, Love, in me Lonesome Ribs!

But was Riley a statesman, even of the American variety?

Rose Musser, *Salt Lake City*

ANSWER NO. 146

Can it be that the German gentleman who inquires about American philosophers has never heard of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise?

Connoisseur, *Brooklyn*

ANSWER NO. 148

A good impartial history of the Popes "The Lives of the Popes," by Archiba Bower, printed in seven volumes betwe 1750 and 1766. The author was at one tin "Public Professor of Rhetoric, History ar Philosophy in the Universities of Rom Fermo, Macerata and in the latter Pla Counsellor of the Inquisition." Makir his life's work the writing of this histor he went to Rome in order that he migh get his material at first hand, and as zealous champion for the Popes' supren acy he brought his "Lives" down to th Pontificate of Victor, that is, to the clo of the Second Century, when he perceive that he had undertaken more than it w in his power to do. Rejecting the tenet infallibility, he then renounced the R man communion and became a Protestan but nevertheless continued his life wor and finished "The Lives," bringing the down to the date of publication, or th time of Pope Clement XIII.

Ira Berry, Jr., *Galveston, Texas*

Mr. Haltigan might be interested to kno that there is "A Chronicle of the Popes, by A. E. McKilliam (London: G. Bell Sons, Ltd., 1912). The writer is, I believ a member of the Anglican Church, and h book has been commended by the Bisho of Salford.

E. R., *Brookland, D. C.*

"A History of the Papacy from the Gre Schism to the Sack of Rome" was writte by Mandell Creighton and published b Longmans, Green & Company. As D Creighton was a professor of ecclesiastic history at the University of Cambridg England, and subsequently Bishop of Lo don, Church of England, he may meet th requirements of Mr. Haltigan. The boo is certainly well written and interestin reading to the layman.

Elizabeth Gilman, *Baltimore*

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Retrospect

The authors of the play called "Glory Hallelujah" appear to share the delusion of an increasing number of American playwrights, to wit, that the most effective way to point and drive home a line of dialogue or a dramatic situation is to embellish it with a cuss word hitherto reserved for truck-drivers and evangelical ministers of the Gospel. The American stage during the season now concluding has presented no less than twenty plays which have sought to make their undramatic dialogue intensely dramatic through the employment of the names of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost and the terminology applied to sons born out of wedlock, to others whose maternal parent was ostensibly a dachshund, and to women who do not walk the streets only for exercise. Things have come to such a pass in this regard that one can no longer go to a presentation of even "Cinderella" in the full certainty that the stepsisters will not goddam the heroine, that the latter will not in turn denounce them as *femelles*, and that the Prince will not have loud recourse to Jesus Christ when the slipper won't fit.

In "Glory Hallelujah" this business reaches its fullest limit. Every third line of dialogue either begins or ends with cursing or profanity. And what is the net effect? The net effect is of a play that needs only the scene in which Heinie Dingelbender, in peering under the table to scrutinize the fat blonde's leg, falls on his ear to convert it into a very tasty burlesque show. What playwrights like these do not seem to appreciate is that profanity, like every other form of superlative, is effective only when used with the utmost economy. In this, the drama holds the mirror sharply up to nature. The man who punctuates his conversation with frequent invocations of the Lord and the Saviour, with compound words reflecting upon the genealogy of the person he is speaking of and with allusions to the posteriors of beasts of burden and the contents of sewers is generally not only inarticulate in the matter of forceful speech but, even more so, in emotion and, even more than that, in rational processes. Like a pianist who keeps his foot unremittingly on the loud pedal and wallops the keys, he very largely jumbles, drowns out and renders unpersuasive what he is trying to express. It is the same with drama. A wholesale use of billingsgate and imprecation not only diminishes the force of the dialogue but betrays the inarticulateness of the author. The argument that, to make a certain species of dramatic character life-like, a luxuriance of anathema is necessary is nonsense pure and simple. The circumstance that a longshoreman, say, is in the habit of embroidering his discourse with cuss words no more makes it essential to his accurate stage presentation that the entire repertoire of cuss words be faithfully and duly repeated than it is necessary to the verisimilitude of his stage depiction to emphasize his smell. There is ever a greater realism in suggestion than in literal portraiture. From first to last, there is not a single *God damn* or its equivalent in either Hauptmann's "The Weavers" or Gorki's "Night Refuge." These modern American attempts at realism are, at bottom, simply so many hack box-office views of realism instead of realism seen through the eyes of a dramatic artist.

The first dramatic use of the phrase *God damn* was, unless I err, made by the late Clyde Fitch in his melodramatic *smörgas-*

bord called "The City." (I may do Fitch an injustice, as it has been rumored that the titbit was inserted into his text at one of the late rehearsals and after his death.) But, whatever the fact, the employment of the objurgation was theatrically effective and accomplished its aim in jouncing the boobletariat. It was effective, plainly enough, for the same reason that anything novel or startling is always effective at its first revealment in the playhouse, whether it be sacred or profane—whether, in short, it be a dramatization of "The Book of Job" (with or without a hoochie-coochie dance), or a mystery play played backwards, like "On Trial," or a discussion of social diseases, as in the case of "Damaged Goods," or an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with two Uncle Toms, two Topsies and two Little Evas. But when such things are repeated, they begin to lose their theatrical kick. And the use of profanity has been so widespread and protracted since Fitch showed the way that today it gets hardly any reaction from an audience. Indeed, the minimum of reaction is largely in terms of humor, as the authors of "Weak Sisters" and similar exhibits have proved.

"Glory Hallelujah" is the work of Thomas Mitchell and Bertram Bloch. It is, externally and internally, little more and very considerably less than Berger's "The Deluge," with a Christmas card philosophy of the after-life stuck into it. There is one character that is well handled, that of the scrubgirl who cannot grasp the meaning of either life or death; but the rest is mere sound and fury, signifying nothing.

II

That the stage is the bourse of platitudes has long since been itself a platitude. The aim and perhaps the mission of drama are simply, through the instrumentality of art, to give platitudes a fresh breath of life and now and then, where possible, overtones of beauty. In the entire history of the theatre there has never been produced a play, great or puny, that had anything new to tell an intelligent audience. Wh newness drama may have had has be confined entirely to the newness of meth and manner in merchanting ideas alrea familiar. The theatre presents age-old em tions in a fresh manner; it also presen familiar philosophies in terms of unfam iar 'mouthpieces; but it never presents single new contribution to human though When we encounter a critic who maintai the opposite, we synchronously encount a critic who gives himself dead away a who betrays his defective education a experience.

In this direction, the William Hurlb play, "Bride of the Lamb," offers itself an amusing clinical specimen. What Hu but has done is simply to dredge up t platitude that sexual and religious hyster are frequently handmaidens and to inco porate it into one of the convention hickprickers, of which we have had do ens, wherein a woman is brought to follo a man of God into the light. The so-call religious play has followed a more or le stereotyped path. Basically, it has shov us either an actor in a Roman toga bei converted to Christianity by a soft-voic blonde and proving the consequent exalt tion of the spirit by accompanying her in the wings, where a couple of stagehan mimicked the roars of lions, or a wom married to a man who resembles Ben Tu pin being converted to the spiritual life a young actor in a black suit and rese bling Valentino. After years of such mo strous nonsense, Maugham came alo with "Rain" and created no end of excit ment merely by hinting that gentlem with turned-around collars may be no mo sacred biologically than gentlemen w button theirs in front. And now Hurlb follows Maugham and creates an equ stir by resolving the hint into a sho Where Maugham and his theatrical aid merely set the situation before an audien and permitted the latter to draw its ov conclusions, Hurlbut pulls out a copy Freud and lectures extensively upon And the result is that his audiences m

take his theatrical bravado for a philosophical courage, and read into his exhibit a scientific psychological novelty that is nothing more than theatrical novelty.

The reaction is readily intelligible. After years of religious plays in which the theme has been approached in sentimental terms, the theatre audience is ready to hail enthusiastically a right-about-face, as it is always ready to hail a turtle-turn of theme in any dramatic direction. It has thus been that the first crook play to make the crook a hero instead of the stenciled villain has been successful, and it is thus that the first play to make the seduced girl decline to marry her seducer has created a prodigious gabble. Merit has very little to do with the favor with which such plays are received; it is simply the novelty of them that fetches the yokels. This yearning for novelty, which has existed in one form or another ever since the theatre began, was responsible, some years back, for the wave of plays with trick endings. Playwrights ran out of ways to make their familiar themes novel, so in their quandary hit upon the device of tricking the popular audience into imagining they had made the themes novel by tacking on codas in which they either stated that the stale manner in which they had handled the familiar themes was a deliberate joke at the audience's expense, or that the antiquated play the audience had just seen was a story being related by a grandfather to his grandchild. Hurlbut has not gone in for a trick ending; what he has negotiated is simply what may be called a trick middle. Just as his play is beginning, along toward ten o'clock, to be familiar to his audience, he enters it with a treatise on phallic symbolism. At ten minutes after ten, the brief lecture over, his play proceeds again duly on its recognizable course, but the audience has been adroitly fooled —startled is perhaps the better word—into imagining that what follows the little lecture is very new stuff, and the play accordingly prospers out of the auditorium self-befuddlement.

Mr. Hurlbut's technique is, plainly enough, anything but new. There are scores of instances where clever playmakers have resorted to the same stratagem. The present playwright's success is due to the circumstance that his trick middle is of a theatrically scandalous nature. Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes" was successful in arousing interest for the same reason; so was Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted"; so have been any number of plays in the last ten or fifteen years. While not always an arbitrary device, while not always contrived and executed with one eye on the box-office, the tactic more often is just that. The playwright who practises the dodge is pretty generally found to be a fellow set upon startling the dollars out of the trade's pockets. Thus, "Bride of the Lamb" is a vastly less honest piece of dramatic writing than "Rain." It capitalizes its sensational qualities at the expense of its dramaturgic integrity. "Rain" capitalized the drama that was implicit in these same qualities.

Yet, for all that, this Hurlbut play has points to recommend it, at least theatrically. Whatever may be said against the ballyhoo way in which the author has manoeuvered it, the fact remains that Hurlbut has not been dull about his business. He retails the old stuff in an alive and bouncy manner. He makes the platitudes dance.

III

The Shuberts' praiseworthy revival of "Pinafore" has brought forth the usual two or three critics who lament the absence of humor in the performance. The complaint usually follows any Gilbert and Sullivan revival as day follows night. Just what such critics mean by their words, I have some difficulty in making out. The Gilbert humor is a sly humor; it is designed to ooze out through the proscenium arch, not to be shot out; it is satirical humor, not slapstick. It is, in short, a humor that envelops the play as a whole rather than a humor that enlivens it only periodically.

It proceeds not so much from individual actors in the rôles of certain characters as from the group performance *in toto*. What the critics in question would seem to ask for is a species of performance that emphasizes certain portions of the humor at the expense of the humorous impression of the play as an entity.

There is no surer way to kill the humor of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta than to merchant it through star clowns. One might as well play "The Importance of Being Earnest" with Clark and McCullough or "Caesar and Cleopatra" with Ed Wynn and Fannie Brice. The Gilbert libretto and Sullivan score humor is an ensemble humor; the moment the established zany tricks are brought into it its effect goes to pieces. The critics who deplore the absence of humor in such a case actually deplore not the absence of humor, for even they have more sense than that, but the absence of actor-comedy. What they want is not humor, but face-making and leg-wiggling. What they demand is not humor but clowning. This is clearly to be seen in their appraisals, specifically, of this "Pinafore." They have praised, and properly, the vaudeville performance of Mr. William Danforth as Dick Deadeye in the one minor clown rôle of the play and have then observed that it would have been well for the other actors to take a cue from him. Deadeye is Gilbert's concession to the adult children in his audience, his Launcelot Gobbo, his servant to Olivia, his son to the reputed father of Perdita. He is no more the color of "Pinafore," light and gay though that color is, than the clowns of Shakespeare are the color of his comedies and dramas. The color of the humor of "Pinafore" is the light blue of its maritime backdrop. To deliver it in terms of a more commonplace theatrical humor is to devastate it. You can no more emphasize satire than you can emphasize an epigram in drawing-room comedy. Yet that is precisely what the critics would appear to demand.

The newest "Pinafore" is, in general, a competent one and, pictorially, it is t second most engaging that I have see the first being these same Shuberts' supe production some years ago at the Hipp drome. The latter was perhaps the mo effective presentation of a Gilbert and Su livan operetta in our time, not only scen cally, but also in the departments of acti and singing. Yet it was a financial failur

A second late Spring revival was "T Two Orphans." Why anyone should wa to revive this ancient slice of Gallic mel dramatic balderdash is as much a myste to me as why anyone would want to revi flannel underdrawers or Millard A. Fi more. It is possible to conceive of the obs lete affair being produced in the nature a wheeze, but to put it on with a straig face and expect a modern audience to s respectfully before it is like asking one cry when the band plays "Break the Nev to Mother." As I have observed befor however, it is not so much these o dinguses that are periodically revived the troupe of actors who appear in ther The managers get together a number actors and actresses who were great favo ites back in the days of high velociped and who haven't had a good job since th old Union Square Theatre was torn dow herd them together on one stage, adverti them as "an all-star cast" and then delud themselves into believing that, because th actors are older and staler than the pla the latter will seem relatively new an fresh.

Merit and the Managers

A survey of the season now ending seem to demonstrate one thing conclusively, an that one thing is this: that the theatric managers and producers who ruled th American theatre up to a comparative few years ago have now apparently aba doned almost completely the presentatio of plays of merit, have left the presentatio of such plays to the newcomers in the pr duction ranks, and are determined to d vote their own energies for the most pa

to cheap show goods with remunerative moving picture possibilities. This last season clearly proves the way the wind is blowing. Of all the many plays put on by the old line of professional producers, by the younger among them as well as the older, only four—to be very liberal in the matter of statistics—approached honest and respectable drama in any degree. The Shuberts produced Ashley Dukes' "The Man With a Load of Mischief"; George Tyler produced John Van Druten's "Young Woodley"; and Arthur Hopkins produced the two reputable, if not entirely satisfactory, efforts of Stallings and Anderson, "First Flight" and "The Buccaneer." With these exceptions, the plays sponsored by the chief line of managers and producers were, from any authentic level of criticism, mainly just so much waste.

As against these managers and producers we have had the ambition, the taste and the courage of the young men and women who have entered the theatre more recently. It is the latter who, during the season, have produced almost everything of relative worth that the local stage has uncovered. To them we owe all the five productions of Ibsen, all the Shakespearian revivals (Mr. Hampden is surely not to be catalogued among the old-line managers) and the excellent presentation of "Hamlet" in modern dress, all the Strindberg and Schnitzler productions, all the Shaw revivals, George Kelly's "Craig's Wife," Anderson's and Tully's "Outside Looking In," Patrick Kearney's "A Man's Man," Molnar's "The Glass Slipper," Rostand's "Last Night of Don Juan," Thoma's "Moral," Heijermans' "The Devil to Pay," O'Neill's "The Great God Brown" and "The Fountain," Werfel's "Goat Song" and "Schweiger," O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock," Evreinoff's "The Chief Thing," Ford's "'Tis Pity," Ansky's "The Dybbuk" and a half dozen others. Whatever criticism may hold certain of these plays to be, it cannot fail to hold them at their worst in every respect superior to the kind of plays that have been exhibited by the older producers. Even the plainly defective plays that have been put on by the newcomers—such things as "The Moon is a Gong," "The Enchanted April," "Merchants of Glory," "Down Stream," "The Masque of Venice," "Devils" and "Bride of the Lamb"—surely mark a commendable striving in the right direction. Relatively poor as they are, they do not follow the stale track of the drama offered by the Broadway gentlemen. They clearly aim at something better than the conventional Broadway fare, even though that aim misses.

A study of the plays sponsored by the older producers on the one hand and the newcomers on the other shows illuminatingly how greatly the former producers are influenced in the choice of plays by the moving picture potentialities. There is no money to be got from the movie people out of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Strindberg and Schnitzler productions, so the old-line producers have no use for them. There is no movie money in Shaw—if Shaw ever decides to sell his plays to the screen people, he will keep all the money for himself—and hence neither have they any use for Shaw productions. There was no movie money in "The Glass Slipper," in "The Last Night of Don Juan" (the Don Juan fable is anybody's property), in "The Fountain" (the Ponce de Leon story may be taken by anyone), in "Cyrano de Bergerac" (which had already been filmed), "Goat Song," "Schweiger," "The Chief Thing," "The Devil to Pay," "Moral," "Juno and the Paycock," the Restoration comedies or "The Dybbuk"—so the older managers left them to the younger producers. And such things as "The Moon is a Gong" or "Merchants of Glory" or "The Masque of Venice" would make a movie magnate derisively laugh his head off. To the contrary, there is big movie money to be got out of such stuff as "The Pelican" (already in process of filming), "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" (even now on view in the cinema sinks), "The Monkey Talks" (due on the lot shortly), "Twelve

Miles Out" (on which the bidding has been heavy), "Paid" (with movie money lifting its first curtain), and "The Love City" (with a movie actor shrewdly starred in its leading rôle), so that is the species of drama the Broadway managers are interested in.

As I write, two of the Broadway managers have flatly declined to consider Eugene O'Neill's splendid satiric comedy-romance, "Marco's Millions," on the ground that the story of Marco Polo is free for use to any moving picture company that wishes to grab it. At the moment, one of the more praiseworthy Broadway managers is considering it and may conceivably accept it—and may, after accepting it, even conceivably produce it. That remains to be seen. But what is already plainly and unmistakably evident is the old-line managers' determination to confine themselves only to such plays as may fetch them a subsequent screen revenue. To the newer producers we shall have to look in the future for drama that is in itself at all worth-while.

Brief Mention

The Winthrop Ames revival of "Iolanthe" is a highly estimable affair, in many respects the most adroit contribution to the New York stage that this producer has made. Very few values in the operetta have escaped him; he has pitched the exhibition in exactly the right key; he has gathered together a troupe that makes up in competence what it lacks in superficial Broadway reputation; he has touched off the Gilbert humor with a sure directing hand. "Por eroy's Past," originally played in Phil delphia several years ago and taken off f purposes of revision, is another of the de terous Clare Kummer's feather-comedie It is inferior to certain of her earlier piece but nevertheless has a measure of the qua ity that the comedies of the bulk of h American contemporaries lack. Miss Kur mer's technic consists in walking slow around the average comedy and, wit something of a bored air, making faces it. Her humor is a species of indire criticism.

Of Raquel Meller, who has lately bee appearing in America, I have written the past. The lady is one of the phenomer of the present-day theatre. Although singer of no especial gifts, and althoug not remarkable in the direction of actin and pantomime, she is able to exercise greater hypnosis upon an audience tha any other woman in her field. The wor personality is doubtless a poor one to offe in explanation, but poor as it is I ca think of no better. What Raquel Mell sells to an audience is all the implicatio of a curiously fascinating woman. Th professors are pleased to confuse this in plication with histrionic virtuosity. "Lov in a Mist", by Amelie Rives and Gilbe Emery, to conclude the month's lecture is a feeble attempt at comedy revolvin about the venerable tale of the youn hussy whose artless prevarications enmes her in a series of presumably comical an orous difficulties. The authors have pur sued humor relentlessly, but it has con sistently kept out of their reach.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Books of Verse

TWO LIVES, by William Ellery Leonard. New York: *The Viking Press.*

COLOR, by Countee Cullen. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

THE WEARY BLUES, by Langston Hughes. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

SELECTED POEMS, by Chaim Nachman Bialik. New York: *The New Palestine.*

PERSHING SQUARE AND OTHER PHILOSOPHY, by Helen Runyon Belknap and Andor de Soos. Hollywood, Calif.: *The David Graham Fisher Corporation.*

SPARKS, by E. H. Friberg. Boston: *The Century Press.*

HAVE IT, by John D. Graham. New York: *Published by the Author.*

LOST HILLS, by Anne Ryan. New York: *The New Door.*

JANUARY GARDEN, by Melville Cane. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

EACH IN HIS TIME, by Nathan Rosenbaum. Philadelphia: *The Ariel Publishing Company.*

DAWN BODY: BLACKFOOT AND NAVAJO SONGS, by Eda Lou Walton. New York: *E. P. Dutton & Company.*

ARCLIGHT DUSKS, by John Drury. Chicago: *The Renshaw Press.*

ROMANCE AND STARDUST, by Ernest Hartsock. Saugus, Mass.: *C. A. A. Parker.*

ALONG THE WIND, by Chard Powers Smith. New Haven: *The Yale University Press.*

THIS WAKING HOUR, by Leon Serabian Herald. New York: *Thomas Seltzer.*

MORE IN AMERICAN, by John V. A. Weaver. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

WHAT THE QUEEN SAID, by Stoddard King. New York: *The George H. Doran Company.*

COLLECTED WORKS, by John Masefield. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

ON THE THORNY ROAD, by A. Zimmerman. Elizabeth, N. J.: *Published by the Author.*

COLLECTED POEMS, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

THREE MOODS, by Albert Glanville. Chicago: *Published by the Author.*

AMERICA'S LIGHT, by Theodore C. Atchison. New York: *The Shandon Press.*

POEMS OF THE SOUTHLAND, by Sarah Banks Weaver. Ocala, Fla.: *The Ocala Banner.*

BALLADS AND LYRICS, by Margaret Widdemer. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

LAVA LANE, by Nathalia Crane. New York: *Thomas Seltzer.*

THE LITTLE WHITE GATE, by Florence Hoatson. New York: *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company.*

HOMAGE AND VISION, by Margaret Crosby Munn. New York: *Thomas Seltzer.*

DROWSY ONES, by Jay G. Sigmund. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: *The Prairie Publishing Company.*

HUMAN SHOWS, FAIR PHANTASIES, SONGS AND TRIFLES, by Thomas Hardy. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

ROAN STALLION: TAMAR, by Robinson Jeffers. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

INTERLUDES, by Lupton A. Wilkinson. New York: *Samuel A. Jacobs.*

EPISODES AND EPISTLES, by W. L. New York: *Thomas Seltzer.*

COLLECTED POEMS, by Archibald Rutledge. Columbia, S. C.: *The State Company.*

GOLDEN PHEASANT, by Kathryn White Ryan. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

NOT POPPY, by Virginia Moore. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

FIDDLER'S FAREWELL, by Lenora Speyer. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

NEW VERSE, by Robert Bridges. Oxford: *The Clarendon Press.*

RENO REVERIES, by Leslie Curtis. Reno, Nev.: *The Armanko Stationery Company.*

SELECTED POEMS, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

FREEDOM, TRUTH AND BEAUTY, by Edward Doyle. New York: *The Manhattan and Bronx Advocate.*

SLOW SMOKE, by Lew Sarett. New York: *Henry Holt & Company.*

YOU WHO HAVE DREAMS, by Maxwell Anderson. New York: *Simon & Schuster.*

POEMS, by Irwin Edman. New York: *Simon & Schuster.*

WHITE FIRE, by Grace Noll Crowell. Dallas, Tex.: *The Poetry Society of Texas.*

DREAMS AND OBSERVATIONS, by Alden R. Benson. Newark, Del.: *Kell's.*

THE TILTED CUP, by Mary F. Wickham Porcher. Philadelphia: *Dorrance & Company.*

PRIAPUS AND THE POOL, by Conrad Aiken. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

VIENTOS DE LAS SIERRAS, by S. Omar Barker. Beulah, N. Mex.: *Published by the Author.*

TIGER JOY, by Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: *The George H. Doran Company.*

THE UNKNOWN GODDESS, by Humbert Wolfe. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

WHEN I GREW UP TO MIDDLE AGE, by Struthers Burt. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE LONG GALLERY, by Anne Goodwin Winslow. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

THE ROAD TO TOWN, by Charles Divine. New York: *Thomas Seltzer.*

MODERN BRITISH POETRY, by Louis Untermeyer. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

WEST VIRGINIA VERSE OF TODAY, edited by Ella May Turner. Scottdale, Pa.: *The Mennonite Publishing House.*

THE COMMON BOOK OF POETRY. New York: *J. H. Sears & Company.*

THE LE GALLIENNE BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE, edited by Richard Le Gallienne. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

MAY DAYS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF MASSES-LIBERATOR VERSE, 1912–1924, edited by Genevieve Taggard. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

THE BEST POEMS OF 1925, edited by Thomas Moult. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

THE CONNING TOWER BOOK, edited by Franklin P. Adams. New York: *Macy-Masius.*

AMERIKANISCHE LYRIK, übersetzt von Toni Harten-Hoencke. München: *Georg D. W. Callwey.*

I OFFER this appalling list as proof beyond cavil that the art and mystery of the poet still flourishes among us, despite Coolidgism and Rotary, despite even the collapse of the New Poetry Movement. The latter, I take it, now belongs to the ages. Its Mother Superior, Miss Amy Lowell, has passed to that refulgent land where all are poets, including even dead Kiwanians; its principal organs, *Poetry*, the *Dial* and so on, take on the philosophical calm of the middle years; and most of its heroes have been swallowed by Chautauqua, or got themselves jobs as college professors or theatrical press-agents. The thing one notices instantly, looking through the new books of verse, is their general orthodoxy. In the volumes under review there are far more sonnets than exultations: free verse seems to be definitely passé. And what one notices second is the high average quality of the writing. The cliché of day before yesterday seems to have been disposed of completely by the New Poetry Movement. There is a return to the old forms, but the old banalities seem to be done for. I observe few signs of genuine genius in these volumes. There is little, I suspect, that will be remembered and cherished by the next generation. But neither is there mu that deserves to be laughed at.

Perhaps the most interesting books the lot are "Lava Lane," by Nathal Crane; "Two Lives," by William Elle Leonard; and "Roan Stallion, Tamar, a Other Poems," by Robinson Jeffers. T first-named has attracted so much noti that it has even got space in the tablo newspapers. It deserves every line that has got, for it would be a remarkable boo even if the author were not a thirtee year-old school-girl. Such precocious stu as everyone knows, is usually baldly in tative: it is mainly memory work. B there is certainly nothing imitative he Not only in her process of thought, h way of looking at the world is the you poet sharply original; she is even origin in her choice of words. The range of rea ing that she shows is amazing. She dra upon the Bible, upon profane history, up classical mythology, and even upon t sciences. I give you a specimen from poem called "The Cantilever Bar":

> Beside the red Euphrates,
> Beside the reedy Nile,
> We feasted with the mallet
> And entertained the file.
>
> The bulls of Nin we chiseled,
> Oh, Bel and Balthazar,
> But for the Theban pylons
> The cantilever bar.
>
> We gave the Sphinx a status,
> Raised Pharos from our skids,
> And with the nudes of Nubia
> We posed the pyramids.

Mr. Leonard's "Two Lives" was wri ten in 1913, and the author printed it pr vately in 1922. In that form it circulat rather widely among his fellow poets, a there were many demands for its form publication. In structure it is a sonn sequence, and in substance it is the reco of a domestic tragedy. What gives it di tinction is the sheer power of its eloquenc There is in it the glow of poignant a authentic experience, and so it rises i measurably above the common artificia ties of the poets. Mr. Leonard, it is o

vious, did not sit down to fish up a poem; t was the poem itself that drove him to his desk. Something of the same first-hand air is in the book of Mr. Jeffers, though his actual matter often lies far from his own experience. There is a fine and stately dignity in him, and the rare virtue of simplicity. His publishers announce that twenty years of striving lie behind him. Now that success has come to him at last, t seems to be solid and promises to be enduring.

As I have said, the general average of the current poetry is very high. In such first books as those of Mr. Anderson, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Herald, Miss Ryan, Miss Moore, Mrs. Winslow, Mr. Sigmund and Mr. Drury there is a lack, perhaps, of the highest passion, and probably few of the poems printed will last much beyond the year, but in all of them there is at least competent workmanship: they are not thin and amateurish. Moreover, every one of these poets has gone to the life about him for his materials: Mr. Sigmund to the narcotic monotony of the Iowa farm-lands, Mr. Drury to the harsh melodrama of Chicago, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Cullen to the tragedy of the Negro, Mr. Herald to the even greater tragedy of the white immigrant consumed by nostalgia, and so on. Thus the new American poetry, escaping from the studios of Greenwich Village, begins to strike its roots into the soil. I believe that is a healthy sign. The poets are forgetting the vain uproar over form, and giving their heed to matter. The imbecilities of the free verse era seem to be over. It is no longer possible to conceal a lack of ideas by arranging inanities in new figures.

The poets of greater experience show the same tendency. Even when, as in the cases of Mrs. Speyer and Mrs. Widdemer, they experiment with irregular metres, they keep their experiments within the limits of natural rhythm. Here Mrs. Speyer's skill as a musician comes to the aid of her verse. In such a poem as "Of Mountains," there is, despite a superficial irregularity, so deft and inevitable a fabric of rhythms that the whole hangs together superbly. The thing might have been written in some other way, but the author obviously chose the best way. Mrs. Widdemer is another poet with an excellent ear. Her opening poem, "Words," offers all the proof that is needed of the fact.

The older poets appear in many editions, both of new work and of old stuff reprinted. The two venerable Englishmen, Robert Bridges and Thomas Hardy, have volumes in the list, and both, past eighty, show all their old skill. There was a time when the New Poets who raged in England professed to find something archaic and offensive in the work of Mr. Bridges, whose appointment as Poet Laureate gave them a convenient club for use against them. But he is outliving them, both as man and as poet. All his old dignity, his old high skill at using words, his urbane and civilized air are visible in his "New Verse." So with Mr. Hardy's "Human Shows." He is a poet, to be sure, of a far different sort. His verse is gnarled and even tortured; his emotions seem to encounter difficulties in breaking through the barrier of speech; at times he grows almost incoherent. But what is the effect in the end? The effect is obviously that of first-rate poetry. The vision rises up. The feeling leaps to the reader. So the business of the poet is accomplished.

There is an amazing amount of sound stuff in the "Selected Poems" of Masters and the "Collected Poems" of Vachel Lindsay. Both poets, in their day, have covered acres of paper, especially Masters. Their work runs the scale of quality from the unquestionably good to the painfully bad. But it must be plain that, when the scales are balanced at last, it will be found that both have made solid and valuable contributions to the American literature of our time. The Masters volume contains twenty epitaphs from "The Spoon River Anthology" and eighteen from "The New Spoon River," beside many other things. There is stuff here, I believe, that will

endure. It is uneven, but at its best it is tremendous, especially the epitaphs. Two of them, by the way, are translated in Frau Harten-Hoencke's excellent volume of "Amerikanische Lyrik," which has a preface by Dr. Friedrich Schönmann of Münster that discusses the whole range of American poetry very intelligently.

Lindsay's volume of "Collected Poems" has a long preface by the author, in which he recites the circumstances of his life, tries to explain his peculiar mysticism, and offers the assurance that he was never an agent of the Anti-Saloon League, as backbiters have reported. Lindsay's poetry, I believe, is better than his exposition of it, and both are better than his interpretative drawings. John Masefield's four volumes of "Collected Works" have only brief prefaces. Re-reading this stuff, all familiar to me, what part do I enjoy most? The "Salt-Water Ballads." They show Masefield in his lightest mood. They are gay and they are often trivial. But men are usually most honest, I think, when they are gay and trivial. "The Widow in the Bye Street" begins to fade into a somewhat facile theatricality, but the splendid glow and gusto of "The Yarn of the *Loch Achray*" and "Cape Horn Gospel" are still real.

The anthologies on the current list are nearly all of genuine value. "The Best Poems of 1925," by Thomas Moult, has an absurd title, but is, like its predecessors, a good book. Mr. Moult is free from the insanities of the coteries; a poet as well as a critic, he is yet able to see virtue in varieties of poetry that he does not practise himself. His selections cover the magazine verse of both England and the United States, and the time he covers runs from November, 1924, to October of last year. His book is beautifully printed. Tastes less catholic show themselves in Louis Untermeyer's "Modern British Poetry" and Richard Le Gallienne's "Book of American Verse." Each poet prints the other; nevertheless, it is obvious that they stand far apart. But both of them, it seems to me, have produced intelligent and valuable collections. So has Miss Ge vieve Taggard, in her "May Days," anthology of verses appearing in the *Masses* between 1912 and 1924, when succumbed to the *Polizei*. And so Franklin P. Adams, in "The Conn Tower Book," a collection of pieces cued from his newspaper column. All the latter are by volunteer poets, some of them are by poets who rem unknown. But there is a great deal amusing stuff in them, and now and th as in Samuel Hoffenstein's incompara dirges and "Die Walküre," by "Flaccu they are genuinely distinguished. M Turner's "West Virginia Verse of Toda is scarcely less amusing, despite its ob ously serious purpose. She has rounded all the poets in the Feud State, great a small, and they include a chief of poli a Presbyterian preacher, a manufacturer lawyer, a librarian, an accountant a many schoolma'ms. The best of th mountain poets is Lillian Mayfield R erts; there are others, notably Esther Davis and Forrest Hatfield (is he of t feud clan?) who at least show good po ical manners. Here is a specimen of t work of the chief of police, W. M. Cle ens, of Wheeling:

> Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
> I'm off today
> To the pond where the skating is fast and gay
> Where the ice is blue
> As the sky above.
> What a wonderful day
> To fall in love!

A Humorist Shows His Teeth

THE LOVE NEST, AND OTHER STORIES, by R W. Lardner. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

I COMMEND this volume to those crit who have fallen into the habit of treati Mr. Lardner as a mere harmless clow comparable to Kin Hubbard and Bu Baer. Let them give a diligent and pray ful reading to the whole book, but esp cially to the sketches called "Haircut "Zone of Quiet" and "Rhythm." Wh they will find is far more than clownin

armless or otherwise. What they will nd is satire of the most acid and appalling ort—satire wholly removed, like Swift's efore it, from the least weakness of amia- lity, or even pity. That taste of bitter- ess has been in all of Lardner's work nce his beginnings. His earliest sketches f baseball-players went far beyond simple uffoonery. True enough, he delighted in is creatures as comedians, but it was also s plain as day that he was filled with a ast contempt for them as men. One could lmost discern a moral purpose in him. Inder the guise of entertaining them, he eemed to be eager to show the American eople what dreadful swine they ap- lauded and venerated. His Al Keefe is ot only a jackass, but also a transparent nd disgusting scoundrel. And the rest are f the same stripe. I can recall no character n the Lardner gallery, early or late, male r female, old or young, who is not oathsome.

But in "The Love Nest" he goes further han ever before. His programme, in brief, s to take familiar personages, unusually egarded with tolerant smiles, and to show he viciousness under their superficial im- ecility. One, for example, is a movie gal narried to a magnate of the films. On the urface she seems to be nothing but a oodle, but underneath there is simply a ewer: the woman is such a pig that she nakes one shudder. Again, he investigates nother familiar type: the village practical oker. The fellow has been laughed at ince the days of Aristophanes. Well, here s a realistic examination of his dung-hill umor, and of its effects upon decent peo- le. A third figure is a successful theatrical nanager: he turns out to have the profes- ional competence of a chiropractor and he honor of a Prohibition agent. A fourth s a writer of popular songs: stealing other nen's ideas has become so fixed a habit vith him that he comes to believe that he nas an actual right to them. A fourth is trained nurse—but I spare you this dread- ul nurse. The rest are bores of the homici- dal type. One gets the effect, communing with the whole gang, of visiting a museum of anatomy. They are as shocking as what one encounters there—but in every detail they are as unmistakably real.

Lardner conceals his savagery, of course, beneath the grotesque humor for which he is celebrated. It does not flag. No man writing among us has greater skill at the more extravagant variety of jocosity. He sees startling and revelatory likeness between immensely disparate things, and he is full of pawky observations and bizarre comments. Two baseball-players are palavering, and one of them, Young Jake, is boasting of his conquests during Spring practice below the Potomac. "Down South ain't here!" replies the other. "Those dames in some of those swamps, they lose their head when they see a man with shoes on!" The two proceed to the discussion of a third moron, guilty of some obscure tort. "Why," inquires Young Jake, "didn't you break his nose or bust him in the chin?" "His nose was already broke," replies the other, "and he didn't have no chin." Such wheezes seem easy to devise. Broadway diverts itself by manufacturing them. They constitute the substance of half the town shows. But in those made by Lardner there is something far more than mere facile humor: they are all rigidly in character, and they illuminate that character. Few American novelists, great or small, have character more firmly in hand. Lardner does not see situations; he sees people. And what people! They are all as revolting as so many Methodist evangelists, and they are all as thoroughly American. His portrait gallery is as extensive as Sinclair Lewis', and even the least of his portraits is brilliantly done.

But comparisons, in the case of Lardner, are bound to be futile. He is trying to do something that no other current fictioneer has tried to do. Without wasting any wind upon statements of highfalutin æsthetic or ethical purpose, he is trying to get the low-down Americano between covers.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

HERBERT ASBURY *is on the staff of the New York* Herald-Tribune. *His first book, "Up From Methodism," will soon appear.*

EMILY CLARK (MRS. EDWIN SWIFT BALCH) *was one of the founders and editors of the* Reviewer *at Richmond. She is a Virginian but now lives in Philadelphia. A volume of her Virginia sketches is soon to be published.*

ARTHUR J. CRAMP, M.D., *is in charge of the American Medical Association's office for the investigation of quacks and quack remedies. He has published many books and pamphlets on the subject.*

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EUGENE GORDON *was born in Florida and educated at Howard University, Washington, D. C., and Boston University. He has been a member of the editorial staff of the Boston* Post *since 1919 and specializes in Negro news. He is at work upon his first novel.*

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MAURITZ A. HALLGREN *is a newspaper man of long standing, who covered Delaware politics for a number of years for local and outside papers.*

L. M. HUSSEY *is a Philadelphia chem He contributes frequently to the reviews.*

FRED JACOB *was born in Elora, Ontario 1882, and for the past sixteen years has literary and dramatic editor of the Toronto* N and Empire. *He has written a number of act plays, which have been used in the Canad little theatres. His first novel, "Day B Yesterday," was recently published.*

M. S. LEA (MRS. KENNETH C. MCINTO *is a native of Louisiana. She is a graduat the Sophie Newcomb Art School at New Orle*

LEWIS MUMFORD *is the well-known crit architecture. His article in this issue will chapter in a book on the history of Amer ideas, soon to be published.*

WILLIAM ORTON *is an Englishman, merly in the British Labor Ministry, and teaching economics and political science Smith College. He has published a histor the British Labor movement since 1914 an a contributor to various English and Amer journals.*

GEORGE STERLING *is the author of "* ith," *just republished. A book of his lyric to follow shortly. He has printed many umes. He was born on Long Island, but lived in California for many years.*

MORAN TUDURY *was born at New Orle where he has done newspaper work. He is on the editorial staff of the* Complete St Magazine.

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Editorial NOTES

The following comes from Mr. Stew Holbrook:

I have just returned from a trip into the l and find that THE AMERICAN MERCURY for A contains a somewhat tart commentary by James Lance on my "Wobbly Talk," publi in January.

Regarding the word *wobbly*, Mr. Lance m the flat statement that it was coined by the General Harrison Gray Otis, of Los Ang I have heard this rumor. I have also heard word credited to a police magistrate of kane. And many wobs hold it to be a corrup of the Australian *wallaby*. But the rank and of the I. W. W., of which Mr. Lance is pate not a member, will tell you about the Ch man I quoted in the article. Of course, the no etymological proof; all of it is traditio

Mr. Lance says that *dehorn* designates wider concept than *booze*. During the Rev. Billy Sunday's Christian campaign in Portl Oregon, however, I heard an I. W. W. or state from his box at the corner of Third Burnside streets that Dr. Sunday's efforts *dehorn* for the workers. Wobblies comm refer to Mr. Brisbane's column as *dehorn*, also to editorials in the daily press.

Bull of the woods does not refer, as Mr. L says it does, to camp foremen; the forema the *push*. The other strictly logging terms g by Mr. Lance, for omission of which he cha me with grave error, are in no way german the subject of *wobbly* talk. They were an treated by Jim Stevens in a paper on logg not wobbly—talk in a recent number of *A can Speech*.

Mr. Lance's hair-splitting in the matte difference between *packing* and *carrying* (ei a *balloon* or the *rigging*) is plain hokum. He a loss, he says, to know why out here, w men are he, anyone should use *carrying*. I him to turn to page 4, column 5, of the *Indus Unionist* for March 17, 1926, where he glean the following:

Someone has started a rumor to the effe that fellow worker George Elsworth .

Continued on page xx

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

has quit *carrying* [my italics] the rig

This statement was written and signed

Lance, as editor of the *Unionist*.

Editor Lance also objects to my use of he says it isn't done. Yet on page 4 of h sheet for May 9, 1925, I find a staff signed in 10-point caps by BOOMER.

So much for Mr. Lance's criticisms. political, or factional, point of view hi is very interesting. For some time pa I. W. W. has been split into two distinc bly orders, each of which supports a paper, and each of which claims to be th nal, 100%, haywardesque I. W. W.

Mr. Lance is known in wob ranks as the Intellectuals. He edits in a most c manner what followers of the late W Haywood term "an alleged I. W. W. p but I fear he needs to freshen his memor cerning wobbly talk with a few month at the Point of Production.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY offers a welcome to *The New Masses*, which l itself into a wicked world in M original *Masses*, edited by Max E was one of the most pungent and organs of opinion ever printed in A It took an extremely radical tack maintained its acidulous and often opinions with ingenuity and good and never descended to the maudli ing of the usual radical paper. Som most interesting of the younger A writers contributed to it, and th greatly reinforced by a staff of high petent cartoonists. The suppressio paper by the Postoffice, with th quent vain attempt to railroad the to jail, made one of the most dis episodes of war-time. *The New Ma* new editors, but many of the old utors remain, and most of the old ists, especially Hugo Gellert, Art and William Gropper. Gropper's d "Cops," in the first issue, was al ficient to give it distinction. *T Masses* is published at 39 West street, New York, at $2 a year.

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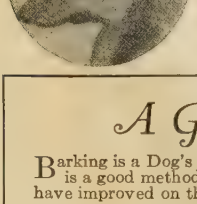

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Mr. Hobson's view is that a rigorous human nature in industry leads to the conclu the motive of private profit cannot be co eliminated. He feels, however, that the pr rangements of incentives must give way to s better—exactly what, he does not say.

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Continued on page xxiv

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massacres, but would even have prevented them cibly if it had been able to do so." (Italics author's.)

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BIOGRAPHY

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, 1922.
Edited by Lady Raleigh. *The Macmillan Co*
$7 8⅝ x 5⅝; 2 vols.; 571 pp. *New*

Raleigh, who died as professor of English liter at Oxford in 1922, was a critic of graceful but sl

Continued on page xxvi

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Continued from page xxiv

gifts. The war blew him up; after August, 19 wrote little save chauvinistic rubbish. His lett seldom of much interest. There is a biogra preface to them by David Nicol Smith, and a b raphy of Raleigh's writings.

THE LETTERS OF BRET HARTE.

Edited by Geoffrey Bret Harte. *The Houghton Mif*
$5 8½ x 5¾; 515 pp.

These letters, which run from 1866 to 190 the story of a long struggle against poverty. worked hard all his life, but the wolf was ne from his door. Most of the letters are to his He and she lived apart for twenty-four years. are many references to their separation, but its are nowhere explained. A short biographical appears as a preface.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY, 1680–1726.

By Bonamy Dobrée. *The Oxford Universit*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 362 pp. *Ne*

Biographical studies of Sir George Ethereg John Vanbrugh and Joseph Addison.

BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS.

Edited by A. C. Kalischer. *E. P. Dutton & Co*
$5 8½ x 5¾; 410 pp. *Ne*

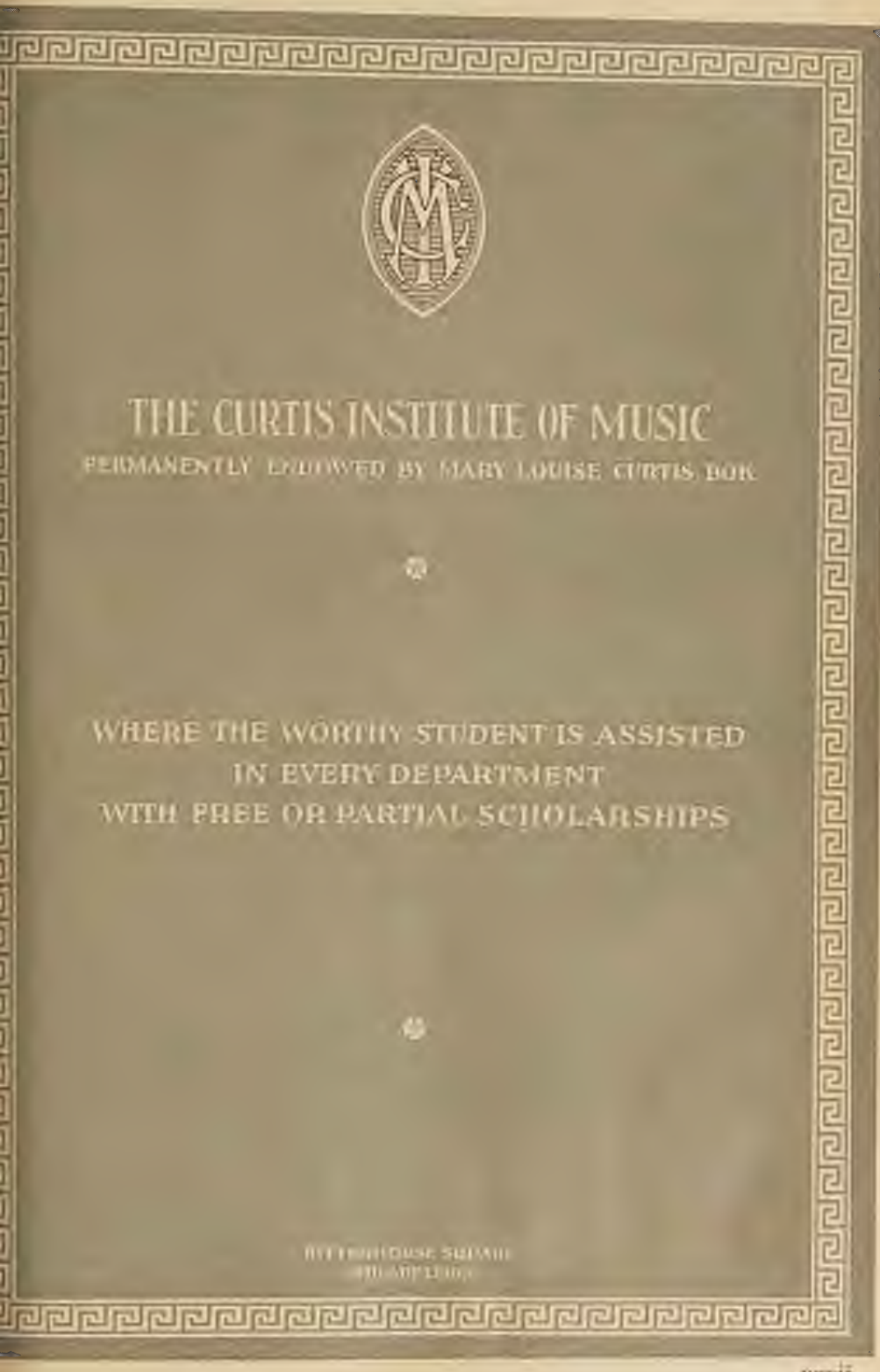
This volume is one of Dent's International L of Books on Music, edited by A. Eaglefield-H is a condensation and translation of Dr. Kalis well-known German collection. The latter nu 1220 letters; the present volume contains 457 selections are judiciously made, and the book an admirable supplement to Paul Bekker's thoven," reviewed in THE AMERICAN MERCU April.

NEW PREFACE TO "THE LIFE AND CO SIONS OF OSCAR WILDE."

By Frank Harris and Lord Alfred Douglas.
The Fortun
8¾ x 6; 55 pp.

The aim of this tract is to relieve Lord Douglas of the aspersions cast upon him in H life of Wilde. In that work, mainly on the aut of Robert Ross, Harris accused Douglas of Wilde into the vices which brought his undoin of neglecting him in his adversity. In April, Harris and Douglas met at Nice after an estrang of fifteen years, and Douglas convinced Harri these accusations were false. It was agreed that should prepare a corrective preface for a new e

Continued on page xxviii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of his book. The two afterward disagreed
details, and Douglas now prints a statem
whole matter from his standpoint, togethe
new preface prepared by Harris.

CRITICISM

FOUR NOVELISTS OF THE OLD RÉGIM
John Garber Palache. *The V*
$3 9 x 5⅞; 271 pp.

The novelists discussed are Crébillon *fil*
Choderlos de Laclos, and Restif de la Bret
book contains much matter not otherwise
in English.

INTELLECTUAL VAGABONDAGE. *An*
the Intelligensia.
By Floyd Dell. *The George H. Dora*
$1.25 6¾ x 4½; 261 pp.

In the first part of this book Mr. Del
brief survey of the forces that influenced t
the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, a
what every college freshman knows. In t
part he attempts an analysis of the prese
situation, especially in this country. He a
the wave of disillusionment and the preval
sion of the meaninglessness of life in liter
in large part, a rationalization of our own
do something about the pressing social pr
the day. He scoffs at the notion of freedo
pleads for a return of idealism to literature

GOGOL.
By Janko Lavrin. *E. P. Dutton &*
$2.50 7¼ x 4¾; 263 pp.

This is the first extensive study in Engl
work of Russia's first great prose writer. T
considers at great length Gogol's psycho
and shows its tremendous influence on his
An extensive bibliography in Russian, En
French is appended.

PUSHKIN.
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. *E. P. Dutton &*
$2.50 7¼ x 4¾; 266 pp.

In this critical study Prince Mirsky pay
attention to the versatile and vigorous pers
this odd combination of poet, novelist,
orator, political thinker, atheist and roué.
page bibliography is appended. There is a
pendix containing translations of some of
poetry.

Continued on page xxx

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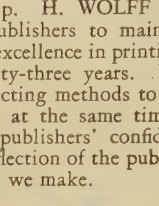

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PHILOSOPHY

THOBBING: *A Seat at the Circus of the Inte*
By Henshaw Ward. *The Bobbs-Merrill*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5¾; 343 pp. *Ind*

Mr. Ward makes the verb *to thob* out *opinion* and *believe*. His thesis is that mos so-called thinking of mankind is a mere r zation of emotions. He has got together evidence to that end, and his argument is o amusing.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND PHILOSOPHY. *F totle to Bergson.*
By A. E. Baker. *The George H. Doran*
$1.25 6¾ x 4½; 225 pp.

The author knows exactly how not to beginners' book on philosophy. He crams h with names and dates and technical jargon, only possible effect of the whole business is the novice think that philosophy is an abst inhuman subject. Mr. Baker should have re trand Russell's lucid little volume, "An Intr to Philosophy," before starting about his t

PEDAGOGY

THE PRACTICE OF TEACHING IN TH ONDARY SCHOOL.
By Henry C. Morrison. *The University of Chic*
$4 8¾ x 6; 661 pp.

This huge tome offers an excellent exampl blowsy, platitudinous theorizing that is now upon the poor schoolma'm by virtuosi of pedagogy. It is full of formidable diagra schemata, and in many of them it is hard to any intelligible meaning. The author, on occasions when he has anything sensible and to say, says it badly. A large part of his devoted to a relentless labelling and pigeon He is professor of education at the Unive Chicago.

EDUCATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA.
By Scott Nearing. *The International P*
$1.50 7⅜ x 4⅞; 160 pp.

Dr. Nearing spent sixty days visiting the schools. He here presents a clear and interes count of the whole Soviet educational system, but by no means merely encomiastic.

Continued on page xxxii

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King David and His Wives
The Rape of Tamar by Her Brother Amnon
The Story of Ruth
King Solomon and His Songs
The Book of Esther
The New Testament
The Virgin Birth, or Mary, The Holy Ghost, Joseph and Jesus Christ.
The Virgin Birth According to St. Luke
Elisabeth, Angel Gabriel and Zacharias, or the Seduction of Elisabeth According to the Gospel of St. Luke
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Conclusion
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WINNETKA GRADED BOOK LIST.
By Carleton Washburne and Mabel Vogel. *The American Library Associ*
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This is a list of books regarded as good readin children between the first and ninth grades. It determined upon by collating the opinions of se hundreds of pupils in these grades with the opir of educational "experts." The books are divide cording to grades, and appended to each book characteristic pupil's opinion and a batch of fig telling how many boys and girls passed views o the percentage liking it, their respective ages, "reading grade," their "value indices," and so One cannot help asking of what possible valu this hocus-pocus is.

REPRINTS

THE BOOK OF THE ROGUE.
Edited by Joseph Lewis French. *Boni & Live*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 399 pp. *New*

This is a reprint from various authors of es upon celebrated rogues, ranging from Villon to liam Ireland, and from Cagliostro to the Tichb Claimant. The authors represented include Steven Dumas *père*, Thackeray, Wilde, Balzac and Carl There are seven portraits.

COLLECTED STORIES AND TALES.
By Fitz-James O'Brien. *Albert & Charles*
$2 7¼ x 4¾; 240 pp. *New*

This volume belongs to the excellent Amer Library and is edited by Edward J. O'Brien. The of the author's stories are included, among th "The Diamond Lens" and "The Wondersmith." former first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for uary, 1858, and made a sensation. It seems chil today, and so do the others.

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING POLITIC JUSTICE.
By William Godwin. *Alfred A. K*
$4 7½ x 5; 2 vols.; 255, 307 pp. *New*

This is the first reprint of Godwin's famous w since 1843, and even the edition credited to that may have been a myth. Most scholars have hac study it in editions printed in the Eighteenth Cent The present edition was prepared by Raymond

Continued on page xxxiv

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Preston, and some of the more metaphysical pass
are discreetly omitted. There is a workable bibl
raphy, followed by a good index. The work is
of the Political Science Classics edited by Dr. Lin
Rogers, of Columbia.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS.
By Emily Brontë. *The Modern Library,*
95 cents 6½ x 4¼; 390 pp. *New*

There are a biographical note and a preface to
reprint by the author's sister, Charlotte Brontë,
are of great value to an understanding of Emily
her work. There is also an appreciative and disc
ing introduction by Rose Macaulay.

POOR WHITE.
By Sherwood Anderson. *The Modern Library,*
95 cents 6½ x 4½; 371 pp. *New*

There is a polite four-page introduction to
reprint, by the author.

THE MASTER PASSION.
By Guy De Maupassant. *Brenta*
$2.50 9 x 6; 232 pp. *New*

This is the fifth volume in a series of reprints of
famous French writer. The translation is by Marj
Laurie.

THE LAND OF LOCO TIEMPO.
By Charles F. Lummis. *Charles Scribner's*
$3 8¾ x 6; 310 pp. *New*

This excellent travel book dealing with the
and peoples of New Mexico was first publishe
1893. A large number of photographs which
author took himself are reproduced.

H. M. S. PINAFORE AND OTHER PLAYS.
By W. S. Gilbert. *The Modern Lib*
$0.95 6¾ x 4¼; 218 pp. *New*

In addition to "Pinafore" the operettas repri
here are "Patience," "The Yeoman of the Gua
and "Ruddigore." There is a very good introduc
by Gilbert Gabriel discussing Gilbert's amazing p
ers as a librettist.

SELECTED ESSAYS.
By Karl Marx. *The International Publi*
$1.75 7¼ x 4¾; 208 pp. *New*

The essays reprinted are "A Criticism of the He
ian Philosophy," "The Jewish Question," "The K
of Prussia and Social Reform," "Moralizing Critic

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Harpers Magazine *announces*

The June Number

THE TEST OF THE GENTEEL
by Cornelia James Cannon

PORTRAIT OF A CLERIC
by Elmer Davis

THE ATTACK ON NEW YORK *by* Charles Merz

HOW WE THINK: A Behaviorist's View
by John B. Watson

AMAZONS OF FREEDOM
by Duncan Aikman

THE RUDE MILITIA
by Stuart Rose

MAN MONDAY'S FISHING
by Charles Nordhoff

LIMITATION OR LIBERTY
by Dr. Harry E. Fosdick

THE PROFESSOR DINES OUT *by* George Boas

TWICE TIMES *by* A. A. Milne

TWO LIVES *by* Gustav Eckstein

RESTRICTION: ENGLAND'S SOLUTION
A Note on Prohibition
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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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and Critical Morality," "Proudhon," "French Mat rialism" and "The English Revolution." The tran lator is H. J. Stenning. Persons who have tried t read "Das Kapital" will not have to be told tha Marx was one of the dullest writers ever heard of.

THE MARRIED MAN.
By Robert Grant. *Charles Scribner's Son*
$2 7½ x 5; 224 pp. *New Yor*

This book is a reprint of two sketches—"The Re flections of a Married Man" and "The Opinions o a Philosopher"—which first appeared in the nineties Both deal with the problems of married life, and bot are full of the dainty nothings that pass currentl for profundity.

REFERENCE BOOKS

A DICTIONARY OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE
By Laurie Magnus. *E. P. Dutton & Compan*
$10 10 x 6¾; 594 pp. *New Yor*

The period dealt with is from the Twelfth Centur to the present time, but only two living author Hardy and Brandes, are mentioned. Biographical an critical sketches of authors, explanations of literar movements and brief historical surveys of nationa literatures are arranged in one alphabet. The boo would be more useful if the bibliographies of th writers discussed were complete. Practically all th information in it is to be found in any good encyclo pedia.

A NEW STANDARD BIBLE DICTIONARY.
Edited by Melancthon W. Jacobus, Edward E. Nourse an Andrew C. Zenos. *The Funk & Wagnalls Compan*
$7.50 10¾ x 7; 965 pp. *New Yor*

This is a revision of a work which first appeared i 1909. The editors are liberal theologians, and so such things as the Flood myth and the adventure of Jonah are dealt with in a rational manner. Many of th articles are by recognized experts. The printing i clear, the binding is substantial, and there are many useful illustrations.

CROWELL'S HANDBOOK FOR READERS AND WRITERS.
By Henrietta Gerwig. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Compan*
$3.50 9 x 5¾; 728 pp. *New Yor*

This book resembles Brewster's "Dictionary o Phrase and Fable" and his "Reader's Handbook," but it is superior to either because its entries ar brought down to date. For example, Cabell's "Jur

Continued on page xxxviii

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of THE AMERICAN MERCURY
published monthly *at* Camden, N. J.
for April, 1926

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred A. Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of The American Mercury and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

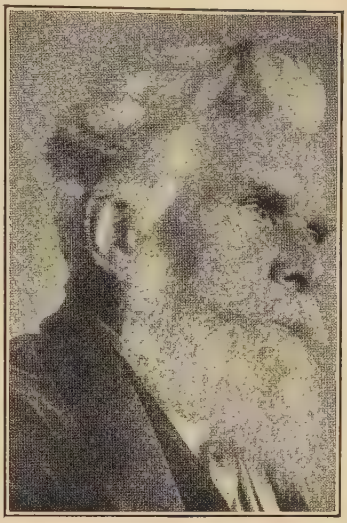
ALFRED A. KNOPF,
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1926.

[SEAL] JOSEPH C. LESSER.

(My commission expires March 30, 1927.)

Notary Public Kings Co. No. 327, Reg. No. 7029. Certificate filed in N. Y. Co. No. 23, Reg. No. 7095. Commission expires March 30, 1927.



A BIOGRAPHY OF HAVELOCK ELLIS

The publishers deem it a privilege to announce this distinguished biography of a great man: HAVELOCK ELLIS, A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SURVEY, *by Isaac Goldberg, author of* The Man Mencken. *359 pages, 21 full-page illustrations, and a wealth of prose, verse and other miscellany by Ellis, never before available. $4.00 at all bookstores.*

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxvi

gen" has a paragraph, and there is another devoted to Greenwich Village. The book is printed on a thin but opaque paper and is substantially bound.

A HANDBOOK OF STYLE OF THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS.
By Frank D. Halsey. *The Princeton University Press.*
$1 7½ x 5; 90 pp. *Princeton, N. J.*

An excellent handbook of spelling, pronunciation, capitalization, etc., showing shrewdness and not without touches of humor. The best of the latter, perhaps, is unconscious. On the very first page of his main text Mr. Halsey twice violates one of his own rules. The book is a charming piece of printing.

TRAVEL

MYSTERY CITIES. *Exploration and Adventure in Lubaantun.*
By Thomas Gann. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 9 x 5½; 252 pp. *New York*

Dr. Gann here relates in great detail his experiences in the most primitive places of Central America. His observations are of great anthropological and sociological value. The book is generously illustrated.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI.
By Vincent Sheean. *The Century Company*
$3.50 8 x 5½; 345 pp. *New York*

Mr. Sheean gained admittance into the Rif recently and here describes his interesting experiences there. He inclines to be very friendly toward the Franco-Spanish attitude in the dog fight going on there now. There are many illustrations.

MISCELLANEOUS

LAW TALES FOR LAYMEN.
By Joseph Lacy Seawell. *Alfred Williams & Company*
$3.50 7¾ x 5½; 314 pp. *Raleigh, N. C.*

Anecdotes of the bench and bar by a veteran court clerk. There is appended a series of "wayside tales from Carolina," chiefly of a legal nature. The book contains much curious matter, and is extremely interesting.

THE FAITH, THE FALSITY AND THE FAILURE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.
By Woodbridge Riley, Frederick W. Peabody and Charles H. Humiston. *The Fleming H. Revell Company*
$3.50 8 x 5¼; 408 pp. *New York*

A devastating exposure of the Eddyan buncombe by a philosopher, a lawyer and a medical man.

The BORZOI *Broadside*

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

JUNE-JULY, 1926 — BORZOI BOOKS — VOL. VIII. NO. 1.

Toilers of Fortune

BY JAMES STEVENS

Author of "Brawnyman," a novel of labor and its evolution in America

"SAVAGES" was a term often applied to railroad construction laborers by the gamblers, pimps and yeggs who infested the settlements of the old West; and these toilers of fortune received it as a term of honor. They had three tribes: the "team hands," who "moved dirt" from cuts and borrow pits to the fills, driving mules—"Neds," "shavetails," "hay-burners"—on scrapers, dump wagons and grading machines; the "hard-rock men" or "dynos," who blasted the rock cuts and drove the tunnels; and the "gandy-dancers," who spread the ties and spiked the steel. Until the World War they were the largest group of hobos in the West.

The "Johns" were the other large group. They had two tribes: the "John Yeggs," a tough outfit that lived by burglary and highway robbery; and the "bread-and-butter-Johns," the familiar miserable creatures who knock at back doors and ask for handouts. Of course there were many other kinds of men on the road, especially in the summer seasons: adventurous youths who were called "gaycats" or "fuzz-faces" by Johns and savages alike; and migratory laborers who were at best "quarter-wise," and who were termed "boomers," "scissor bills," "hoosiers," and "yaps." Every small-town man was a "scissor bill," every police officer was "John Law," every farmer and farm hand—even that romantic hero, the cowboy!—was "John Shears," and the individual savage was a "stiff."

Rovers and fighters and minstrels, but all were toilers. "He won't work; he's gone John"—that was a sentence of banishment from the tribe.

The construction men got their adventure, not from the road, but from the big jobs on which they toiled. To snare a ride in "the guts" of a passenger—any nimble gaycat could do that; but it took a real savage to go the route over the "Six-gun Loop," where team hands built levees to hold back the flood waters of the Mississippi. The old-timer who had "pounded steel" and "throwed leather" for *Henry Villard* in the eighties—his were the stories heard on

(*Continued on page 44*)

BORZOI BOOKS

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

Whence and Whither?

WHERE we are going is a problem to be harried by business men and prophets; even when such an illuminating brain as *Oswald Spengler's* uses history as a ground for prediction, still the future remains a subject for controversy, a blank sheet on which any pen may write what it will. But looking back over the way we have traveled, we see only too much to be recorded as fact. There is such a host of particulars that it is hard to distinguish the outlines. One cannot see the wood for the trees. It is just such difficulties of vision that the *History of Civilization Series* is designed to clear up. It is a great and scholarly effort at historical synthesis. The four most recent volumes each treat an important factor in the records of human experience, and do it in the light of the latest discoveries.

FROM TRIBE TO EMPIRE is a study of the gradual development of corporate life and the decay of individual freedom. The history of ancient Egypt, Babylonia, and the Near East is called upon to supply examples of complex types of social organization, which in turn are contrasted with more primitive forms among the American Indians and the Australian Bushmen.

The Aryan question is a fascinating one, and attractive even to the layman in historical matters, yet it is curious to note that THE ARYANS by *V. Gordon Childe* is the first full discussion of the subject to appear in English for the last twenty-five years. What was the Indo-European languag Were the gods of *Homer* borrowed from the Hindu Was *Odysseus'* journey the prototype of *Wota* travels? These are only some of the questions whi arise from the contemplation of the strange rac thread which runs through the story of successi cultures.

When *Herodotus* wished to write an honest histo of the Greek people, he had to admit that th origins were shrouded in the obscurity of leger He could only recount myths and ask for them be accepted as such. But the discoveries of scienti archaeological research have made understandal the facts which were obscured to those placed nea to them in time, so that we are now able to vi in its entirety the assembling and development "the miracle of Greece."

The Greeks began the science of geography, b after them the science was debased by the intrusi of theological dogma, until *Cosmas Indicopleus* drew a map of the world showing it to be squa simply because the Bible spoke figuratively of t "four corners of the earth." Yet in spite of the dar ness of geography in the Dark Ages much traveli was accomplished. Its many aspects are treated the series of essays entitled TRAVEL AND TRA ELLERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. Here are t names of *Marco Polo* and *Prester John;* Cathay a the Indies; there are tales of Christian pilgrin Arab merchants, and Viking ships. This is, indee the romance of historical science.

FROM TRIBE TO EMPIRE: S CIAL ORGANIZATION AMONG TH PRIMITIVE PEOPLES IN THE A CIENT EAST. *By* A. MORET, *Curat of the Musée Guimet, and* G. DAV *Professor in the University of Dijo Illustrated.* $6.00 *net.*

THE ARYANS. *By* V. GORDO CHILDE, *author of "The Migration Symbols." Illustrated.* $4.00 *net.*

THE FORMATION OF TH GREEK PEOPLE. *By* A. JARD *Professor of History at the Lycée L kanal. Maps.* $6.00 *net.*

TRAVEL AND TRAVELLER OF THE MIDDLE AGES: SERIES OF ESSAYS. *Edited by Pr fessor* A. P. NEWTON. *Illustrated.* $4.0 *net.*

An Author's Animadversions

"THE introduction of my infant self," writes *Thomas Beer*, "into the last chapter of THE MAUVE DECADE was meant to serve a double purpose; I thus apologized for not spending more time on the grandeurs of New York and, with the timidity of inference, suggested that there are other sources of information on the dead great than their official biographies and the printed commentary of the newspapers. One of my grandfathers knew such creatures as *Sitting Bull*, *Leland Stanford*, *Wild Bill Hickok*, *Calamity Jane* and *Collis Huntington*, and the other, in the unbelievable '60's, used to call *William McKinley*, then nobody in particular, 'Will' and idled behind the scenes of Ellsler's Theatre in Cleveland talking to *Clara Morris* and *Edwin Booth*.

"I cannot argue incandescence for these ancestors. My paternal grandfather was a justice of the circuit court in Ohio and my maternal grandfather was a personage of the railroad building and ranching episodes between 1870 and 1890. Only, somehow, I feel driven to protest for these dead men, and for many like them, that their notions, their yellow private letters and unforgotten conversation are quite as valid as the reminiscences of editors chained to some desk in Park Row. My father's notes dashed off daily from the train loaded with Civil War veterans—the jape was of his invention—in 1896 and *Mark Hanna's* curt directions, scrawled on the backs of envelopes, are, to my prejudiced vision, just as informative as what a reporter of the New York *Herald* heard from a man, who had a friend who knew *Cornelius Bliss* intimately, about *Mr. Hanna* and his methods. I can amuse myself by fingering the letters of men forgotten, half forgotten and living—such as *Mr. Charles G. Dawes*—who were pieces in the Cleveland financier's game against the Silver Knight and can admire the script of *James, Cardinal Gibbons*, in a pleasant note of thanks for service rendered.

"I was born, in the usual manner, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, when my father was reading law and working in a bank in Omaha, across the river. By the simple process of working in a bank he, early, made the acquaintance of a *Mr. William Jennings Bryan*, a small regional politician whose addresses at county fairs, religious gymkhanas and what not were much esteemed by ladies of that territory, and with the news of that appreciation my father flurried *Mark Hanna* on July 12th, 1896. An obscure young agent of an eastern trust company thus became the spark of contact between two giants, politically speaking.

"Concurrently, in the summer of 1896, I heard a friend, female, of my aunts in Bucyrus, Ohio, utter the warcry of *Frances Willard*, the battleshriek of God's Valkyrs. People in the East, in those days, did not take *Frances Willard* too seriously; she lived 'out west.' I had been transferred to the margin of New York in 1893 and had learned that, among the peasants of the Hudson Valley, anything western was a little comic, a little vague. But I wonder, now, if *Mr. Bryan* and *Miss Willard* were quite as comic in American history as the mad wags of the metropolitan press thought. Really, between ourselves, were the tight-lipped ladies with tiny white ribbons on their black silk busts who walked to church of a Sunday in those midland towns quite without influence? Were they so much less important than *Mr. Bradley Martin's* costumed balls and the captains of Yale and Princeton football teams in the golden '90's? The Easterners were, and are, much more decorative, but, as between *William Jennings Bryan* and *Ward McAllister*, who cut the wider wake in our American culture? Was *George Pullman's* insolent stupidity in 1894 more consequential than a literary dinner at Mouquin's where somebody said something very good about *Henry James*, or wasn't it? Or has my provincial origin misled me? . . .

"I won't defend my work beyond that point. Perhaps it is because I beheld the mortal bodies of and shook hands with *Hanna*, the *McKinley* brothers, *John Hay* and *Theodore Roosevelt* before I was twelve years old that their names mean rather more to me than do the names of many poets, painters and comic grandees of the '90's. I saw the *Count Cassini*—an admirable letter writer—all perfumed and ornate, calling dazed congressional ladies 'ma toute belle' in the Willard Hotel at Washington, and saw the crowd turn to smile as *Richard Harding Davis*, tall and chattering swiftly, came through the press in an alley of the Holland House with his

(*Continued on page 46*)

For Any Pocket

"WE HAVE been spending a holiday in Cornwall —right on the scene of the second part of THE CHINA SHOP. Cornwall is a pleasant land, where men discard collars, and women skirts, where the sea is purple and opalescent by turns, and where the local peasantry watch all day for pilchard shoals that never appear, and pray all night for wrecks —which, unfortunately, are far commoner than pilchards.

So wrote *Geoffrey Holdsworth*, distinguished journalist and husband of *G. B. Stern*, and what he says of the country where he and his wife passed the time of her convalescence may without difficulty be applied to the novel for which she made that country a background. The dynasty of Larry Munro, which for three generations carelessly rules the destinies of the other characters of the book, is as conscienceless and destructive as the changing sea, while Felicity, the woman, jealously gathers the wreckage and adores the waves.

When THE CHINA SHOP appeared five years ago it attracted a great deal of attention. Some critics were made distinctly uncomfortable by the implications of the story, but all admitted that *G. B. Stern* was a writer to be reckoned with, one of the few who were making literary history. Her subsequent career has justified their praise. THE MATRIARCH, THE ROOM, and THUNDERSTORM have established her in a high position. It is therefore with great pleasure that the Borzoi announces the inclusion of THE CHINA SHOP in the Pocket Books. The more recent admirers of "The Real G. B. S.," as *H. G. Wells* once called her, will now have an opportunity to become acquainted with one of her most distinctive and successful works.

Another book added to the Borzoi Pocket Books is *Joseph Hergesheimer's* collection of stories, THE HAPPY END. His only published collection, this book will replace JAVA HEAD as number three of the series.

The Pocket Books are ideal traveling companions for those experienced travelers who pack a great deal in a small space. The Pocket Books fit in suitcases and portable typewriters as well as in pockets; and the solidity of their binding assures them a long l even among baggage men.

THE CHINA SHOP. *By* G. STERN, *author of "The Matriarch "The Room," "Thunderstorm," etc. Wi an Introduction by* WILSON FOLLET $1.25 *net.*

THE HAPPY END. *By* JOSEP HERGESHEIMER, *author of "Cyth rea," "The Three Black Pennys," "Bal sand," etc.* $1.25 *net.*

A New Star

ONLY three years ago *David Garnett* had just arrive as a literary figure of importance, having offere as his passport the totally charming story, LAD INTO FOX. Scarcely had he time to pat his laure into a becoming crown or to deal firmly with th lion-hunters of whom he had become the quar before he had lifted to his side another writer of sympathetic but more sombre genius.

A friend of *Garnett's*, the sculptor *Stephen Tomli* was in the habit of staying in Dorsetshire. There h came to know *Theodore Powys*, and in the course time discovered that he wrote. *Powys* had mad sporadic and ill-directed attempts to gain a pub lisher. They had not come to much, but he went o writing. *Tomlin* was excited by what he read. H persuaded the author to let him show a manuscri to his friend. *Garnett* was at once enthusiastic, an his own publishers in London and New York caug the enthusiasm.

Thus the works of *Mr. T. F. Powys* began t appear. They have been received with praise, mi understanding, and uneasiness; but gradually it ha become evident to the discerning among reade that a new English classic is unfolding before then

A new novel by *Mr. Powys* is now offered to h increasing group of admirers.

INNOCENT BIRDS. *By* T. F POWYS, *author of "The Left Leg, "Mockery Gap," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

The Oats of Spring

SOME collections of short stories, like *Katheri Mansfield's*, have in common the quality of reflec ing the author's personality. Others, for examp *Liam O'Flaherty's*, are more objective, and more a to be the reflection of experience directly, and

personality through experience. But when the experiences of a man of thirty are as varied and comprehensive as *Mr. O'Flaherty's* have been, it must be that the stories will have a wide range and an abundant vitality.

Liam O'Flaherty was born in 1896 in the Aran Islands. So far as we are told, he was permitted to share these islands unmolested with their only other famous inhabitant, the Playboy of the Western World, until he was twelve, when he went to Rockwell College for four years. He had already read the Bible and *Dickens* throughout; and in his third year at college he won a prize for an essay in the Irish language.

He studied at Dublin University for two years; but in 1914 he interrupted his studies to join the Irish Volunteers, and simultaneously to inaugurate a society of anarchists. Both enterprises failing, he joined the French Guards in 1916, was blown up, and was discharged in May 1918 as a neurasthenic.

By way of disproving his claim to this condition, he became a foreman in a London brewery, a hotel porter, and an engineer's clerk during six weeks in London; shipped for Rio de Janeiro as a stoker, and after a month there shipped again to Liverpool. His subsequent travels were extensive. He visited the Near East by way of Gibraltar, then shipped to Montreal and trekked across Canada, from May to November 1919. During this time he was a railroader, real estate agent, bookkeeper, and lumberjack.

In November of that year he crossed the border and trekked to Boston. Then he traveled down the Eastern seaboard as far as Baltimore, working in factories, hotels, and warehouses on the way.

In August 1920 he heard about a new war under way in Ireland, and signed immediately on a ship which reached Cardiff in December. From January to December 1921, when the treaty was signed, he took an active part in the fighting; after the peace, he organized an army of the unemployed and seized Rotunda, which he succeeded in holding for a week. Driven out of Dublin, he took part in the Four Courts Revolution until August, when he moved to London.

Here he settled down to write in September 1922, having fulfilled his ambition "to see as much of the world as possible without paying for it." After so much excitement, one would expect expansiveness in his writing; but his quality is just the reverse, compactness. His novel, THE INFORMER, puts a large slice of the history of Ireland into one night; and his new book of stories, SPRING SOWING, shows the ability to give the essence of a universal experience or emotion within a few pages.

SPRING SOWING. *By* LIAM O'FLAHERTY, *author of "The Informer."* $2.50 *net.*

Tom Fool

EVER since the new psychology discovered that no absolute line is fixed to separate sanity from insanity, and more particularly, ever since the prohibition amendment has made law-breakers of so large a portion of the population, sociologists have been coming to believe that no absolute line is fixed to distinguish the criminal from the honest man. Now *Miss F. Tennyson Jesse*, in her book on MURDER AND ITS MOTIVES, has proved herself a perspicacious psychologist of crime; and she has ably reduced the motives of murder to motives which we can recognize as taking part in the existence of everyone.

In her new novel *Miss Jesse* goes even further. The life of her hero is built around a single type of experience: the passionate enjoyment of danger. This is another quality which may or may not provide a criminal motive; at least we have heard recently of a considerable number of cases in which a crime was committed "for the thrill." Tom Fool does not turn to crime—he goes to sea; and his adventures bring him a culminating series of dangerous moments, for, like doses of dope, each danger must be greater than the last. Eventually he comes to the point where the risk has to be practically certain death for him to get any thrill out of it at all.

It requires *Miss Jesse's* peculiar powers to tell a story of this weird, and at the same time intensely human, nature. It requires a combination of the genius of *Conrad*, who intensifies the human drama against the vast impersonality of nature, and of *Poe*, who understood better than anyone else the inhumanity of the human soul. TOM FOOL combines a power akin to that of LORD JIM with the horror and excitement of THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM.

TOM FOOL. *By* F. TENNYSON JESSE, *author of "Murder and Its Motives."* $2.50 *net.*

The BORZOI *Barometer*

ON THE whole, the literary trade balance with Europe remains unfavorable. Borzoi authors in America, however, are doing their best to raise the export figure. *Ruth Suckow's* two books, COUNTRY PEOPLE and THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL, *Katharine Anthony's* CATHERINE THE GREAT, and *Fannie Hurst's* APPASSIONATA all appear in London on *Jonathan Cape's* list. FLIGHT by *Walter White* is to be issued by *Williams & Norgate.*

Publishers, booksellers, and editors will probably never agree about the value of favorable reviews. The fact remains, nevertheless, that EDGAR ALLAN POE, *Joseph Wood Krutch's* brilliant biography, which has been acclaimed everywhere, has gone into its second large printing within less than four weeks after publication—an unusual record for a first biography.

Other Borzoi books which have recently gone into new editions are: BENONI by *Knut Hamsun*, second printing; IN AMERICAN by *John V. A. Weaver*, eleventh printing; THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER by *Haldane Macfall*, second printing; THE DIABOLIQUES by *Barbey d'Aurevilly*, third printing; *James Stevens'* PAUL BUNYAN, fifth printing; *André Gide's* DOSTOEVSKY, second printing; and EARLY CIVILIZATION by *Alexander A. Goldenweiser*, fourth printing.

Borzoi books sometimes have unexpectedly gratifying adventures. For instance, a member of the music department at Dartmouth College writes that he is using THE WAGNERIAN ROMANCES, by *Gertrude Hall*, as a textbook in his course on the appreciation of modern music. This is the book which *Mr. Lawrence Gilman*, musical critic of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, says "cannot be too highly recommended to all Wagnerites over ten."

COLD HARBOUR by *Francis Brett Young* has been added to the list of books specially recommended by the American Library Association for small libraries.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts has chosen three Borzoi books among the fifty books of the year: FROM AN OLD HOUSE by *Joseph Hergesheimer*, with thirty-two illustrations in aquatone, printed by the Pynson Printers under the personal supervision of *Elmer Adler;* A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY by *Laurence Sterne*, also designed by *Elmer Adler*, and illustrated with woodcuts by *Wilfred Jones;* and THE LONDON PERAMBULATOR by *James Bone*, illustrated by *Muirhead Bone* and printed by the Southworth Press, Portland, Maine.

Toilers of Fortune

(*Continued from page 39*)

camp nights. Such stories were always told as parts of an epic and heard solemnly, for the savages knew that it was the railroad builders, and not cow hands and Indian-chasers, who had really won the West.

Twenty years or so ago the completion of the Milwaukee's transcontinental line, the Western Pacific, the Salt Lake, the Spokane, Portland and Seattle, and other enterprises of railroad-building was bringing the epic to a close. The Far West was industrialized. Salt Lake, Denver, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and the smaller cities of the West had become centers of commerce, trade and manufacture little different from Eastern cities. Homesteaders and irrigation companies took the stockman's range; even automobile roads were built to the lumber and mining camps; adventure departed from Western industry, and the toilers of fortune took to Alaska, Canada and Mexico, or settled in the cities. There are still many construction jobs in the West, but they are comparatively small ones, and any group of laborers on them might be matched in Akron or Detroit. The bard whose story of his toil over *Villard's* Northern Pacific would fill the hours of a dozen consecutive camp nights is heard no more; the three- and five-men lying contests are only memories; and where are the camp songs of yesteryear? The tribes of the old toilers of fortune are broken and scattered and the savages are remembered vaguely as "hobos." But the railroads they built, "the big jobs" of yesterday, survive as evidence of their adventuresome toil.

BRAWNYMAN. *By* JAMES STEVENS, *author of "Paul Bunyan."* **$2.50** *net.*

Publishing Announcements

SOME of the books on the Borzoi fall list for 1926 have previously been announced in the Broadside: THE ROAD TO HEAVEN by *Thomas Beer;* THE HOUSE OF SATAN by *George Jean Nathan;* A DEPUTY WAS KING by *G. B. Stern; Harvey Fergusson's* HOT SATURDAY; two novels from abroad —THE LORD OF LABRAZ by *Pio Baroja* and *Jean Giraudoux's* BELLA; THE MEMOIRS OF CARLO GOLDONI, reformer of Italian comedy, in the *Blue Jade Library;* and two readable books on the human constitution—ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY by *Raymond Pearl* and WHY INFECTIONS? by *Nicholas Kopeloff.*

Other Borzoi authors, well established through previous publications, are bringing out new books in the fall.

Among them is *Joseph Hergesheimer,* author of CYTHEREA, THE THREE BLACK PENNYS, BALISAND, etc., whose new novel is called TAMPICO, after the Mexican city of the same name. There will also be a popular edition of FROM AN OLD HOUSE, which appeared in a limited edition last autumn.

Carl Van Vechten adds a new chapter to his history of New York with NIGGER HEAVEN.

Willa Cather's new story will be more compact and incisive than A LOST LADY. MY MORTAL ENEMY is to be issued in a beautiful edition, designed by *W. A. Dwiggins* and the Pynson Printers.

H. L. Mencken has three new books on the list: a collection of AMERICANA for 1926; the fifth series of PREJUDICES; and NOTES ON DEMOCRACY, a book on which he has been at work for ten years.

MANNEQUIN, for which *Fannie Hurst,* author of APPASSIONATA, received *Liberty's* fifty thousand dollar prize, will be her second novel on the Borzoi list.

Ruth Suckow first attracted attention several years ago as a writer of short stories, but both of her books have been novels. A collection of her best stories, therefore, will be welcome in the fall. The title is IOWA INTERIORS.

Elinor Wylie, whose JENNIFER LORN and VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW have won unreserved admiration from the discerning, joins the Borzoi list with a new novel entitled THE ORPHAN ANGEL.

There are several new novels from abroad:

THE CROSS, by *Sigrid Undset,* the final volume of the trilogy begun in THE BRIDAL WREATH and continued in THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY.

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS by *Marmaduke Pickthall,* whose SAÏD THE FISHERMAN is one of the most successful volumes of the *Blue Jade Library.*

MARTHA AND MARY by *J. Anker Larsen,* author of THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, and KYRA KYRALINA by *Panait Istrati,* both previously announced for this spring.

Three new detective novels by *J. S. Fletcher,* and another by *A. Fielding,* who will be remembered as the author of THE EAMES-ERSKINE CASE and THE CHARTERIS MYSTERY.

Among the poets:

FLYING FISH, a new book of poems by *Grace Hazard Conkling,* author of SHIP'S LOG.

SAND AND FOAM by *Kahlil Gibran,* more parables and aphorisms from the pen that wrote THE PROPHET, with several drawings by the author.

A new play in verse by *Witter Bynner,* called (cryptically if appetizingly) CAKE.

Biographies:

GUY DE MAUPASSANT: A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY, by *Ernest Boyd,* who has edited the eighteen-volume Borzoi Maupassant, completed this spring, and who is the author of IRELAND'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE.

WHITMAN, by *Emory Holloway.*

EDISON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK by *George S. Bryan,* who is publishing simultaneously a book of poems of New England life, THE GHOST IN THE ATTIC.

ROBESPIERRE by *Albert Mathiez,* and BALZAC by *René Benjamin,* translated from the French by *Catherine Alison Phillips and J. F. Scanlan* respectively.

A new series, to appear in ten volumes: THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF STATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY, edited by *Professor Samuel Flagg Bemis,* designed to present a history of American foreign policy through the medium of biographical sketches of the secretaries during incumbency.

In the *Blue Jade Library:*

SIR WALTER RALEGH by *M. A. S. Hume,* previously announced for this spring.

PABLO DE SEGOVIA by *Francisco de Quevedo-Villegas.*

HAJJÎ BABA by *James Morier.*

The BORZOI BROADSIDE *for* JUNE-JULY 1926

A ROMANTIC IN SPAIN by *Théophile Gautier*, author of MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN.

Two new *Borzoi Classics: Flaubert's* SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION and *Fielding's* JONATHAN WILD—the latter edited, with an introduction, by *Wilson Follett.*

THE LIBRARY OF CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT, in eight volumes, edited by *W. Tudor Jones.* The first two volumes will be CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF ITALY by *Angelo Crespi*, and CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF FRANCE by *Isaac Benrubi.*

There are also three sporting books on the list: a reprint of *Nimrod's* famous HUNTING TOURS; LEICESTERSHIRE AND ITS HUNTS by *Charles Simpson;* and THE FIFTH ESTATE, a book on golf, by *James Crowell* and *Jerome D. Travers.*

THE LIVING BIBLE, being the whole Bible in its fewest words, with repetitions eliminated. *Bolton Hall* assembled this version.

Finally, an illustrated history of the New York of 300 years ago NEW AMSTERDAM by *William R. Shepherd*, Professor of History at Columbia University.

An Author's Animadversions

(*Continued from page 41*)

pretty mother on his arm. These people have their realities for me, and somebody else may take the *Edmund C. Stedmans, Maria de Barils, Simeon Fords* and *Lillian Russells* for his particular prey. Peace to their ashes!"

THE MAUVE DECADE. *By* THOMAS BEER, *author of "Stephen Crane," "Sandoval" and "The Fair Rewards."* $3.50 *net.*

Counter-Offensive

"THIS is one of the soundest and most interesting books that I have read in months," writes *H. L. Mencken.* "The author, who is an associate editor of *The American Bar Association Journal*, was trained as a lawyer, but that training, somewhat surprisingly, seems to have left his logical powers unimpaired, and with them his capacity for differentiating between facts and mere appearances. There is no hint of the usual evasions and obfuscations of the advocate in his pages. His business is to examine calmly the authority and plausibility of Holy Writ, both as history and as revelation of the Omnipotent Will, and to that business he brings an immense and meticulous knowledge, an exact and unfailing judicial sense, and a skill at orderly exposition which is quite extraordinary. There is no vaporing of the orthodox exegetes that he fails to refute, simply and devastatingly. . . . It simply knocks the Fundamentalists' case to pieces, and with it the cases of many theologians who hold themselves far above such canaille."

The book which *Mr. Mencken* discusses, IS IT GOD'S WORD?, examines the relation of the Bible to historical fact. The book has been taken over from a private publisher, and will be published in June by *Alfred A. Knopf.*

IS IT GOD'S WORD? *By* JOSEPH WHELESS. $5.00 *net.*

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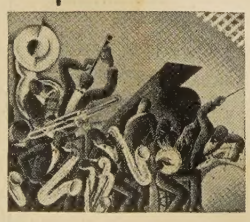

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